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BY  
W. T. STEAD

To my friend and anjier, Mrs A. N. Fried,  
with best wishes.  
W. J. Stead.

See Chapter III.

# HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

*Studies of the Sovereign and the Reign*

By W. T. STEAD

A MEMORIAL VOLUME OF THE  
GREAT JUBILEE

*JUNE 22, 1897*



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## PREFACE.

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THESE Studies, now collected and republished by the request of the highest authority but one in the Realm, originally appeared in the *Review of Reviews*. No one can possibly be so conscious of their shameless inadequacy than the writer, who nevertheless has received sufficient assurances from competent authorities to justify their republication. If it be true that they contribute to the better comprehension of the actual working of the modern Monarchy in a Democratic age, it may do the State some service amid the closing splendours of one reign to recall for the guidance of the next a realized ideal of a Sovereignty much more real and practical than is generally imagined.

Instead of undertaking this task myself, the proper person, who alone is competent adequately to set forth the usual history of the Reign, is the author of "The Life of the Prince Consort." But it was impossible to induce Sir Theodore Martin to resume the pen with which he had so faithfully displayed the inner workings of the Crown and the Constitution down to 1861. He did me the honour to write me a letter, from which the following extract is at once an explanation of his position and the best introduction I could desire to these Studies of the Sovereign and the Reign.

"31, ONSLOW SQUARE, 23rd January, 1897.

"DEAR SIR,—I have read your article on 'The Queen and Her Reign' with the greatest interest and am in fullest sympathy with the objects you have in view. But my position is a peculiar one. In 'The Life of the Prince Consort' I have said all that I feel at liberty to say about Her Majesty's influence upon the national policy, domestic or foreign. Of course there is much else to tell of that influence both before and since the Prince's death. But of what I have learned about it I have purposely kept no memoranda of any kind, as it was given to me in confidence. It is only those who have been Cabinet Ministers who could speak with authority of the ever-wakeful interest of the Queen in everything that concerns the welfare of the nation, of the immense value of Her Majesty's sagacity, of the importance of the knowledge accumulated during a long reign in a memory which forgets nothing, and of the truly royal courage and counsel which guides and strengthens the decisions of her Ministers in times of difficulty. Many of the men who could have borne the strongest testimony to these qualities are gone, but if their successors were free to speak I have no doubt they would have the same story to tell. I am not, and never have been, officially connected with the Court, and my position there has been, and is, one of perfect independence. But it has been my great privilege to have had unusual opportunities of studying Her Majesty's character, both as Woman and as Queen. All I can say is, you cannot in my opinion place it too high. It seems to me, if I may say so, that you have struck into the right line in the estimate you have formed of Her Majesty's qualities and of her influence. Well may other nations envy us a Sovereign who presides over the freest nation in the world, and whose whole life shows what Monarchy, worthily presented, can do for the good, not only of its own subjects, but also in helping on the cause of Christian brotherhood among the nations,

"Believe me, dear Sir, truly yours,

"THEODORE MARTIN."

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# HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

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## INTRODUCTION.

**T**HE Record Reign of the English Monarchy has this year been celebrated with fitting spontaneity and enthusiasm in all parts of the world. The Sovereign has done nothing to indicate that any such celebration would be pleasing to her; indeed, the only Royal expression of opinion that has hitherto come to the ears of the lieges is rather negative than otherwise. The initiative of commemoration has



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.  
(“The First American.”)



QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1896.  
(From a photograph by Hughes and Mullins,  
Ryde, Isle of Wight.)

been taken not by the Court but by the people—not by Queen Victoria but by King Demos. This year of 1897 is the popular Annus Mirabilis, in which the English-speaking people outside the United States will vie with each other in expressing their gratitude and satisfaction at the abundant answer to the prayer of the National Anthem—

“ Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen.”

The occasion is one without precedent in our history. No other British monarch has reigned so long, has reigned so well, and has continued so steadily to grow in the



love and affection of the lieges to the very end. The English-speaking Race has in this closing century made a tolerably conspicuous mark for itself in the History of the World. It opened with the battle thunder of Trafalgar and Waterloo ; it is closing with the peaceful commemoration of a reign which, although darkened by the shadow of one war and one mutiny, has nevertheless for sixty years been a Reign of Peace.

The century has brought many ordeals, and our Race has been subjected to many tests. It has achieved many things, great and to previous centuries almost inconceivable. But without unduly exalting ourselves above neighbouring nations, or venturing to claim more than our due, it may be justly said that among all the garnered glories of the hundred years there are none to be regarded with more perfect and absolute satisfaction as recording the high-water mark of realised success in the Evolution of Humanity than the production of the supreme American man in the person of Abraham Lincoln and the supreme English woman in the person of Queen Victoria. It is easy to suggest how either might have been altered so as to make them conform more closely to the conventional type of the human ideal in person, in character and in capacity. Improvements might be suggested to bring them up to a more ideal standard. Lincoln was not a Shakespeare. The Queen is not a Raphael. But notwithstanding that, the Century has very little that is greater to show than the somewhat homely but familiar figures of that Man and this Woman—neither of them apparently of the stuff of which saints and sages and heroes are made, both modelled out of simple human clay, treading our common earth with average mortal feet, and yet both alike discharging “ the common round, the daily task ” with fidelity and capacity, passing through ordeal after ordeal unvanquished, meeting great crises with undaunted heart,—who have stamped indelibly upon the mind of the race the conception of highest duty noblest done.

“ Great captains with their guns and drums  
Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
But at last silence comes ;  
These all are gone, and standing like a tower  
Our children shall behold his fame,—”

sang Lowell of his hero—“ new birth of our new soil, the first American.” But we also may apply his lines to her whose fame grows ever with the years, whose measure happily is still not filled. For the Queen has stood the test of life longer than the President. The fierce light that beats upon a throne was focussed on Lincoln for five years at most—terrible years, no doubt, when the foundations of the Republic were shaken, and a whole nation went down, its garments dripping with blood, to tread the winepress of the wrath of God ; but still it was only for five years. The test, though severe, was brief. He, after five years, was swept in a moment from the stage. She, after sixty years, lives and reigns amidst the nations who speak the English tongue, more loved, more honoured, more revered than at any previous period of her history.

It is a happy coincidence that the only other reign in British annals which can for a moment be compared for splendour and romance with that of our gracious Queen was also the reign of a female sovereign. After the Elizabethan era, there is nothing to compare with the Victorian age, save, perhaps, the troubled glories of the Commonwealth, when England's ruler wore no crown. Elizabeth and Victoria will ever be the greatest names in our history, ranking side by side with those of Alfred, Edward the Third, and Oliver Cromwell.

England indeed has been fortunate in her Queens—with the solitary exception of Bloody Mary. The land has prospered more when the sceptre was in a female hand than when it was wielded by a man. If under Elizabeth we discomfited Spain, under *Mary, the consort* of William, we established our liberties ; under Anne, Marlborough

broke the power of France, and under Victoria we have encompassed the world with nascent commonwealths. Many a time and oft has the idea recurred in these later years whether by some inversion of the Salic law our dynastic line could be made to pass only through female sovereigns. This being past praying for, we shall do well to make the most of our good Queens when we have them.

"To know the character of the leading actor in the contemporary drama," I wrote in the first number of the *Review of Reviews*, "is essential to the right understanding of its history and its literature. Every number, therefore, will contain a character sketch of some man or woman who has figured conspicuously before the world in the previous month." Yet although no man and no woman has ever figured so conspicuously any month before the world as the Queen has done every month every one of these seven years, I hesitated for seven years to undertake so serious a task as an attempt to present to my readers any adequate picture of the Sovereign.

This year, however, I felt that it would be unworthy of one privileged to live in this reign to shrink from a duty so plainly imposed by the founding of the *Review*. I therefore, not without much fear and trembling, due to a painful realisation of my own incompetence, decided to try what I could do. But within the compass of one Sketch it was manifestly impossible to survey the immense field of the Victorian era. I therefore devoted the Character Sketch for each month, till the sixtieth year of the reign was completed, to an original study of one or other of the many phases of Her Majesty's character and reign, and I now republish the six studies in a memorial volume on the anniversary of her accession to the Throne.

In preparing these Sketches I have eschewed the beaten path now worn so smooth by the heavy feet of innumerable chroniclers. I have attempted no history of the reign—no biography of Her Gracious Majesty. After all these things do the ordinary publishers seek. My readers have all probably been surfeited with them already, and to proffer my small contribution would be a work of supererogation indeed.

But it has occurred to me that I might in a humble way do some little service to historical truth, and contribute a little to a true appreciation of the Queen as she really is, the central figure of the whole English-speaking race, if I were to put on record some impressions and reminiscences of those who have been associated more or less intimately with the Queen either in the Court or in the Cabinet or in the Cottage, so as to preserve for the English-speaking world some of the ripest thoughts of the best informed as to the supreme woman of our century, who for sixty years has reigned as Sovereign of the realm and Empire of Britain.





THE ROYAL FAMILY AT OSBORNE, IN 1857.  
 (Photographed by command of Her Majesty, by Lombardi and Co., 13, Pall Mall East.)

## I.—FROM REPUBLICANISM TO MONARCHY.

### THE REMINISCENCES OF A POLITICAL PILGRIMAGE.

**B**EFORE beginning to collect and collate the reminiscences of those who have enjoyed more or less frequent opportunities of meeting their Sovereign, I think it may not be without some interest to my readers if I were to preface the ideas of those who have known the Queen personally by the impressions of one of those who have never had that privilege. The latter are of course in the enormous majority. The number of those who have even seen Her Majesty as the central figure in a passing pageant is comparatively small beside the number of those who have never seen the Queen. Yet the security of the Throne depends upon the loyalty of the millions who, not having seen either one or the other, still nevertheless do honestly believe in God and honour the Queen. Hence, this first paper will probably appeal more closely to the majority of readers than anything that could be written by any of those who are Within. For it embodies the reminiscences and confessions of one who is Without. And after all it is only the hundreds of units who are within. It is the hundreds of millions who are without. To those dim unnumbered myriads, the Queen, though invisible, is nevertheless much more than a name. She is a reality in their lives, counting for much more than they think. How she comes to be such, and how far she is an actual living potent influence in the daily lives of her ordinary commonplace subjects, is surely the first matter for inquiry. And in prosecuting that inquiry no means is so simple and so obvious as that of self-interrogation. What has been my own experience? How did the idea of the Queen come into my small life? The very insignificance of the unit increases the value of its evidence. For in the days when I first formed my ideas of the Queen I was a mere grain of sand on the seashore. My existence was unknown outside the narrow limits of the family circle, and therein I faithfully represent the immense majority of those who are glad to live in the reign of our good Queen.

What do the subjects of the Queen think of her? How do they realise her? The answer to these questions must be sought not among the tradesmen of Windsor, or the members of the Household, or the Ministers of the Cabinet. To all such she is a living, breathing, flesh-and-blood woman, visible, audible, and on due occasion touchable even like ordinary mortals. But they to whom Her Majesty has come within the range of any but the telepathic sense are the minority. What do those know of Her Majesty who never Her Majesty have seen?

Think for a moment how immense is the area within her own Empire upon which the Queen has never set her foot. To all the teeming millions of India she is as mysterious and as unseen as Rider Haggard's "She." In all the great Colonial dependencies where her image is on every coin her foot has never trodden. The loyalty of the colonists in Canada, in South Africa and in Australia flourishes out of sight of the Throne. And what is true of the Colonies is equally true of most of the English, Scottish, Welsh, and Irish counties. Through many of them, at one time or another, Her Majesty has made a Royal tour or paid a Royal visit. Through most of them the Queen has travelled by special express train with less than the ordinary

degree of visibility of a meteor. But outside a radius of twenty miles round the three Royal residences, the Queen is practically unseen. Even in London, which she visits frequently, and through which she has driven in state occasionally, how many millions are there who have never seen Her Majesty ! Then, again, there are a thousand who have seen her go by for one who has heard her speak. Those who have heard an articulate word from her lips are extremely few compared with those to whom she has been as dumb as a lay figure. But it is the latter who pay the Queen's taxes, who fight the Queen's battles, and who uphold the Queen's throne.

It is therefore with no apology that I venture, delving deep into the mines of well-nigh forgotten memories, to bring back to the light of day the beginnings of my first conception of the Queen. They are interesting, and may perhaps possess some little degree of importance, because they show how the least interesting and least important human unit in the Imperial hive may be, and in this case was actually, brought into more or less living although quite impersonal relation to the Lady of the Land.

Only the very old, it is sometimes said, care to gossip about the experiences of their early youth, and as they have then usually forgotten them, the world hears very little of what children really think and feel about matters which they can keep to themselves. The slow formation of ideas, the gradual growth of concepts in the child mind, is a process like the germination of the seed in the earth ; silence and darkness and secrecy encompass it about, and to disturb with inquisitive interrogation is fatal. But it is worth while, sometimes, to cast a glance along our backward track, if only to see how and where and when our present ideas were evolved.

To do so is never very grateful, for it exposes one to ridicule, and the grown man has sufficient reverence for the dreams of his youth not to expose them unveiled to the laughter of the world. Most of our ideas, even the most exalted, have their roots in some early impression which is as often as not mistaken, although the fruit it bears may be good and useful enough. Take, for instance, the Queen. There are probably not half a dozen men and women in the Empire who could accurately put together all the general and particular notions which it would be necessary to associate in order to form an adequate concept of what the Sovereign really is. But the first conception which even Mr. Gladstone has had of the Queen may very likely have been quite as grotesque and fantastic as those which our little ones are forming to-day. That first thought was as the tiny rill in which explorers tell us they have discovered the spring of the mighty Congo ; but although travellers will risk life and waste treasure in searching for the sources of these arteries of continents, how few care to explore the secret places of their memories for the origin of their ideas !

In such a quest, all thought of anything but the actual fact must be rigidly repressed. If we are to explore the fairyland of childhood with the bull's-eye lantern of the scoffer and the cynic, and hail each innocent misconception with the cheap wit of Count Smalltork, we may bid farewell to any really truthful or exact genesis of our general ideas. All of which precious exordium seems to convince me that even while preparing to make the exploration on my own account, I shrink somewhat from the jibes and sneers which will certainly be showered upon the laying bare of the roots of ideas which go down, far away down, into the long-hidden strata of childhood.

Well, then, taking courage to make the plunge, where, when, how did the idea of the Queen first dawn upon the infantile mind of her unknown subject who in the early fifties first began to look out upon the world with the questioning intelligence of the wide-eyed child ?

I was born in 1849, the year when Europe was still rocking with the earthquake of *the Revolution of 1848*. The forces of Law and Order were grimly resuming their

sway over the wild enthusiasm of the movement which had temporarily shaken down half the thrones of Europe and driven the Pope as a fugitive from the Eternal City. I was born at Embleton, but in my second year my parents came to live on Tyneside. Howden, nearly half-way between Newcastle and the sea, lies opposite the great ship-building town of Jarrow, a place where the Queen's ships are built, but which is not exactly a favourite resort of Royalty. To form any idea of the Queen from seeing her was, therefore, altogether out of the question. She did not even pass through the Central Station at Newcastle save at rare intervals, and then usually in the dead hour of night as she sped from Windsor to Balmoral or from Balmoral to Windsor. As a matter of fact, I never saw Her Majesty until I was five-and-twenty, when I saw her alight from her carriage at Windsor railway station.

Many children are brought up in an atmosphere heavily charged with reverence for the Queen and all the Royal Family. Possibly, if I had been lulled to sleep by "God save the Queen," I might, in the strange mystical way of childhood, have mixed up the Queen with the Deity, and have contracted, even in the nursery, a sentiment of awe for Her Majesty. But I was not brought up that way. The first time I remember hearing of the Queen was when I was a very little child, long before I had learnt to read. Her name struck upon my infantile ear in the familiar nursery rhyme which, to millions of children, has linked Royalty with the domestic tabby, and has even then not given Royalty the first place:—

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?  
I've been to London to see the Queen.  
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?  
I frightened a little mouse under her chair."

In this favourite epic of the nursery the Pussy Cat, no doubt a near relative of Puss in Boots, and cousin at the least to Dick Whittington's Cat, is the hero of the tale. The Queen only plays the secondary part. Children—healthy, natural children—usually think much more of cats than of queens. The Queen is a far-away unrealised abstraction, whereas a cat is a moving miracle of grace and speed, with "claws longer than you would think," eyes that see in the dark, and incalculable capacities of latent devilry. Compared with a cat a queen is unsubstantial as dream-stuff. Still the Queen was something that it was worth while for Pussy Cat herself to make a journey to London to see, and that was enough. It was evidently a sufficient excuse, an obviously adequate explanation of the journey. To go to London to see the Queen suggested that no other reason could possibly be so good. "Did people ever go to London except to see the Queen?" asked the little inquirer to whom the capital itself was but the residence of the Queen. How great and grand and truly marvellous must the Queen be! And yet withal how delightfully human! For she sat in a chair and a little mouse ran underneath it, just as we had seen mousey run under mother's chair. To inquiries about the Queen, we got such answers as left a delightfully vague impression of remoteness and grandeur. Searching diligently in this original deposit or first conception of the Queen, I cannot discover any other ideas than that she wore a crown and sat on a throne. About the same time the same veracious authorities, the Bibles of the nursery, impressed upon the plastic mind the idea which for ever associates queens with bread and honey:—

"The King was in his counting-house  
Counting out his money;  
The Queen was in her parlour  
Eating bread and honey."

To how many millions of English-speaking children at this very hour these simple

jingles have been the first to introduce the idea of Royalty! Princes and princesses there were enough in fairyland. But the pussy cat's queen and the queen with bread and honey will be found to supply the substratum of most of our ideas of Royalty. The Bible, the fairy-tale Sunday book, helped in this, as in everything else, to give more definite form to the infantile conception of the Queen. In the New Testament there is only a passing glimpse of a queen, for Herodias' mother, although Herod's wife, does not figure as a queen. In the Old Testament, Pharaoh's daughter was a princess, and Solomon's wives were too numerous to be queens. Esther and Vashti were queens so long as the king loved them, but of queens proper there were only the Queen of Sheba, that fairy princess of Semitic tradition; Queen Athaliah, who came to a bloody end; and Queen Jezebel, who painted her face and tired her hair and looked out of a window, beneath which the dogs were so soon to lick up her blood. The pictures of these queens in the illustrated Bible, which we used to look at as we sat on father's knee, helped to give form and outline to the shadowy idea of the Queen.

How and when and where it was that I first conceived any definite idea of the Queen as a visualised entity actually existing in material shape on the surface of this planet, I do not remember. But I can remember very well the first picture of the

Queen that ever attracted my attention.



It is the portrait by which she is best known to millions, the only picture of their Sovereign indeed which many of them have ever seen. It is the Queen's head on the penny postage-stamp. The old unperforated red stamp was commonly called in our home a Queen's Head. I remember being told when I asked if the



Queen was like that, that she was not so good-looking. For there was no idealising of Royalty in our home. Children now-a-days, thanks to photography and illustrated journalism, are familiar with the features of the Queen. But in those days it was otherwise.

In St. Petersburg in every government office and police station you are confronted with the painted or printed picture of the Tsar, who silently looks down upon you from the wall as if to emphasise the fact that everything is done by his autocratic authority. The Queen's portrait confronted us nowhere. Only on the postage stamp did we see the semblance of the Queen's head. And how many millions I wonder to this very hour, all our modern appliances notwithstanding, have never seen any other portrait of Her Majesty but that on a postage stamp? Another image, however, must not be omitted. The conception produced by the postage stamp was modified by the effigy on the penny. They were great cartwheels of copper in those days, bearing in high relief the uncrowned head of Her Majesty. The difference between the two somewhat puzzled the youthful mind, which was thus early introduced to differing authorities.

Thus equipped, with due foundation of nursery rhyme and Bible stories and familiarised by postage stamp and penny piece with the Queen's image, I embarked upon the next stage in the voyage of life—that critical section wherein the vast unknown world of the Printed Page opens its marvels to the eye, and the child learns to read. Reading soon became a delight, and in reading history my ideas of Queens began to expand. It is very laughable the way in which in early and perhaps even in later life we stumble upon our likes and dislikes, without apparent reason, and then having taken up with a prejudice, we hug it to the end. The reminiscence I am

about to recall, grotesque though it may appear, brings to mind an incident which irrationally enough, perhaps, has influenced my subsequent life more than most of the philosophers and divines in my library.

While still in my petticoats, I contracted, childlike, a hopeless passion for a pretty



THE QUEEN REVIEWING THE TROOPS IN 1852.

Aunt Bessie, who was sympathetic and kind to me, and who laughed good-humouredly when I declared that if she would only wait for me till I became a man I would marry her. Poor Aunt Bessie died and left me forlorn, when in a fortunate hour I laid hands on a history book in the Sunday-school library, and discovered to my delight and surprise that Queen Elizabeth was known as Good Queen Bess. The chapter devoted to



her reign also contained, as one of the illustrations, the Queen seated upon a white charger addressing the troops at Tilbury, when England expected the coming of the Armada. Now from my earliest days a white horse in a picture has had the same fascination for my eye as it seems to have had for the brush of Wouverman. Even Death in the illustrated Bible lost most of its terrors because he was the Rider of the Pale Horse. The combination of my beloved aunt's name with the heroic figure on the white charger was irresistible. I dreamed about Queen Elizabeth that night, and fell in love with her on the spot. I might have fallen out again, with the usual celerity of boyhood, had not my elder sister, whose name was Mary, happened to make disparaging remarks concerning Queen Bess because, forsooth, she had cut off the head of my sister's namesake—Mary of Scotland. I had a terrible moment. It did seem awful to have fallen in love with a queen who could be so cruel, but it was only for a moment. The woman whom I loved could do no wrong—especially as my sister abused her. Therefore Mary Queen of Scots deserved all she got. So the great feud began in our family, as sooner or later it begins everywhere, between the partizans of the two queens. But from that moment there was one queen in English history who commanded the whole-hearted devotion of her sworn knight errant—*etatis* seven.

The incident was not without its bearing upon the relation in which I stood to Queen Victoria then and thereafter. For that infantile passion for Queen Elizabeth—a passion so intense that I would not look at a book which said a bad word of her, and which would send me to bed in a storm of tears if anyone derided the crowned idol of my soul—effected what might otherwise have never been accomplished. It broke down for me, a Republican born of Republicans, that passionate hatred of monarchs which otherwise might have reigned with unbroken sway. In the midst of the fierce objurgations which were hurled against despots, kings, and all the crowned enemies of the human race, I always made a mental exception in favour of Queen Elizabeth.

This brings me to the political starting-point which I found waiting for me when I began to think of things. Independents—my father was an Independent minister—were by tradition opponents of the Monarchy. Oliver Cromwell is the hero-saint of the denomination, which kept his memory green during the dismal years that passed before Thomas Carlyle arose to disinter the Lord Protector from the rubbish heap under which his memory had been buried. Add to this that I was born in the midst of a passionate upheaval of Republican enthusiasm. I was a child of 1848-9. Down to the seventies my political heroes were the Republican apostles, the Mazzinis, the Garibaldis, the Kossuths, the Victor Hugos of the European Revolution. In our home the American Republic was the avowed ideal of my father's political dreams. He was born the son of a Sheffield cutler, in the days when Sheffield cutlers were Radicals much given to rattening. He shared the political passions of Ebenezer Elliott, and to his dying day he never could free himself from his prejudice against the Tory aristocracy as the class that taxed the people's bread. "'Twould be a good thing for England," he used to say in his grim jocular fashion, "if our whole aristocracy could be put on board an old hulk and scuttled in mid-Atlantic." As for the Queen, his note was one of contemptuous toleration rather than of active dislike. "A good woman, no doubt," he said, "but she has only to sign her name. Any goose that could sign her name would do as well." Notwithstanding which political heresies based on sheer lack of information and the distorting influences of early environment, my father was one of the best of men, the most law-abiding of citizens, and the kindest parent boy could ever have.

It is necessary to make this explanation to render conceivable the curious little

feeling of resentment which is the very first feeling I can remember associating with the person of Her Majesty. It must be much more than thirty years ago, if it is a day, but I remember as well as if it only happened yesterday, the odd boyish feeling that something had gone wrong somehow in the world at large when the news came that

RECEPTION OF QUEEN VICTORIA BY NAPOLEON III.



our Queen Victoria had gone over to France and had been kissed—actually been kissed—by Louis Napoleon. Who Louis Napoleon was I at that time could have little notion. But to my parents he was the man of the 2nd December, the criminal of the *Coup d'État*, the usurper who had strangled the Republic in the night after he had sworn before high Heaven to defend it to the death. In common with many others

they resented—and rightly—the haste with which Lord Palmerston condoned the treacherous assassination of the Republic, and they bitterly grudged the embrace which our good Queen gave to the usurper whose fingers had dripped with the blood of his massacred fellow-citizens. "She ought not to have let him kiss her," was all that I felt, and in that there lay plainly perceptible now, but unsuspected then, the first germ of the sense of ownership in the Queen, which when fully developed makes every Englishman a prouder man to-day when he reflects upon the glories of the reign. But in my case the budding sense of identity with the Queen, as representative of the whole nation, began with a feeling of anything but pride, rather, indeed, a feeling of humiliation that

she had let kiss her, and of England! think, "Ah, if been living in Good Queen likemost boys the distant moaned my—the days of ro-chivalry were clusion we to in our time. early, and out of it so now, when I nearly the of life, I feel not even in great epochs tory, neither the Crusades, reign of Eliza—the wars of wealth — has any age so with glorious mance - cram-important in the world as we are living in these early



THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA.  
(Late Emperor Frederick III.)

pinafore there was ever a longing, lingering look behind for the days of Good Queen Bess, and much disparaging regret that we only lived in the prosaic humdrum days of Queen Victoria.

The Crimean war came on. A child of five or even a boy of seven hears but vague echoes of those far-off events. But I remember a picture of the Queen on a white horse reviewing troops about to depart, and my memory vaguely conjures up associations of Her Majesty bidding farewell to a one-armed general, and having something to say to Lord Colin Campbell, who—why I don't remember—was much the most popular hero in our nursery. A floating battery was built at Jarrow shipyard too late to take part in the war, but otherwise my personal association with the

that fellow she the Queen I used to only I had the days of Bess!" for I idealised past, and be-self much that mance and of gone—a con-have all come I came to it have grown steadily, that have reached half-century that never—the three of our his-in the days of nor in the beth, nor in the Common- there been crowded full life, so ro-med and so the history of that in which to-day. But days of the

Crimea is of the slightest. The Indian Mutiny is not linked with the Queen in my memory.

I have however omitted mentioning one notable link in the chain that almost insensibly brought the Republican family on Tyneside into touch with the Royal Family at Windsor. The first great International Exhibition of 1851 was an event the full significance of which is to this day but imperfectly appreciated. Only last year the Irish Recess Committee reported incidentally that the revival of the industrial and agricultural life of Wurtemberg dates from the effect which that Exhibition produced on the mind of a German visitor. Vague traditions of the marvels and wonders

of that great filtered down filling the pro- with a vain regret that the a fairyland closed for after a time home as a treasure the Exhibition published, I supplements *trated London* those "Hish the lispings called them— modern moralized by press can ception. They almost to rebound and again. These covered books" were back of the had hidden the great and beauty, had before ception. And

all there was the constant presence of the Prince Consort, and over it the glorifying vision of the Queen.

Those who were born after the fifties can form no conception of the strength of the hold of the Republican idea upon many Englishmen. Byron's vigorous verse and the revolutionary poetry of Shelley were but the most conspicuous expressions of a sentiment which found many minor exponents from Moore to Ebenezer Elliott. The "monarch-murdered soldier" was the mode of describing the victims of war. It was assumed that the Republic meant peace, and that with the disappearance of despots all the horrors of war and of armed peace would disappear. The idealist, the visionary, the poet, and the philosopher all talked and thought as if Monarchy



THE PRINCESS ROYAL, 1856.  
(Dowager Empress Frederick.)

World Show to our village, vincial mind and envious gates of such should have ever. But father brought cherished reports of the which were believe, as of the *Illus-News*. How books" — as children were prized, readers de- the cheap form no con- were thumbd pieces, then thumbd away brown paper- "Hish as the rolling veil which from our eyes world of art of which we but small con- underlying it

were an anachronism—a belated survival which must speedily vanish from a world in which enlightened humanity would “have no more use for kings.” In the midst of this all but universal assumption that Monarchy was played out, and that the crowned heads existed but to menace the world with war, there came to birth this gigantic object-lesson as to the pacific service which Royalty could render to Humanity. The Exhibition was the Prince Consort's child. It was his idea, and its success was in no small measure the result of his untiring energy, his sagacious prescience, and his capacity to oversee and overrule. Prince Albert could never have achieved this great result had he not been Prince Consort. It was from the steps of the Throne he was able to inaugurate and to direct an enterprise which, to the imagination of our fathers, seemed to promise the dawn of millennial peace. The dream passed. But the memory of the vision and of its artificer remained. In the record of the re-establishment of the prestige of the constitutional monarchy in this country, the Exhibition of 1851 will occupy a more prominent position than any that has yet been accorded to it. It may not have impressed the statesman and the diplomat. But to the silent million which saw and marvelled and rejoiced it was a portent indeed.

The next date in my calendar was the first wedding in the Royal Family. I was then a boy of ten or eleven. We kept up a kind of make-believe that we did not care about such trivialities, but as a matter of fact we carefully cherished a coloured print of the Princess Royal, and worked ourselves up into quite a state of excitement over her future. We did not like the look of the Prince of Prussia as he appeared in the prints. He did not seem good enough for her. And my father, who was ever much exercised in his dear old heart about German neology, shook his head gravely over the marriage. Mother did not like it either, and I think we should have all been devoutly glad if it had been broken off. But it came to pass, and it is a curious instance of the hold the Family had established even in that Republican household, that I remember the incident of the Royal marriage far more vividly to-day than even any of the ghastly incidents of the Indian Mutiny. We had already begun to take a personal interest in the Family. It was our Family. Republicans though we were, we were English, and as long “as the Monarchy lasted,” &c. Such were the salves with which we plastered our consciences. But looking back upon it now, after the lapse of thirty years, I can better appreciate the inestimable political and imperial advantage of having at the foretop of the State not a politician, but a Family every domestic episode in the life of whose members weaves a new thread of living interest between the head of the State and the humblest of the citizens.

Nor was it only in pleasurable incidents that the Family justified its position. The bond was drawn still more closely by Death than by Wedlock. Of this I can speak from personal experience. When a boy of twelve, I was sent from home for the first time in my life to a boarding-school in Yorkshire. A few months later, as we were going in to supper one night, the passing bell began to toll and the news spread from mouth to mouth that Prince Albert was dead. He had never been much more than a name to me, but the sudden quickening sense of sympathy with those who were mourning their dead revealed the existence of a new link. Queen and plebeian, we stood equal before the bier of Death. How that bell tolled, tolled, tolled that night, each slow and heavy stroke falling heavy on the aching heart, reviving the memories of the departed, and blending sovereign and subject in the communion of a common grief.

Less than two years passed, and joy had succeeded mourning, and the bridal blossom shone bright instead of widow's weeds. What a sudden thrill of delight there ran through the school when it was announced that the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra was to be kept as a public holiday, in which the

school was to share! A whole holiday at Silcoates in mid-term was a rare, almost unprecedented event, a boon from the gods not to be credited easily or spoken of lightly. Not only were there to be no lessons all day, not even preparation at night; but the boys were to go to town to see the procession, to admire the decorations, and possibly—although this was hardly to be hoped for—to see the illuminations. I think we made more fuss in anticipation over the Prince's wedding than ten years after I made about my own. The Sea King's daughter from over the sea was the universal heroine. Her beauty, her simplicity, her goodness all helped to idealise her to an extent somewhat overshadowing the bridegroom. When the eventful day came and the joy bells pealed from the steeple, the streets were filled with eager multitudes, of whom there was no one more eager and keen than I. It was the first great popular function at which I had ever taken part even as a spectator. It was all so wonderfully novel, so strange, so thrilling. Not even the marvellous spectacle of the Abbey on Jubilee day, when the Queen and all her children knelt in thanksgiving before Almighty God in the presence of all the notables of the Empire, affected me so much as the humble attempt at decoration and the simple procession through the streets of Wakefield twenty-one years before. It was a somewhat dreary day. But what matters mud under foot, when the mind of youth soars on high amid the stars musing on thrones where princes sit and palaces where beauteous princesses await their lords! It was a day of intense delight, delight which culminated when the volunteers fired a *feu de joie*. It was but a sputtering and irregular volley of blank cartridges, but what memories did the flashing muzzles and the smell of powder arouse in the boyish mind! They were but Wakefield Volunteers firing a *feu de joie*, but they represented the whole British Army to me, and in the rolling volley I heard echoes of Hougoumont, and saw again the fire-fringed line before which Napoleon's cuirassiers recoiled smitten and broken into irremediable ruin. Then at night the illuminations were to me marvellous exceedingly, with the blazing gas jets festooned into Prince of Wales's feathers, or running like a fringe of lambent light to the very summit of the lofty spire. Even now, after the lapse of thirty-three years, I can feel my pulse beat faster at the memory of that great day, with its bonfires and its bands, its banners and the roar of saluting cannon. It was a royal day indeed, worthy to be ever remembered for holiday and festive sport, still gleaming bright across the years with a radiance that nothing can extinguish. Thus the work went on—grief and joy, death and love, weaving together ever closer and closer the Nation and the Family at its head. Funeral cars and wedding coaches were alike but shuttles in the hands of the Master Weaver. Whether the thread was white or black, the work of the loom went on.

Then for a period the Crown of England went into eclipse. The retirement of the Queen from the ceremonial of the Court and from all but the indispensable duties of her position, led after a few years had passed to the circulation of malicious rumours not to be repeated here. The nation, escaping from the spell of Lord Palmerston's long ascendancy, began to bestir itself. When the disfranchised million clamoured for their admission within the pale of the Constitution, there was scant leisure for noting the grace or the gilding of the Royal Coat-of-Arms that towered aloft. The Queen by necessity of her position took no public part for or against Reform. When Hyde Park railings went down, there were many who regarded their fall as a portent foreshadowing the speedy overthrow of much more ancient institutions. When Disraeli, placed in power by the party opposed to a moderate reform, dished the Whigs by carrying household suffrage, there were few who did not feel that we were within a measurable distance of an orderly and rapid revolution. The recently published letters of Archbishop Magee have reminded us of the lugubrious forebodings with which the sudden triumph of the Radical Reformers filled the heart of many an acute

observer. The enfranchisement of the working classes was followed by the return of Mr. Gladstone to power with a majority of more than a hundred. The Conservatives beheld with pious horror the axe of the Reformer laid at the root of the Irish Church, the Irish Land System, University Tests, and Purchase in the Army. National Education was taken in hand; the House of Peers was openly threatened. The old Monarchy itself seemed likely in no short time to be the object of attack.

It was, I think, some time in the earlier sixties that I saw a picture which imperceptibly softened the somewhat fanatical Republicanism of my youth. Boys are



WHERE IS BRITANNIA?

(From the *Tomahawk*, June 8, 1867.)

precocious Jacobins in their way, or Jacobites, as the fit seizes them, and to those who have nurtured themselves upon the Republicanism of Plutarch, of Cromwell, of Washington, and the Revolutionists of the Continent, there seemed something resembling a sacrifice of sound principle even in so innocent a thing as the singing of "God save the Queen." But in my early teens there came for exhibition in Newcastle-on-Tyne a well-known picture by Mr. Jones Barker, "The Secret of England's Greatness." Up to this time I had never been in a picture gallery. I had never seen an oil painting, except in shop windows, and a few landscapes of more or less doubtful quality in our *village home*. Those who are brought up within a stone's throw of Galleries of the



THE BIBLE: THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.  
(Painted by Thomas Jones Barker. Engraved by W. H. Simmons.)



Fine Arts and Picture Exhibitions of all kinds, little realise what the first striking picture is on an impressionable youth. The attraction of Barker's canvas for the secluded Puritans of the North was its subject. All our culture was Hebraic. The Bible was our literature, our lawgiver, the guide of daily life and the storehouse of political and social wisdom. There were family prayers morning and evening, the chapter to be read privately every day, two week-night services to be punctually attended, while the whole of Sunday was filled up with a series of Sunday-schools, sermons, prayer meetings, and Bible classes. To this saturation in the Hebrew Scriptures was due somewhat of the austerity with which we regarded the Kingship. Whatever texts there were about honouring the King, the whole drift of the sacred volume, as we were taught it, went against kingship, priestcraft, and every institution that came between the individual man and the Infinite personal God. "I gave them a king in my wrath," seemed to come very near to a brand of the Divine displeasure on the Monarchy, and I do not remember ever so much as entertaining even a passing doubt that we should have made a long stride towards establishing the Kingdom of God and His righteousness if Britain were to be restored to the primitive simplicity of Republican institutions.

Into this household, so trained and inspired with supreme reverence for the Divine Book, there came the news one day that a wonderful picture by a great artist was on exhibition at Mr. Turner's Fine Art Gallery in Grey Street, in which the Queen was represented as doing homage to the Bible. To us, in the ardour of our juvenile republicanism, it seemed that the logical consequence of any real homage to the Bible would have been for Her Majesty to step down from the throne and out from the Monarchy, terminating once for all the institution of the Kingship. But although she halted short of that ultimate, it was a sign of grace that she should recognise the Book. So mustering up our pence into the coveted shilling, we went to see "The Secret of England's Greatness." Most people have seen the picture, which represents an incident in the reception of some native chief by the Queen. The swarthy African—highly idealised, I fear—flashing with gems and picturesque in his native garb, bows low before a youthful queen—resplendent in white satin, if I remember right—who advancing to meet the inquiring savage, presents him with a copy of the Bible as the answer to his question. "What is the secret of England's greatness?" In the background, I think, were the Ministers and the Family. All that I remember distinctly is the dusky envoy, with the flashing eye and upturned face, and the white Queen with the sacred Book. The picture stood all by itself in a gallery in which it was not elbowed or profaned by meaner pictures. It was as if Art had solemnly revealed the Monarchy in loyal obeisance before the Book.\*

The painting made a great impression on me, and not on me only. I am afraid that I got horribly bored with "The Secret of England's Greatness" before the picture left Newcastle. How often have I not heard that incident described from the pulpit, from the platform, in Sunday-school! It struck the imagination of the common people, this tribute of earthly Majesty to God's word. Rude coalheavers, with but an imperfect grasp even of the vigorous vernacular of Tyneside, used to tell over and over again how

\* Alas! I have been informed by several correspondents that the incident which suggested the painting of "The Secret of England's Greatness" is as apochryphal as the apple story of William Tell. The late Sir Henry Ponsonby is credited with a letter briefly stating in reply to an inquiry as to where the famous incident took place, that it never took place at all. The historical accuracy of the suggestion which set the artist's brush in motion is, however, comparatively unimportant. It was accepted as authentic history by many thousands at the time, and its effect on our minds is historical even if the episode is purely mythical.

the Queen had given the Book of Books, the Book of our Salvation, to the heathen from afar who sought to know what it was made England great. And so, dimly and half consciously, I began to gain a glimmering of the uses of the Sovereign as Grand Certificator for the truth and excellence of that which is best worth holding by in Church and in State. In the delight of the uncultured artizans and labourers of my native village over the Queen's act in giving the Bible to the savage lay the germ of the sentiment which in its full development proclaims the Queen *Fidei Defensor*, and regards even the Christian Church itself as somewhat wanting in the necessary credentials until it is surmounted by the royal arms, and certified to be the Church of England as by law established under the sign manual of the Queen. But all that was mercifully hidden from our eyes in those days. Had it been otherwise, I fear Jones Barker's picture would have been regarded as a wolf masquerading in sheep's clothing, a dangerous and damnable heresy in paint invented to lure our Nonconformist souls from the strait and narrow path trodden by those who bore stern testimony against the Erastianism of the Establishment and the foul and adulterous union of Church and State.

During the sixties I passed through my teens. I attained my majority a few days before the declaration of war against Prussia, which revolutionised the map of Europe, destroyed the French Empire, and established the Third Republic. So far as I may be regarded as a sample unit of the millions of undistinguished subjects of Her Majesty, the Crown had distinctly lost ground since the Prince's marriage. The death of the Prince Consort, the retreat of the Queen, the reports widely current as to the self-indulgent habits of the Prince of Wales, had effaced much of the good impression that had been produced between 1850 and 1861. People said frankly that the Monarchy was safe enough as long as the Queen lived, but that "as for that young man, England would never tolerate another Charles the Second or Prince Regent." The Prince was believed to admire the fast life that was the rule at Paris in the closing days of the Third Empire. *Tomahawk* published a cartoon representing the Prince as Hamlet, exclaiming to the ghost of George IV., "Nay, I'll follow thee." The popularity of the Princess of Wales tended to swell the reaction against her husband. And all the while the Queen moodily meditated in her Highland retreat over her irreparable loss.

The rehabilitation of monarchy in Britain, which has been one of the most remarkable features of the last quarter of a century, is due to a variety of causes, most of which are obvious enough. First and foremost there was the superb example furnished by the German armies of the efficiency and economy of a system in its essence monarchical. English sympathy was unmistakably with the Germans against the French, and although certain weaklings changed sides after Sedan, the nation as a whole was profoundly impressed by the magnificent spectacle of German loyalty and German discipline, as contrasted with the immeasurable corruption, treachery, and inefficiency of the French, who, although under the Empire, were essentially democratic. For a little while it was possible that the French Republic might, by raising again the old flag of the Revolution, evoke the potent passions which in 1848 shook Europe to its centre. The expectation was disappointed. Garibaldi took the field as an ally of the Republic, but his countrymen occupied Rome in virtual alliance with Germany, and that was all. All hope from that quarter was dashed to the ground by the mad outbreak of the Commune. Paris, after 1871, was no longer the storm centre of Europe. The Republic was only a Republic in name. It was controlled by men who detested every idea that had made Republicanism the ideal of our youth. The glamour was gone. Judged by the supreme test of wager of battle, the ideas of our modern democrats had been

found woefully wanting. The institution of Kingship was vindicated in full day, not as a belated survival or an antiquarian curiosity, but as a supremely capable institution as helpful to the modern man as to his progenitor in the days of Charlemagne.

While this great object-lesson was burning itself with cannon flash and bursting shell into the mind of the nation, the perversity of the House of Lords suddenly compelled Mr. Gladstone to resort to the royal prerogative for the purpose of abolishing Purchase in the Army. Then it was discovered by our Democracy, almost for the first time, that the power of the Crown is a great latent force at the command of the people. The Royal prerogative, and the Royal prerogative alone, can cut the Gordian knot of the rival authority of Lords and Commons. The sceptre of the Sovereign is by our Constitution wielded by the elect of the People. Thus at the same time that the Germans had demonstrated that Kingship was a living reality capable of standing the severest tests, the English suddenly discovered that in their Monarchy they had in reserve an invincible reinforcement for the cause of the People.

When the Destinies decide to do a thing thoroughly, they neglect no means to secure their end, taking as much care about the thrums and tatters as about the warp and woof. Hence it is necessary in this survey of the pilgrimage of a Republican to the Monarchy, to call attention to an incident which, compared with the events just described, partakes of the nature of the ludicrous. It was just at the very turning-point of the crisis—the watershed between the two systems—that the malicious Fates deemed it fitting to use one who was then a rising Radical politician for the purpose of forcing home to the sober sense of the nation the lesson of recent events. It was my fortune to be present at the Lecture Room, Newcastle-on-Tyne, when Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M.P., launched his famous diatribe against the Cost of the Crown. The meeting was crowded and enthusiastic. The Lecture Room audiences in those days familiar with the scathing “Impeachment of the House of Brunswick” by Mr. Bradlaugh, revelled in the youthful baronet’s elaborate demonstration that Goldsticks-in-Waiting were more expensive than footmen, and that the trappings of a constitutional monarchy cost ever so many more pence than the sombre habiliments of the president of a republic. I remember leaving the meeting with a sense of bitter humiliation. To this depth of insane trifling then had sunk the Republican enthusiasm that had flamed heaven high in 1848! Elaborate arithmetical calculations that we might possibly, by dispensing with the Monarchy, save ourselves the cost of an extra pot of beer! Twopence halfpenny per head all round as the inducement to rouse the British nation to an attack upon the Monarchy of Alfred, of the Edwards, of Elizabeth, and of Victoria—the inducement was too ridiculous, and even, if it had been adequate, it would have been unspeakably sordid.

The intrinsic absurdities of the Dilke campaign contributed to swell the force of the opposing current. It became evident that the events of the previous year had taught their lesson. There was no Republican rally in the provinces. The Radicals carped at Royal allowances, desiring, as the *Spectator* used to say, to keep the Throne, but to drape it in cotton velvet; but even this pinch-penny Republican propaganda dwindled away and died.

Just about this time the finishing stroke was given to the last lingering remnant of the Old Guard of Republicans. In the interviews and articles which in those days used to appear in the press discussing the probable date for the Overthrow of the Monarchy, it was openly said that while the Queen lived nothing would be done. “But mark my words, sir,” the Republican apostles would declare, “that young man will never ascend the Throne. It will never be permitted.” The reports about the Prince were relied upon as the trump-cards of the Party of the Revolution. “We will

not have this man to reign over us," was an expression heard in many places usually free from the contagion of Republican bias.

Then it was that the opportune illness of the Prince of Wales gave the final blow to the house of cards which the Republicans had been so assiduously building. It sounds very brutal to say it, but there were many who, when the disease first seemed likely to be fatal, were by no means disposed to regret a demise which would deliver the nation from a ruler whom they believed unworthy to be the sovereign of a Christian land. I well remember in those days a stalwart Radical coming into the editorial sanctum of the *Northern Echo*, and saying, "What are you going to say in your obituary leader?" I said I had not made up my mind. The Prince was not dead yet. "Well," said my visitor, "take my advice, and just print a column blank or with asterisks. Then in the centre print this: '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*'" So saying my Radical friend went his way.

The Prince did not die, but we all wrote obituary notices at great length, and had leading articles in type headed "Death of the Prince of Wales." Then, night after night, we went down and waited till the last bulletin came to hand before writing another leader. And I verily believe that the suspense, prolonged for nearly a whole week, with the intense realising sense of all that was involved in the struggle for life that went on in the sick-bed at Sandringham, finally extinguished the last smouldering embers of Republicanism in England. The typhoid fever did more for the Monarchy than the Monarchy had done for itself, and when the solemn thanksgiving was held in St. Paul's for the Prince's recovery, the nation gave thanks not merely for the Prince restored to health, but for the deliverance of the British Monarchy from the danger which had apparently menaced its security.

It was shortly after the recovery of the Prince of Wales that I first saw the Queen. The moment was one when I was suffering the full force of the cruel disillusion that overwhelmed all ardent Radicals after the General Election of 1874. It is difficult to-day to recall the implicit faith with which, after the establishment of household suffrage and the election of the Radical Parliament of 1869, it was believed that the nation had entered upon an era in which such things as Conservative majorities were to be as impossible as the return of the Mastodon. In the North of England this belief was a fixed idea. Mr. Gladstone was not advanced enough for the dwellers between the Tyne and the Tees. He was too tender to the Establishment. He was, even in things political, a Conservative at heart. He was too much given to compromise. But let the people speak, then we should see all this hesitating, half-hearted shilly-shallying swept by the board, and the enfranchised democracy would make short work of all that stood in the way of reform! The working classes were sound at heart. The mere suggestion of a Conservative working man was hailed with derisive laughter. An appeal to the constituencies was always in our idea, in those deluded days, to be to the Liberal party like the reinvigorating contact between the brawn Antæus and Mother Earth. When Mr. Gladstone dissolved Parliament in the early months of 1874, we all believed that he had taken a short cut to certain victory. So far as the North was concerned, we were right. We knew our own people. The county of Durham in the fell hour of Conservative reaction returned an unbroken phalanx of thirteen Radical members to the New Parliament.

But elsewhere! To this hour I cannot recall without pain the memory of that overwhelming disappointment. The return of Mr. Disraeli to power at the head of a Conservative majority shattered everything at one fell blow. It seemed as if the underpinning of the world had given way, as if the sun had reversed its course through the sky. Where then was our faith in the people? What had become of our fond

confidence in the Democracy? What could be thought of the Sovereign Electorate which had elected such a man as Disraeli to rule over them? Sick and sad at heart, I was pondering these questions when, in a holiday taken after the General Election, I came to Windsor and saw the Queen.

I saw her at Windsor Railway Station, and was not impressed. I was not in my idealising humour. My old idol had fallen shattered, but the ruins rendered impossible the installation of a new idol in the vacant shrine. The familiar scene, the small crowd, the red carpet, the liveried servants, the little figure in black—"not quite so tall as my wife"—walking slowly across the platform to the carriage into which she disappeared from view—that was all. "So that was the Queen!" Like the pussy cat of the nursery rhyme I had been to London and had seen the Queen—and thought nothing of it. But next Sunday at the Congregational Church in Windsor I heard the minister pray for the Queen and all the Royal Family, not as if they were a coat-of-arms, but as if they were living human beings, friends and neighbours of all of us. I remember feeling as if for the first time I realised the personality of the Queen as a living woman.

Republican enthusiasm was sick unto death. The Parisian Commune had burnt up the faith that might have inspired the French Republic. Across the Atlantic the monstrous peculation of Tammany obscured the fair ideal of the men of the *Mayflower*. At home, what could be thought of a democracy that had just made the Barabbas choice? But I was far from caring much for the Monarchy, and any nascent unconscious faith I might have had in its possibilities of usefulness was rudely tried by the policy of Disraeli. The alteration of the royal title began it, and the sickening orgie of Jingoism ended it. The detestation which Lord Beaconsfield inspired in the Gladstonians in those days was like nothing else in our time. The early Radicals hated Castlereagh as much; they could not hate him worse. To our thinking Disraeli had tarnished the Crown, disgraced the country, betrayed the cause of humanity in the East, embarked on wanton wars, and, to crown all, had made the very name of Imperialism to stink in the nostrils of sane and sober Englishmen. And through that discreditable chapter of British history the Queen was paraded as the especial friend of the Evil Minister. From whence sprang "Verax" pamphlets and newspaper articles innumerable, to which, mayhap, I in my small way contributed my full share.

But the blight passed. Lord Beaconsfield fell to rise no more, and the evil taint of his Administration lingered but for a short space round the Throne. Within a few months of the formation of the Gladstone Administration, I was in London, and what followed can be told in a few sentences. The nearer I came to the centre and heart of the Administration, the more closely I was able to see the actual workings of the executive government, the more I learnt to appreciate the inestimable advantage of having in the very innermost sanctuary of the Empire a human being, head of a Family which will not pass with an adverse election, with whom in all the graver affairs of State Ministers must take council before they act. I realised more clearly than ever before how the security, the continuity, and the prosperity of Britain depended much less upon the politicians and much more upon the Permanents, the Permanent Family above and the Permanent Services below. When I went abroad, and especially when I visited the Great Republic of my earlier ideals, I realised as I had never done before the enormous advantage of having the national unity and our Imperial greatness embodied in a Person who is carefully trained for that position from the cradle, and who in attaining it is not compelled to make intense political enemies of one half of the nation. To have created a centre of equilibrium in the midst of all the forces which surge and sway hither and thither in the turmoil and strain of modern life, to have made this central point the source of all honour and the

symbol of all dominion, and to have secured it at once from the strife of tongues and the conflict of parties, without at the same time endangering the liberties of the subject or the supremacy of law—this, indeed, I have learned to regard as one of the most signal achievements of our race.

Nor was that the only cause for a change of sentiment, which is important merely because of the unimportance of the individual who is thus narrating his pilgrimage from Republicanism to Monarchy. If I had been any one exceptional either by birth, education, or opportunity, these confessions would have been less interesting. It is just because I was an ordinary, average English boy, born in a remote village and reared outside the conventional "loyal" pale, that I have deemed it worth while to begin my series of studies of the Queen and the Queen's reign, by explaining exactly where I stood and where I stand, in the hope that a frank personal survey of the steps which led me from one position to the other may help us to understand the great change that has taken place in the last fifty years in the attitude of the Radical masses towards the Crown.

No doubt those who have been fervent Monarchists from their cradle will shrug their shoulders and marvel that even an ordinarily stupid Englishman should have taken so long to see what to them was always as plain as a pike-staff and as elementary a proposition as that two and two makes four. But it is enough to reply to their gibes that my standpoint at starting is the standpoint to-day of the majority of those who speak our mother-tongue, and that even within these islands there is still ample field for the missionaries of the Constitutional Monarchy among those who would prefer their Republic without the Crown. The hard wear and tear of actual experience in France and the United States has destroyed the glamour with which in my boyhood the Republic was invested. Social inequality, envy, hatred and all the deadly sins which were once believed to flow from the existence of a throne and an aristocracy, are seen to flourish in more malignant virulence in Republics where there are neither crowns nor nobles. The social order in the old country undoubtedly might be improved in many respects, but in all that differentiates a mob from a family, and an organised social community from a mere predatory horde, it will challenge comparison with the best results that have been attained by the Republics of the Old World and the New. And no small credit for the attainment of this sense of social justice and of ordered content is due to the greatest of all Permanent Civil Servants of the nation, our Sovereign Lady the Queen.

The pride of the parvenu, the insolence of the upstart, the vulgar pretensions of the plutocrat, are abased in the presence of the daughter of a hundred kings, who is nevertheless the friend and neighbour of the Highland cotters, and the simple, unassuming, unaffected lady of Osborne and Windsor. It is something at least to have one family in the land high enough to need to put on no "side," with a position so secure that its princes can dine with dustmen without impairing their social status. Before the altitude of the Throne, dukes and dustmen seem very much on a level. As against the exclusiveness and uppishness of some of our gentry, who often forget to be gentlemen, the Crown is a Democratic engine, and Royalty a reserve of great Democratic power at home as well as abroad—

"The kings must come down and the Emperors frown,  
When the Widow of Windsor says stop."

We have not yet carried the democratisation of our institutions to the ultimate, but it is with a smug sense of satisfaction that the great middle class, which never attends Drawing Rooms and knows nothing of Levees, remembers that in Disraeli's Cabinet,

which he garnished with dukes, no Minister had so much of Her Majesty's confidence as the Lancashire lawyer who was then plain Mr. Richard Cross, and that in the last Liberal Administration no Minister at the Council Board was so liked by the Queen as the son of the Wesleyan minister who is now the Right Hon. Sir H. H. Fowler.

Nor is that all. The fortunate accident, if I may use such a word, that for sixty years the Throne has been occupied by a female sovereign, has been of inestimable advantage to the cause with which the future progress of the race is most closely bound up. The arrival of women on the stage of citizenship may possibly be regarded by the future historian as the greatest social and political event of the Victorian era. And in promoting and facilitating the advent of woman as a political factor, the Queen's influence has been simply incalculable. With a woman at the foretop of the State, no one could pretend that it was unwomanly to take a serious interest in State affairs. And with the steadily accumulated volume of testimony as to the supreme ability, the keen sagacity, and the shrewd commonsense with which the Queen bore herself in the greatest and most arduous position in the realm, no one of her subjects could honestly repeat the old rubbish about the natural incapacity of women. What the Queen's own views are upon the subject of Woman's Suffrage is comparatively immaterial. By the patient and punctilious discharge of all the complex and multifarious duties of her political and social position, the Queen has vindicated the capacity of her sex to perform political and social duties, and has dispelled as the sun dissipates the mist the foggy notions entertained by many as to political incapacity being one of the natural disabilities of her sex. Step by step the work of enfranchisement has proceeded, until there now remains but one last measure of reform to make the law as colour-blind to sex as it has long been colour-blind to sect. No more striking or appropriate method of commemorating the record reign in British history can be conceived than the abolition of the last rag of sex disability which still disfigures our Statute Book.

If the Queen's personal feeling on the subject of Woman's Suffrage is not known to her subjects, it is far otherwise in relation to a subject in which women, who are in a special sense guardians of the sanctity of the family in which they reign as queens, naturally take the keenest interest. I remember how deeply impressed I was eleven years ago, in the midst of the agitation for raising the age of consent, which incidentally landed me in gaol, by the universal conviction of all the women who were working in that cause that they had the heart-felt sympathy of the Queen. What evidence there was to that effect I do not know. But that they believed it, evidence or no evidence, heart and soul—to that I can testify beyond a doubt. Equally certain is it that this conviction of theirs that the Queen was on their side was to many a worn and heartsick toiler as a pillar of fire in a dark and dreary land.

Even before Her Majesty was able from her knowledge of life and experience as wife and mother to understand and to take her stand, the mere fact that she was a woman is reported to have warded off for nearly thirty years the shameful legislation which Mrs. Butler ultimately overthrew. The story goes that there was a proposition far back in the thirties to legalise compulsory examination by the Police des Mœurs, but that it was abandoned at the instance of Lord Melbourne. The Queen's first Prime Minister is said to have declared that it was impossible to ask the young maiden who had just ascended the Throne to sign such a measure, which of course it would have been his lot to explain to Her Majesty. So the idea was abandoned, and for thirty years the visitation was warded off.

The story may or may not be authentic. It was certainly firmly believed, and its

currency, even if it were not founded on fact, illustrates the potency and charm of a woman on the Throne.

Upon this side of the subject I prefer to quote the remarks of Mr. Brett in his admirable and suggestive little book, "The Yoke of Empire." Speaking of this phase of the Queen's character, he says :—

"Among the various parties and factions, schools of thought and of behaviour, into which modern England is divided, the most cohesive is the Puritan middle class. For two centuries from the rise of Cromwell, this body has slowly gained ground, and absorbed a more unvarying share of political power than can be ascribed to any other in the State; and in the eyes of the Puritan middle classes the Queen has become a model Sovereign. If from the Reform Bill of 1832 to the retirement of Mr. Gladstone in 1894, the Puritan middle classes have governed England, they have certainly no cause to complain of the sympathetic response of the Sovereign to their views and demands. . . . The character and rule of Queen Victoria have set a high standard, below which it will be impossible for a monarch to fall without personal disaster. What wonder is it then that the Puritans have learned to regard the Queen with an admiration and a gratitude heretofore extended to Oliver Cromwell alone?"

It may, at least, be said for Monarchy as it has been said for the Stage—it has given woman an opportunity and a career, denied her elsewhere. No system of Government as yet devised by man, save Monarchy alone, could have secured for a woman such an innings as our Queen has had. All existing Republican systems have carefully provided against the possibility of any woman ever having any such chance, by denying to all women any right even to stand as candidate for supreme office. And from my point of view, this alone, other things being equal, would turn the balance in favour of the Crown.

But other things are not equal. The balance of advantage in such an Empire as ours in favour of the Monarchy is unmistakable.\* Every year the proportion of English-speaking folk outside these islands increases. And with every such increase the political or Imperial value of the Royal Family rises. For the tie which unites our world-scattered commonwealths is not primarily political, neither is it kept up by politics. It is a tie in its nature domestic. It is the English-speaking family rather than an Empire. And the nexus is the Royal Family rather than the House of Commons. Every Colony has its own legislative assembly. None of them has a Queen and Royal Family. The Crown, like the Abbey, is one of the heirlooms of the whole race, which cannot be distributed. It must be localised, and the Mother Country keeps both. But if either the Crown or the Abbey disappeared the sense of loss would be felt as keenly in Winnipeg, in New Zealand, in Cape Colony, and in Queensland. To the eyes of the English-speaking men who have made their homes at the Antipodes, English politicians have not the importance that they have at home. Colonists have their own politicians, and, as far away as England is, the differences between our politicians, even when seen through the opera glass of the press telegrams, are apt to seem too infinitesimal to be noticed. They might as well get up sweepstakes about a race of mites across a cheese. But high above all political people there rises ever before the eyes of every English-speaking man, whether Republican or Colonial or native to these islands, the majestic fabric of the Hereditary Monarchy. It rises above the vast democratic steppe as the Round Tower of Windsor shows high

\* I venture to quote here an extract from Admiral Maxse, to whom I had written under the mistaken belief that he, like Mr. Chamberlain, at one time had made public profession of Republican sentiments. Admiral Maxse, after correcting this misconception, wrote: "I am by nature Republican in sentiment; my reverence goes much more easily to character than to show. I have no enthusiasm for royalty—so much so, that I have kept out of its presence as much as possible during all my life. I never attend a Drawing Room or go to a Levee. There are such shoals of people eager to do reverence that I feel my absence is unnoticed. Nevertheless, I support the Monarchy because I care immensely for the British Empire, or Dominion or Union of the British-speaking race. As human nature is constituted, the Royal Emblem is necessary to crown the Empire. Republicanism is, in itself, disintegrating. Then I observe that the best elements do not rise to the surface under Republican government."



over the Berkshire plain. Its prominence is an element in its favour that is too often forgotten. Men may come and men may go, Cabinets emerge like foambells in the wave and disappear, but the Queen is always there. And when we have to do with many millions, scattered over many continents, it is impossible to make any impression on the general mind by the fleeting phantoms of evanescent Ministries. To borrow an illustration from photography, their exposure is not long enough. The plate is not sensitive enough for rapid photography. But the immobility, the massive grandeur, and the fierce light that beats around the Throne, all facilitate the production of a clear, well defined image on the mind of our kin beyond the sea. Familiarity is of the essence of home. And our progeny would feel themselves strangers in a strange land if they were to return to the Old Country, which they call their Motherland, only to find, in place of the Queen upon the throne, Mr. Chamberlain or Sir William Harcourt or Mr. Tittlebat Tomkins sitting in the Presidential Chair of the British Republic.\*

In many other ways the Monarchy, especially in the reign of the present Sovereign, has contributed to the stability of the realm and to the peace and contentment of the people. Pre-eminent above all other qualities which Her Majesty has displayed, is the supreme divine grace of sympathy. The Queen having suffered much has sympathised the more. Every great national disaster has evoked her warm-hearted succour. If her Prime Minister has been the head, Her Majesty has ever been the heart of the realm. It was somewhat touchingly remarked the other day that from her earliest childhood the Queen had hardly ever been out of mourning. Her life has been passed in the shadow of the tomb, which has opened to receive in slow succession almost all her contemporaries, and not a few of her own children and children's children. But still from the unfailing depths of her womanly sympathy she draws consolation for the bereaved and comfort for the sorrowing. Thus the proudest Empire the world has ever seen has installed as its Sovereign the incarnate Genius of Womanly Compassion.

Nor can it be said that the influence of the Queen has only been indirect, or that she has not again and again interfered to divert State policy from perilous paths, and to secure her Empire's peace. Of this the nation is somewhat dimly conscious, and our people at home and over the sea go about their daily labour in the comfortable assurance that in addition to all the visible and tangible apparatus on which they can count for the purpose of preserving the peace of the realm and the defence of its rights and interests, they can also confidently rely upon the unceasing vigilance and incomparable experience of an Invisible Helper, who, though her action is unseen, hovers like a Guardian Angel over the peace of the nations that call her Queen.

The last occasion on which I saw Her Majesty was on that high and solemn festival when the Queen summoned to the Abbey the representatives of all the nations, principalities, and powers that own her sway, in order to join with her in rendering thanks to Almighty God for the marvellous loving-kindness and manifold mercies He had graciously vouchsafed to this land of ours during the reign of fifty years. The memory of that stately pageant is still with me. The grey old Abbey, with all its associations of genius and of glory, never enclosed within its walls a scene more

\* Of this, as these pages are passing through the press, an interview, published in the *British Weekly*, with the Rev. Dr. Bevan, one of the most eminent Colonial divines, affords apt confirmation. The average Australian, said Dr. Bevan, knows little or nothing about English politics. "I doubt," he added, "whether he could name more than four or five English statesmen. But that is the case in all countries in relation to the politics of other lands. The other day I was in a bookseller's shop in Bâle, and the man was showing me a group of the leading politicians of Germany. He was surprised to find that many were quite unfamiliar to me. 'Tell me,' I said, 'how many English politicians do you know?' 'Well,' he said, 'there is Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, and—and, well, surely there is a Joseph something.' Now, do you know," continued Dr. Bevan, "that that man's position is not so entirely different from ours in Victoria. For myself, I must confess that I have no idea who is the present Home Secretary."

splendid and inspiring. Every nook and corner in the vast edifice was crowded with a great multitude of the picked men of the Realm and of the Empire. No department of the State, no colony, no dependency, was unrepresented in that brilliant throng. Ambassadors and governors, princes and potentates, dusky Oriental rajahs blazing in jewels, English nobles, and the great notables of the democracy mustered in troops to the great Thanksgiving. When all were assembled beneath the storied roof of the ancient Abbey, and the long aisles framed a marvellous picture of life and colour, the Queen entered. The whole assemblage rose to their feet as the familiar figure of the



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Mother of her People slowly passed down the nave to take her place before the altar, where, in the midst of her children, she offered thanks. And as the Queen—the Highest on Earth—knelt before the Lord God of Heaven, all thought of Her Majesty and her might, or of her Empire over land and sea, disappeared, and we saw only the plain little loving-hearted woman, who as maid, wife, and widow had for fifty years shared, more than any, all the joys, the sorrows, the hopes and fears, the trying vicissitudes and glowing aspirations which make up the sum of the private and public life of her people. And as she joined in the jubilant anthem of praise to Him who alone is the Giver of all good gifts, it was as if I saw a new and more glorious rendering of the old painting I had seen in my youth. For that which was then declared to be the secret of England's greatness was now in the fulness of the years proclaimed to be also the secret, the open secret, of the greatness and the glory of the Reign.



Engraved by A. Lilly

**QUEEN ELIZABETH.**  
THE FOUNDER OF OUR COLONIAL EMPIRE.

OR 1603.

FROM THE GALLERY OF PORTRAITS IN THE COLLECTION OF  
THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

## II.—THE QUEEN AND THE EMPIRE.

"HAPPILY for England a monarch was, at an eventful period, on the throne who stands distinguished in history for the rare discernment she evinced in promoting the welfare of her people and the glory of her country. Elizabeth clearly foresaw that England could neither obtain nor maintain a prominent position among the nations of Europe except by means of her maritime power, which could be insured only by the possession of Colonies. Encouragement was, therefore, offered to facilitate the discovery of hitherto unknown regions, and for the planting of new settlements."—*Martin's British Colonies*, Vol. I.

**P**ROBABLY the English of the seventeenth century never realised how much they owed to Elizabeth until the throne was occupied by the Stuarts. It is to be hoped that we shall not have to wait for similar reigns of foils before discovering our indebtedness to Victoria.

The record of her reign is one long almost unbroken record of Imperial expansion. The heritage which she received at her coronation she will pass on to her successor multiplied many times. Of all the jewels in her diadem of Empire she has lost none—save and except the rabbit-warren of Heligoland—an exception which makes all the more conspicuous the uniform record of the reign. Our disputed titles to Delagoa Bay and South Africa and to the island of San Juan in North-West America were maintained until the decision of an International Arbitration conveyed these vantage points to the other claimants. The Orange Free State and the Transvaal were not in existence in 1837. If we have lost them during the reign of Victoria, it was during her reign that they came under our flag. Neither would have been lost to us if Her Majesty had been permitted to overrule the veto which Downing Street placed upon South African federation. The Ionian Islands, which we occupied rather than possessed, we handed over to the kingdom of Greece. But with these inconsiderable exceptions, wherever the British flag flew on June 20th, 1837, it is flying to-day. Our heritage she has kept intact, and great military empires, hungry for the spoil of the Queen of the Seas, have risen up in the last sixty years; but of the colonies and possessions with which the Queen was invested in the grey old Abbey on that June day, she has lost none.

The additions to the British Empire during the Victorian reign began with the occupation of Aden in 1839, and from that date down to the occupation of Nupe, in the Niger Protectorate, in January, 1897, the record is one of continuous expansion.

Immense as have been the territorial extensions of the Victorian era, they are less significant than the rapid development of the self-governed Colonies. When the Queen came to the throne the whole population of Greater Britain outside the United States did not exceed one million souls. There were under 800,000 in Upper and Lower Canada, less than 100,000 in all Australia, and not a quarter of a million in the Cape. New South Wales was, on the Christmas before the Queen's accession, the only self-governed Colony in the Eastern hemisphere. South Australia dates from December 28, 1836; New Zealand from 1840; Victoria from 1851; Queensland from 1859. In the Western hemisphere a great belt of self-governing commonwealths span the continent. Manitoba was constituted in 1870. British Columbia came in a year later.

The Leeward Isles in the West Indies were federated in 1871. The Windward Isles in 1885. The Federation of the Dominion of Canada dates from 1867. The Federation of South Africa might have dated from 1859, but for the insensate folly of English politicians who overruled the instinct of the Queen and the urgent representations of Governor Grey. The greatest administrative change, however, of the reign was the transfer after the Mutiny of the administration of the Indian Empire from the East India Company to the Crown.

What with protectorates and annexations, we have added to the territory sheltered by the Union Jack in the course of Her Majesty's reign dominions nearly double the area of the whole Indian Empire as it existed in 1837. There is nothing approaching to this record in the history of the world.

The facts of the growth of the Empire are familiar enough ; but what, it will be asked by the ill-informed, had the Queen to do with it? Much more than has yet appeared, or will be allowed to appear in her lifetime. For nearly half her reign the Queen was almost the only person in the Empire who seemed to care to keep it together.

The work of building up these vast dependencies, of weaving together into self-governing federations these nascent Commonwealths, has not been due to fortuitous circumstance. Paley constructed from the existence of a watch the theory of a Providence. It hardly needs a political Paley to infer the existence of a Statesman-Queen from the growth and consolidation of the Empire. During her sixty years' reign the Queen has seen thirty Colonial Secretaries come and go. Some of them were indifferent as to whether the Empire withered or expanded. Others were sworn advocates of the policy of reducing our responsibilities. Very few were really sincerely desirous of extending, federating, or developing the great trust which they were appointed to administer.

Yet, despite all difficulties, the Empire has grown, and is growing, at a rate which is at once the envy and the despair of all nations. It would be, of course, absurd to attribute that mighty impulse which is vitalising whole continents with the seed of Empire to any individual, even the most exalted. A world-movement like this is the visible embodiment and incarnation of the genius, of the instinct, and of the necessities of a race. But it may fairly be claimed that during the last sixty years no one mind has contributed so much helpful guidance, generous stimulus, and sage control to the great expansive impulse of this country as that of Her Majesty. Colonial Secretaries have come and Colonial Secretaries have gone ; but behind and above and beyond every Colonial Secretary there has ever been the Sovereign, with a continuous policy of her own, steadfastly adhered to under all difficulties, and skilfully carried out under successive Ministries, without ever straining, much less violating, the strictest rules of the Constitution.

It is of course impossible to reveal to the world more than a mere suggestion of the marvellous fashion in which Her Majesty has succeeded in ruling as well as reigning in this realm of England. "The Queen reigns, she does not govern," is true. But it would be truer still to say the Queen does not govern, she reigns and she guides. Thirty or forty years since the nation, so far as it could make itself articulate through the mouths of its elective spokesmen, was practically unanimous. Whigs and Tories were alike impatient of the yoke of Empire. Disraeli, afterwards to be the most conspicuous convert and blatant disciple of the Queen whom he proclaimed Empress, was in those distant days a more uncompromising Little Englander than Mr. Labouchere. It was he who spoke of those wretched colonies which hang like a millstone round our neck.

Mr. Cobden was in the heyday of his power. The Conservatives vied with the Liberals in deprecating any extension of the Empire. Moralists and political economists agreed in decrying Imperialism. But although Whigs and Tories, Lords and Commons, Press and People, all seemed banded together against the Empire, she who wore the purple never faltered in proclaiming her faith in the destinies of her



THE QUEEN

(Engraved by Forester after a painting by Winterhalter.)

people and in her loyalty to the civilising sovereignty of which her Throne was the symbol. Loyally abiding by all the rules of the game, the plucky little lady who had every one against her bided her time, seized her opportunities, and making up by influence what she lacked in power, had at last the supreme satisfaction of seeing the whole nation acclaim as the truth that which she almost single-handed maintained in the councils of the Realm.

What she wrote, what she said, is hidden from our eyes. What the others wrote and said, is it not chronicled in the innumerable volumes of Hansard, the broad-acred expanse of journalistic broadsheets? Yet the noisy-talking multitude which had at its disposal all the publicity of the press and all the power of Parliament has been beaten. Nay, more than beaten. It has been converted, in spite of itself, by the invincible force of events interpreted and applied by the lone "Widow of Windsor." Next century, when our children or grandchildren read the secret history of the reign, they will understand better than we can ever do how large and potent a share the Sovereign had in making the Empire over which she was anointed Queen. They will be able to read her private memoranda, her confidential correspondence, and the minutes of Ministerial interviews. In them they will discover the secret of much that at present would appear to be almost incredible were it not that "use lessons marvel." We have grown so accustomed to seeing the course of public policy deflected by an agency which, like the law of gravitation, is as potent as it is invisible, that we think nothing of the fact that "we are all Imperialists now-a-days"—even including so faithful a Cobdenite as Mr. John Morley himself.

"Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!  
See one straightforward conscience put in pawn  
To win a world: see the obedient sphere  
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!"

In the great tug of war between the politicians and the Monarchy over the policy of the Empire, the Monarch has triumphed all along the line. No doubt in Emerson's familiar phrase "she hitched her wagon to a star." That is to say, she succeeded in converting her most determined opponents, because the force of things, the law of national growth, the exigencies of a rapidly increasing population, all fought for her as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera and his host. But hers was the instinct or intuition which enabled her to perceive where the governing forces lay, to discern them where they worked hidden from the eyes of politicians, and to identify herself boldly with them when they were almost universally discredited by the sagacious counsellors who surrounded the Throne.

It is very difficult to make the ordinary citizen of to-day understand the kind of talk that was habitual among the officials of Downing Street on this subject only thirty years ago. It is hardly too much to say that the note of the Colonial Office in the sixties was flat treason to the Empire. The officials in the first half of the sixties were Sir Henry Taylor and Sir F. Rogers, better known as Lord Blachford. In the autobiography of Henry Taylor we have the frankest possible expression of opinion on the part of the chiefs of the Colonial Office that the Empire should be broken up, and that the Crown was working against the interests of the Realm by its ceaseless effort to develop Colonial loyalty. What, for instance, can be more explicit than this extract from a letter written by Henry Taylor to the Duke of Newcastle, February 20th, 1864:—

"As to our American possessions (including, of course, the great Dominion of Canada, to which indeed the writer was previously referring)—As to our American possessions, I have long held and often expressed the opinion that they are a sort of *damnum hereditas*, and when your Grace and the Prince of Wales were employing yourselves so successfully in conciliating the colonists, I thought that you were drawing closer ties which might better be slackened, if there were any chance of their slipping away altogether. I think that a policy which has regard to a not very far off future should prepare facilities and propensities for separation. . . . In my estimation the worst consequence of the late dispute with the United States (about the Trent) has been that of involving this country and its North American provinces in closer relations and a common cause. . . . All that I would advocate is a preparatory policy, loosening obligations and treating the repudiation by the colonists of legislative and

executive dependence as naturally carrying with it some modification of the absolute right to be protected."

Again he wrote, March 25th, 1865, to say that he looked in vain to find any mutual interest between Canada and Great Britain :—

"The North American, like the Australian colonies, and like the Cape, have very naturally renounced all consideration of English interests, and renounced and resented every exercise of English power, so often as it conflicted in the slightest degree with colonial interests or sentiments. If (notwithstanding the Irish element in their populations) they have any *sentiment* of attachment to England (which I doubt) it is one which is ready to be converted into actual animosity on the slightest conflict of interests or interference with independent action."

In a subsequent letter this typical Downing Street Official pleaded for the abandonment of Canada, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and all the North American Colonies. Even Halifax was not wanted.

"If we had nothing to protect and nothing to quarrel about in these parts might not our navy be content with Bermuda?"

Nor was this the mere eccentricity of an individual. Sir F. Rogers (afterwards Lord Blachford) wrote to Sir H. Taylor :—

"I go very far with you in the desire to shake off all responsibly governed colonies; and as to North America, I think if we abandon one we had better abandon all."

"Better abandon all"—that was the note of Downing Street. Was there not urgent need that at Windsor we should have a more Imperial spirit than that which used the Colonial Office to alienate the Colonies?

In studying any subject, from the Queen upon her throne to the beggar on the dunghill, the easiest and most natural method of beginning it to start from the place where we happen to be standing at the moment. Therefore, in illustrating the influence of the Queen upon the development of the Empire, I shall jump into the middle of the subject from the jumping-off point presented by the topic of the present hour.

The one Imperial question that has been this year before the country is the South African question. The arrival of Mr. Rhodes, the reappointment of the Select Committee, the agitation in South Africa, lead us naturally to consider this as of all others the Imperial problem of the hour. I propose, therefore, to judge the rival factors in our Constitution from the standpoint of South Africa. It is a touchstone as good as any other. It has been with us long enough to afford ample opportunity of testing and proving the comparative wisdom and unwisdom of the Sovereign and her subjects.

I shall not attempt an exhaustive survey; but, accepting the test which contemporary history or the daily newspaper brings to my hand, I apply it to the conduct of the Monarch and her Elected Councillors in a great crisis of the Empire, with results which, I venture to believe, will somewhat surprise those amongst us who are still under the sway of the delusion that *vox populi* is necessarily *vox Dei* when it is opposed to the will of the Monarch. I am not for a moment pretending that the Sovereign is infallible, neither am I going to maintain that the Queen has always been wiser than her subjects. It would indeed be difficult to do so just after the public confession made by the Prime Minister that in the one great war of the reign we had "backed the wrong horse," a blunder for which the Queen was equally responsible with her people. The Crimean crime was a folly, not to say a frenzy, which carried away Court, Cabinet, and populace. But I think it will be admitted, even by the most prejudiced opponent of the hereditary Monarchy, that in the crucial case of South Africa, at the turning point of its destiny, wisdom lay not with the Elect of the People, but with that "accident of an accident," the crowned heir of a hundred Kings.



## I.—THE KEYSTONE OF THE IMPERIAL ARCH.

South Africa, it is now universally admitted, is the keystone of the Imperial arch. The byway of the Suez Canal possesses a certain importance in times of peace, but from the point of view of the Empire in times of storm and stress and war it can hardly be said to count as an available factor in our national resources. With the Cape it is far otherwise. Whether we have regard to India or to Australia and the fair lands of far Cathay, the Cape is the universal stepping-stone of the world-wandering Briton. Without the Cape the world-empire which our fathers have reared, and which we their sons are rapidly filling with English-speaking homes, would be impossible. Plant the Tricolour or the German Eagle on the slopes of Table Mountain, and our communications with our nascent Commonwealths in Australia would exist but by sufferance of Paris or Ber-

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SOUTH AFRICA IN 1854.

to Germany in return for a free hand in Egypt. Even in the darkest hour of Little Englandism, the coaling station at Simon's Bay was admitted to be indispensable. But it is now recognised that the coaling station irreducible minimum entails much more than an allotment garden on the toe of the continent. Who says coaling station must say Cape, who says Cape must say the Colony, and who says the Colony must say South Africa up to the Zambesi. Nor is it merely for the sake of the coaling station that South Africa has come to be regarded as indispensable. The world is filling up. Great tracts have been pegged out by hostile and rival Powers within which no British emigrant need apply. South Africa is the temperate end of the one great continent that awaits to be colonised and civilised. We have but scratched its surface as yet, but it has poured out diamonds as from the mines of Golconda, while the fabled river of Pactolus is thrown into the shade by the auriferous splendour of the Rand. So generally

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is this recognised, that if by any conceivable accident Britons were no longer able to hold their own, there is no great Power that would not deem it well worth the incalculable risks of a great war to seize the wreck of our South African inheritance.

All that is admitted by everybody to-day. Mr. Rhodes, who looms so large before the eyes alike of friends and of foes, is but the concrete embodiment, the typical personification of the universally recognised doctrine of the importance of South Africa. But forty years ago the truth, the truism, was so far from being admitted, that both parties in the State acted deliberately and continuously on exactly the opposite hypothesis. The House of Commons and the House of Lords, the representatives of the great middle class which then held all powers in the hollow of its hand, were of one mind on this matter. If there was one point upon which Whigs and Tories all agreed, it was that South Africa was a nuisance to be abated, rather than an estate to be developed.

governing democracy of Britain there-convicted be-descendants grossly blundered upon the one question of supreme importance in re-Africa. As in Europe our opinion was wrong horse," Africa it made subject of its diminution in expansion of imperial heritage, though Lords and Commons, Whigs and Tories, stood almost in a resolute opposition

hallucination that possessed her councillors. The Queen, as I shall presently show in some detail, was never deluded by the hollow claptrap talked about the worthlessness of South Africa. When her councillors persisted in flinging away whole kingdoms from her Imperial heritage, they did so in the face of an opposition from their Royal Mistress which, whether persuasive, plaintive, or passionate, was wearilessly persistent. She stood, as I said, almost entirely alone. But she never flinched. Her Majesty has never been a Little Englander. She was not, of course, able to defy the counsels of her Constitutional Ministers. But she withstood them manfully, as a true Queen should, and at last, after many days, she had the satisfaction of seeing her subjects come round to the wisdom of the opinions which she had maintained with the fidelity of an Abdiel in the days of long ago.

But that is not all. The Queen not merely recognised the importance of South



SOUTH AFRICA IN 1897.

The self-governance of Great Britain stands for its own of having decided upon the question of suzerainty to the East of South Africa. The sapient public "backed the so in South Africa the chief ob- policy the stead of the our Impe- tagement. But al- and Com- and Tories, householders unwashed all on this critical Her Majesty alone in offer- and unswerv- to the fatal

Africa, but, in the days when Federation was but regarded as the airy dream of the philosopher, she supported it as the one method for securing a strong, contented, and united South Africa. Cecil Rhodes has been practically on his trial this year, because, at the eleventh hour, he strove with patriotic daring to secure by the high hand the great end of African federation, which Her Majesty had been thwarted in her efforts to attain forty years ago, when it would have been easy enough but for the infatuated folly of our politicians. It would almost seem as if the nation, grudging the loss of the American colonies which it owed to George III., took a sinister and suicidal revenge upon the dynasty by baffling all the efforts which the Imperial-minded grand-daughter of George III. made to save the colonies in South Africa.

If only our self-confident politicians would have done the bidding of their gracious Sovereign, Africa would have been federated before Canada, and the long, bloody, and shameful story of the last thirty years of war against the Dutch and the native would never have been unfolded to the gaze of an indignant world.

## II.—DOWNING STREET *v.* WINDSOR CASTLE.

Carlyle, in his "Latter Day Pamphlets," indulged in some tolerably severe diatribes against Downing Street. But no one who reads the story of what Downing Street has done in South Africa can help feeling that Carlyle did not rise to the level of his opportunity. When the American humourist felt very bad, he swore till he was out of breath, and then hired a man to go on cursing until he bade him stop. It would take more than the combined energies of three men and a boy, the second beginning where the first left off, to curse up to the exigencies of the iniquities of Downing Street in relation to South Africa. Only after such a blowing off of the steam is it possible to discuss quietly the long record of political ineptitude, of Imperial blundering, of neglected opportunities, of broken faith, and of bumptious folly. It is no wonder the very name of Downing Street stinks in the nostrils of South Africans. It is not the fault of Downing Street that there is any South African Empire surviving to this day.

If indeed there had not been a Windsor Castle to ward off some of the worst of the evils which Downing Street inflicted upon the luckless colony, it is by no means impossible that the German flag might at this moment be flying over the Cape of Good Hope. The Queen was unable to prevent much mischief. It did not lie within the compass of the Royal prerogative to avert the Sand River Convention, the abandonment of the Orange Free State, the disgrace of Majuba Hill, or the still more inexcusable blunder of the surrender of 1884. But so far as her influence and authority prevailed it was uniformly exerted against all the knockkneed blunders of successive Ministers. The Sovereign was true to the Empire, and if we have any Empire in South Africa to-day we owe it more to Her Majesty than to any of her advisers.

If the Queen had been allowed to have her way years ago there would have been no need for the emergence of Cecil Rhodes, who, like a man born out of due time, had to labour in double tides and by devious ways to overtake the arrears of work left undone by the blind leaders of an uninstructed public. He is now meeting the same fate, at the hands of the same kind of people, as those who, forty years ago, roused the indignation of the Queen by the scandalous fashion in which they treated another great African administrator.

Olive Schreiner some time ago—in the Karoo they do not always date their letters—recalled the memory of the greatest of our proconsuls. She wrote:—

"I am sending you a picture of Sir George Grey's statue. I wish you could find place for it in the *Review of Reviews*; it would show the dear old man that he was not forgotten in South Africa; and that thousands who, like myself, are not able to remember him, yet cherish the memory of his life and

work here. Of the three large English-speaking men who have during the last fifty years appeared on the South African stage, William Pater, Saul Solomon, and Sir George Grey, I think the last was the greatest and most unique. A 'God's Englishman,' if you like it. It is the thought that there have been such Englishmen that takes away one's despair for England's future. His statue, of which I enclose the photograph, stands in the public gardens in the centre of Cape Town. The building behind him with the pillars is the public library which he laboured for and so richly endowed. I have walked out of the Cape Parliament, which stands just over the way, where debates were going on in which the most talented and wealthy Englishmen in the world were voting for 'strop' bills, and in which personal ambitions and the greed of wealth and power showed at every turn, and I've felt a curious consolation in coming across that statue. Greed and ambition may conquer for a moment, but there are also other elements in our national character. If Ahriman exists, so also does Ormuzd."

Olive Schreiner, when she wrote that, was in one of her moods of wrath against the ormer god of her idolatry, who, if she would look and see, is but carrying on by such

instruments as are within range of his hands the good work which Sir George Grey aspired to but was not allowed to accomplish.

The story of Sir George Grey's South African administration reads like a fairy tale from the days of old romance. He was the forerunner of Mr. Rhodes, the first great Imperial statesman who realised that we must Federate or Perish, and that the only road to a permanent Empire lies through Home Rule. After the lapse of forty years we see from Olive Schreiner's letter how to this day the shining track of his aureoled presence lights up the dull and dusty road of South African politics, and every time we read anew the story of what he did for South Africa and for the Empire in South Africa, we feel anew the surge of two emotions—one of almost savage resentment against Downing Street, the other of passionate gratitude to the Queen. For when the Colonial Office opposed this man, betrayed him, cheated him, thwarted him, and finally cashiered him in disgrace, it was Her Majesty who stood by him, praised him, backed him, watched all he did, read all he wrote, struggled hard against his recall, and then, watching her opportunity,



SIR GEORGE GREY'S STATUE.

(From a photograph by Mr. J. W. Dugmore.)

secured his reappointment by a new Ministry even before he had set foot on his native shores. It is a wonderful story, and yet it is one which nearly every one has forgotten—this famous and fateful tale of the struggle between Downing Street and Windsor Castle. And as it has been so completely forgotten, and as the old problem of the Empire has just now re-emerged with almost unaltered features, I cannot do better as a contribution to a truer appreciation of the value of the Queen to the Empire than to tell, however briefly, the story of Sir George Grey.

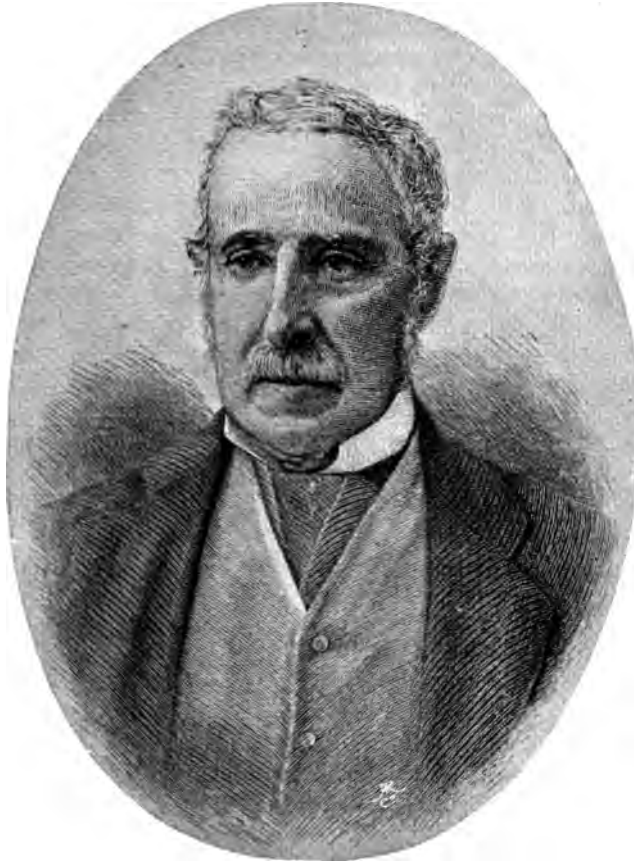
### III.—SIR GEORGE GREY.

There have been in the Victorian era two Sir George Greys. One, he of Falloden, at one time Home Secretary, is now represented in the House by Sir Edward Grey, the most promising—but for his indolence—of all the younger Liberals. The other, the Sir George Grey—"the God's Englishman" of whom Olive Schreiner wrote—is still with us, old and well stricken in years. He was born in 1813, a few months after his father, Colonel Grey, had fallen at the head of the forlorn hope that stormed the fatal breach of Badajoz. After a brilliant career at Sandhurst, he entered the army when eighteen, and before he attained his majority he had received so deep an impression of the misery and destitution prevailing in Ireland and in some parts of Great Britain, that he turned with passionate longing to the promise of a brighter and happier future in the unpeopled fields of the Greater Britain beyond the seas. He had not long to wait for an opportunity of service in the Colonies. Lord Glenelg sent him out when only twenty-five years old as the head of a small expedition of exploration in Western Australia. He was lying at Plymouth waiting for H.M.S. *Beagle* to start on its voyage for New Holland when King William died and Victoria was proclaimed Queen. Her Majesty's proclamation was dated just nine days after the issue of Sir George Grey's commission. He carried out his mission with such distinguished success, in the face of such imminent perils by sea and land, that no one was surprised when in 1841 he was appointed the first Governor of the Colony of South Australia. He was only twenty-eight. As the Queen was the youngest of our Queens, so Sir George Grey was the youngest of our Colonial Governors. The experiment was justified by its results. "In South Australia he had found discontent, mutiny, want, despair; he had left, after four years of patient and unremitting toil, contentment, peaceful industry, and prosperity." So successful was he, indeed, that at the end of the four years, when the state of New Zealand left Britain apparently face to face with "the abandonment of the island in disgrace or the extermination of their aboriginal inhabitants," Sir George Grey was dispatched with a free hand to restore peace and order. His success here also was phenomenal, almost miraculous. "Sir George Grey found New Zealand in a position of imminent peril; he left it in perfect safety. He came to it at the crisis of a savage war; he left it in profound peace. On his arrival it was bankrupt; on his departure it was solvent and flourishing." Lord Grey, then Colonial Secretary, declared that "the contrast between the state of things at the end of 1830 and that which he found existing on his arrival at the end of the year 1845, is so marked and so gratifying that it is difficult to believe that so great a change should have been accomplished in the short space of five years."

Nevertheless, when Sir George Grey came home, the Colonial Secretary would not see him. He was in disgrace because, forsooth, he had dared to suspend an Act of Parliament, passed in ignorance by the Legislature at Westminster, which would have broken faith with the natives, dishonoured Britain, and precipitated a bloody war. His action was condoned by Parliament, but the Colonial Office never forgave him for his bold, uncompromising assertion of the necessity for allowing the Governors of distant colonies a certain suspensory power over the Acts of the Imperial Parliament.

His words are significant and very much to the point :—"When Parliament, for want of sufficient information, legislates wrongfully or unjustly for a distant nation subject to its laws—unless the high officers of the Empire will take the responsibility by delaying to act until they receive further instructions—the Empire cannot be held together. . . . In declining, therefore, to break promises which I had made as Her Majesty's representative . . . I felt that I did my duty as a faithful servant of my Queen and country, and will cheerfully undergo every risk and punishment which may follow from my having course."

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*With best wishes and  
regards. G. Grey.*

vaal, and in 1853, still bent on the policy of reducing the burdens of Empire, they insisted that the Orange Free State must also be abandoned. As there was opposition on the part of the Colonists who clung to their unnatural mother-country, a bribe of £5,000 was employed to secure their acquiescence, and on March 11th, 1854, the English flag was hauled down. Delegates were then on their way to London protesting against this surrender, but Downing Street declared it was too late. "The authority of the Queen had been already too far extended. England could not supply troops to maintain constantly advancing outposts. So far

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as South Africa was concerned, this reasoning was unanswerable, as Cape Town and the harbour of Table Bay were all that Great Britain really required there."

And yet at that very moment Downing Street was drifting headlong into a mad and insensate war with Russia, in which, before it was ended, more English soldiers lost their lives than would have enabled us to have policed all South Africa from the Cape to the Zambesi. Nations, like individuals, occasionally go mad, and seldom was there a more startling illustration of this fact than the pinch-penny chuck-farthing policy enforced in South Africa, at the very moment when tens of thousands of lives and a hundred millions of treasure were being lavished on the worse than purposeless war undertaken in defence of the unspeakable Turk.

Sir George Grey went out to the Cape as Governor. The moment he set foot in South Africa he applied himself to the redress of grievances. His first act was thoroughly characteristic. Everywhere he found disbanded Hottentot soldiers were centres of disaffection. Inquiring as to the cause of this, he discovered that Downing Street had, in fact, cheated these poor fellows of three-quarters of the pension which they had been promised. Forthwith the honest Governor issued a proclamation in the Queen's name, promising the Hottentot soldiers that, out of the love borne them by Her Most Gracious Majesty, she had determined that the exact amount promised should be paid, and that all arrears should be settled if claimed before a certain date. The Cape Parliament raised the money needed, all Hottentot disaffection ceased as by magic, the Queen was delighted; but Downing Street was furious. It had practically been proclaimed in the Queen's name as a promise-breaker; and although the charge was true, the greater the truth the greater the libel, and the blacker the mark which Colonial officialdom put against the name of the "prancing proconsul." He did not mend matters by his next action. Theophilus Shepstone had secured the provisional approval of the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, and, through him, of Downing Street, for a great concession, by virtue of which he would have established himself as a subsidised but independent king of a great Zulu settlement, which he proposed to form in No Man's Land, a fertile hill country lying between Natal and British Kaffraria. Sir George Grey roundly condemned the whole transaction, and convinced even the Colonial Office that it must be stopped, and stopped it was.

Having thus brushed away the perils threatening the peace and security of South Africa, Sir George set himself diligently to pacify and to civilise the great region committed to his care. In these years of patient justice-doing and civilising labour in the Cape Colony, Sir George Grey laid the foundations of the prestige which subsequently facilitated the northern extension of the Empire under the Chartered Company to beyond the Zambesi. By utilising the agency of the magistrate, the missionary, the schoolmaster, and the trader, the Governor, who ruled almost as dictator in the name of the Queen, succeeded in establishing throughout the tribes in South Africa a deep-rooted confidence in the justice and love of the Queen. As the Fingoes said in a petition to the Crown, "We are a blessed people under Queen Victoria. We are like children who have a father in all things to preserve, feed and help them." No man knew better than Sir George Grey how to utilise the native sense of reverence and loyalty to a person by ever putting the Queen's majesty in the forefront. He was the representative of the crown, acting for and by the express authority of the Queen. All that he did of good he represented as coming from the love and goodness of the White Queen beyond the Seas. And as a result he succeeded in impressing upon the mind of the natives of South Africa a living conception of the existence of a beneficent semi-divine Terrestrial Providence beyond the black water, which has been no small element in securing the tranquility of our possessions and the readiness of the

tribes beyond our border to submit to the civilising sovereignty of the Queen's rule.

Forty years and more have passed since Sir George Grey first inoculated the black man with a vivid though vague sense of the Queen's love and the Queen's power. But to this day the Great Idea operates like a magic charm in many a Kaffir kraal. It was to see the Queen that Lobengula sent his Envoys; to see the Queen that Khama and his brother chiefs journeyed to London town. The Queen has no sovereignty over the Transvaal that can be helpful to the poor Kaffirs who were handed over to be dealt with as goods and chattels by the Boers; but not even the infamy of our double desertion has eradicated from the native mind the suggestion that the Queen is the friend and helper of the black man, a very present help in any time of trouble. In the mines of the Rand so well is this known that I have been told by residents in Johannesburg that one of the familiar dodges of unscrupulous speculators who wish to limit the output of gold, is to spread abroad in the native quarters the report that the Queen is dead. On the day after that ill rumour circulates among the Kaffirs no native will venture into the mines. For deep in the recesses of his simple mind the news fills him with a sense of gloom. It is as if the sun were eclipsed in mid-heaven, or as our ancestors phrased it in the evil days of Stephen, as if God and his Saints were dead. The shadow of personal loss, of an extinguishing of one of the confidences which are as the lamps of life, lies heavy on the untutored toiler when he hears the cruel lie that "the Queen is dead," and sometimes days elapse before he can be induced to resume his work.

The influence which the Queen exercises over native tribes is by no means confined to South Africa. Mr. Castell Hopkins remarks that "it is, indeed, a question if the Queen's name is not better known and more important to large masses of the world's population, than of the name of the country over which she primarily reigns."

He quotes as illustrating this the address which a Maori Chief presented to Sir George Bowen in 1869:—

"O my guests," said Kawana Hunia, of the Ngatiapis, "she is our Queen as well as your Queen—Queen of Maoris and Queen of Pakeha. Should wars arise we will take up our rifles and march whithersoever she shall direct. My cousin Wiremu went to England and saw our Queen. He returned. When you landed in this island he was already dead. He died fighting for our Queen. As he died we will die, if need be—I and all my chiefs. This do you tell our Queen. I have said."

This impression, so beneficial to the security of the Empire, was not produced by acquiescing in the prejudices or tolerating the cruel customs of the savages. Sir George Grey was a propagandist of civilization to his finger-tips. While in South Africa he suppressed witch-doctors, that murderous tyranny; he undermined and supplanted without bloodshed the power of the savage chiefs, and in order to win the natives from faith in the efficacy in witchcraft, he founded the Grey Hospital, utilising as builders of this beneficent institution the soldiers who, in the profound peace which his policy secured, were no longer needed for operations of war. This hospital, where black and white received equal care, attention, and comfort, has been for nearly half a century a great object-lesson to the native as to the science and the benevolence of the Queen's rule.

There was one fierce rally on the part of the Kaffir chiefs against the civilising sovereignty which was reducing lawless despots to the level of British citizens. Inspired by a native girl, who appears to have been a trance medium able to give tests as to the reality of her communication with the spirits of departed chiefs, 200,000 of the Kaffirs, including 60,000 fighting men, slaughtered their cattle, burnt their crops, and prepared to launch their whole force upon the Cape Colony. Sir George captured all the chiefs, and the leaderless horde, incapable of aggression, perished of starvation.



in the midst of a self-created wilderness. Sir George Grey did what he could to rescue the remnant of the force which had menaced him with destruction. Migration was organized, public works instituted, taxes were levied, and the Queen's writ ran everywhere in Kaffraria, where but a few months before 60,000 men were banded together to loot the colony and massacre the colonists.

#### IV.—THE QUEEN'S APPROBATION.

It was almost immediately after the pacification of Kaffraria that Sir George Grey came upon the supreme moment of his destiny. One such moment comes to all of us, but seldom do we rise to meet it with such prompt heroic resolve as did Sir George Grey. In the month of August, 1857, a steamer touched at the Cape bringing the Governor a despatch from Lord Elphinstone reporting the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. It is difficult to us, who have the memory of the mutiny ever at the back of our minds, to realise the absolute disbelief which prevailed fifty years ago as to the possibility of any danger. John Bull was so absolutely certain that the Sepoys would be true to their salt, that when the mutiny broke out he had only 40,000 white soldiers in all India and 250,000 Sepoys. During the Crimean War there had been a noisy agitation against the Government for not recalling all the white garrison from India in order to reinforce the trenches before Sebastopol! Hence it was some time before the public at home realised what the rising at Meerut and the fall of Delhi meant. Fortunately the Governor of the nearest British colony was a man of ready wit and keen imagination. Sir George Grey saw in a moment that our Indian Empire was shaken to its base, and that unless instant help could be given the British would be driven into the sea, and without hesitation he decided to denude the Cape of its garrison and military stores and send every available soldier in hot haste to India. In three days after receiving the terrible news a man-of-war and three transports sailed from the Cape for Calcutta. *Salus populi suprema lex.* The Empire in India was in danger. Everything depended upon the immediate reinforcement of its small and hard-pressed garrison. Sir George Grey did not hesitate. Had Sir George Grey flinched from assuming the responsibility he shouldered without hesitation we might have had to reconquer India from the sea.\*

Sir George Grey reported his act to the Home Government. The Colonial Secretary expressed the greatest satisfaction; but what was much more acceptable was the communication in which the Colonial Secretary wrote as follows:—

“October 20, 1857.

“In writing to me on the subject of your last despatch, the Queen has commanded me to express to you in a private letter ‘her high personal appreciation of your services, and her gratification at the loyalty of her subjects at the Cape.’ You will at the same time receive Her Majesty’s approbation of the measures you have adopted in an official form.”

Here we have an instance of the way in which the eye of the Sovereign cheers and encourages her agents. The influence which Westminster Abbey has in stimulating patriotism and in unifying the sentiment of race is well known. The Queen is a living influence of the same kind, and as much superior to that of the Abbey as life is superior to death. The Queen’s approbation, expressed in a thousand cases of which the world hears nothing, is to her subjects more, much more, than the formal thanks of Parliament or the approval of their official superiors.

\* Lord Loch, who was on Lord Elgin’s staff in 1857, has written to me pointing out that it is a mistake to believe that Sir George Grey had the honour and responsibility of diverting the troops destined for China to the seat of war in India. The statement is made in Rees’s “Life of Sir George Grey,” from which I quoted it in the *Review*, but a comparison of dates shows that Mr. Rees had been misinformed. Sir George Grey has no reason to grudge to Lord Elgin his fair share in sending the reinforcements which saved India.

It is worth while to lay a little stress upon this element in the Imperial factor known as the Monarchy. It is too often ignored. To the immense majority of her subjects the Queen only appears personally as a sympathising woman whose letters of comfort and of condolence always appear after any great disaster that has carried death into a multitude of humble homes. But those who stand within the magic circle of the Sovereign's service are aware that Her Majesty is in a very real sense the fount of honour, and the dispenser of the guerdons to win which men have always been glad to die. Readers of Elizabethan literature do not need to be reminded of the talisman of Empire which England enjoyed in the romantic devotion inspired by the Virgin Queen. Even

novel reader with "West- will remember of their royal spired the that heroic age est deeds of because our tron and cause she sure in being Cynthia or because no ser has dedi- a modern Queen," it is gotten that her courtiers who on land and susceptible to a Queen's the Raleighs, and the Sid- Court of Eliz- may depend Sir George with as keen a received this ter" by the



SIR BARTLE FRERE, BART., P.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I.

(From a photo by Elliott and Fry.)

mand, as was ever experienced by Lord Grey of Wilton on learning the Queen's good pleasure with his pacificatory work in Ireland. We no longer write or sing of her gracious Majesty as

"Great lady of the greatest isle, whose light,  
Like Phæbus' lamp, throughout the world doth shine,"

but we bask none the less in the rays of her light, and profit more than we can realise in the incentive which the consciousness of her sympathetic eye gives to all knightly souls within the world-wide circuit of the Empire.

Sir George Grey was by no means exceptional in finding a ready and sympathetic listener in the Queen. During his stay in South Africa, Sir Bartle Frere had, at the Queen's desire, written regularly to her, and she had evinced the greatest

the modern who is familiar ward Ho!" how the love Mistress in- knights of to their great- chivalry. But Queen is ma- widow, be- takes no plea- hailed as Gloriana, or modern Spen- cated to her "Faery too often for- servants and do her bidding sea are just as the charm of praise as were the Drakes, neys of the abeth. We upon it that Grey flushed joy when he "private let- Queen's com-

interest in, and clearest understanding of, what had passed there. Writing on October 16th, 1880, after his recall, Sir Bartle Frere declared that "nothing could be more kind or more constitutional than the kindness of the Queen to her recalled Governor, and I felt as I travelled home that there were other beings besides Katie's dog who would gladly 'die for the Queen.'"

The experience of great Imperial administrators in India resembles that of Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere. Take, for instance, the last letter which Lord Ellenborough, as Governor General, addressed to the Queen :—

"Amidst all the difficulties with which he has had to contend in India, aggravated as they have been by the constant hostility of the Court of Directors, Lord Ellenborough has ever been sustained by the knowledge that he was serving a most gracious mistress, who would place the most favourable construction upon his conduct ; and he now humbly tenders to your Majesty the expression of his gratitude, not only for Royal favour but for the constant support which has been afforded him by your Majesty's Government, and has him to place in the hands of his successor of universal peace, the result of two years of a condition of to fore un-

There is the old Elizabeth—these sent the more look into the more striking parallel between Elizabeth

Kingsley, quotes in "Ho!" with the letter Walter Raleigh's Sir Hum—in which he

"Her High—to send you wished you as and safety to she were there ing you to have as of that which she tendereth ; and, therefore, for her sake, you must provide for it accordingly."

"Who would not die, Sir," said Sir Humphrey, "for such a woman!" as he showed the letter to Amyas Leigh. But in the letter of our own Queen to Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) after the relief of Lucknow, there is a passage which is even better than Elizabeth's :—

"Writing on January 19th, 1858, the Queen wrote to Sir Colin Campbell expressing her 'feelings of pride and satisfaction' at the glorious victories of himself and his 'heroic troops.' Then she added, 'But Sir Colin must bear one reproof from his Queen, and that is that he exposes himself too much. His life is most precious, and she intreats that he will neither put himself where his noble spirit would urge him to be—foremost in danger—nor fatigue himself so as to injure his health.'"



LORD CLYDE.

(Engraved from a drawing by Mayall.)

those marks of with which it has to him that it is intention to re- vices, but yet constant support mated all his ex- mainly enabled India in the cessor in a state peace, the result victories, and in prosperity here- known."

something of bethan ring in tences. But closely we matter the does the pa- Victoria and appear.

for instance, "Westward admiration which Sir leigh wrote by command to phrey Gilbert, says :—

ness willed me word, that she great good hap your ship as if in person, desir- care of yourself accordingly."

Another story, of which Mr. Castell Hopkins also reminds us, recalls still more vividly the power and might of a Queen's influence upon the warriors of her Court—

"It was at the close of the Crimean War, and Sir Colin Campbell was so jealous and angry at the appointment of a junior to the chief command there, after General Simpson's retirement, that he refused at first to go out again when it was thought that the war would be continued. 'But,' declares Sir Archibald, 'he yielded his own inclination eventually to that of the Queen, who, at Windsor, it is said, asked him to sit beside her on the sofa, and burst into tears at his continued refusal. He respectfully kissed Her Majesty's hand, and said he could hold out no longer.' It is not indeed difficult to understand a chivalrous soldier giving way at the sight of any woman's tears, though this statement is no doubt an exaggeration of what did actually occur. The Queen herself tells the story a little differently in a letter to Lord Hardinge, and states that after expressing the earnest hope that his valued services would not be lost to the country in the Crimea, he replied that he would return immediately, 'for that, if the Queen wished it, he was ready to serve under a corporal.'"

The picturesque figures of the Raleighs and Grenvilles and Drakes and Gilberts or the Elizabethan Court, with their fine phrases and courtly homaging, were not more romantic than the great captains and rulers who have found in the praise of Queen Victoria their richest reward. Read, for instance, what Lord Dalhousie wrote in thanking her for the gracious words with which she welcomed home her Viceroy from his arduous post:—

"Such gracious words from a Sovereign to a subject as those with which your Majesty has greeted his return to England create emotions of gratitude too strong and deep to find fitting expression in any other than the simplest words. Lord Dalhousie, therefore, respectfully asks permission to thank your Majesty from his inmost heart for the touching and cheering welcome home, which he feels to be the crowning honour of his life."

Of the worthies of the Victorian era we may say:—

"Servants in Queen, and Queen in servants blest;  
Your only glory, how to serve her best;  
And hers, how best the adventurous might to guide,  
Which knows no check of foemen, wind or tide."

Read also in this connection what the Duke of Newcastle wrote when faction seemed rife in Parliament, and, the future Empire was darkened by the disasters of the Crimean War:—

"I see no chance of public usefulness in such a state of things as we are now reduced to. I often think of our dear Queen, and feel how completely she is not only our main, but our only stay. There is still some chivalry and much loyalty in England; and the throne, occupied as it now is, may keep us above the waters."

May and did. With but a pronoun changed, statesman, warriors, and governors, under the Queen, have found the wondrous cheer of Her Majesty's unfaltering voice:—

"We listening, learned what makes the might of words,  
Manhood to back them, constant as a star;  
Her voice rammed home our cannon, edged our swords,  
And sent our boarders shouting; shroud and spar  
Heard her and stiffened; the sails heard and wooed  
The winds with loftier mood.

"In our dark hours she manned our guns again;  
Pride, honour, country, throbb'd through all her strain.  
And shall we praise? God's praise was hers before,  
And on our futile laurels she looks down,  
Herself our bravest crown."

Nor is it only as the Lady of the Tournament that the Queen is serviceable to the Empire. Her censure is sometimes as grateful as her praise. There was only one silver lining to the blackness of the cloud which covered Britain when Khartoum fell. It was supplied by the knowledge of that memorable telegram *en clair* which Her Majesty dispatched to her Cabinet. In the sixteenth century Elizabeth would have boxed their ears. In the nineteenth, Victoria buffeted them not less smartly by her telegram. And it was marvellously comforting to the nation, mourning its heroic dead,



WINDSOR CASTLE.

*(From a photograph from the Stereoscopic Co.)*

to know that the Queen had rebuked so severely those whose procrastination had led to the sacrifice of General Gordon.

Sir George Grey continued to do everything that could be done to aid the Indian Government in its struggle with the mutiny. He emptied his own stables, and dismounted his cavalry, in order to furnish the Indian army of deliverance with remounts, while all the resources of South Africa in stores and munitions of war were drained to supply the needs of the Empire. Mr. W. L. Rees, from whose interesting history of the "Life

and Times of Sir George Grey" most of these details are drawn, says :—

"This was all done without any authority from the Home Government, and simply upon Sir George Grey's own belief that it was necessary for the safety of the Empire.

"These active measures were watched with the keenest interest and delight by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. In a letter to Mr. C. J. McCarthy on the 24th of October, 1857, Lord Houghton writes :—

"I hear the Queen is in great admiration of Sir George Grey at the Cape, having sent his carriage horses to India and going afoot. What the Queen really admired was the whole conduct of the Governor, the troops, the horses, the specie, the artillery and the munitions of war, the China Army, and the continued reinforcements of every kind, sent in the face of the evident disbelief of Lord Canning in their necessity or the gravity of the crisis which had arisen in India, and in spite of his assertions that he wanted nothing but a few horses, and that it was a mistake to suppose the outbreak a mutiny.

"Ministers in London said nothing. They regarded coldly the efforts made by the Governor at the Cape. The Queen and Prince Albert alone perceived and appreciated the value of the services rendered by Sir George Grey. Yet these steps were taken against the advice of the Governor-General, and at a fearful personal risk."

Before finally denuding the Colony of all its garrison, Sir George Grey, acting in the spirit of ancient chivalry, and dealing with savage chiefs as if they also were men of knightly spirit, visited personally all the great chiefs whose enmity might have endangered the colonists. Riding night and day across the plain and through the Kaffrarian highlands, he sought out the fastnesses in which the chiefs abode, and told them all. He told them of the mutiny, and declared his intention to send every man and horse that



DOWNING STREET.

*(From a photograph by the Stereoscopic Co.)*

could be spared to assist the Queen in suppressing the rebellion in India. He appealed to them to give him an assurance that in the absence of the troops they would loyally assist in maintaining order and preserving peace. Touched by the manly appeal to the latent chivalry of the savage heart, one chief after another pledged his word to the Governor of the Queen, and not one of these pledges was ever broken. Thus says Mr. Rees:—

“All South Africa reposed peacefully while the desperate struggle was proceeding in Bengal, and tribes once savage in their hatred of the British Government gave the great Queen and her Governor their sympathy.”

Sir George Grey in the midst of his pre-occupations in South Africa wrote strongly recommending that the offer of his old friends the Maoris of New Zealand should be accepted, and that a couple of regiments of Maoris should be raised for service in India: “If you won't utilise their fighting instincts in the service of the Empire, you will have to use the forces of the Empire to suppress them.” Downing Street refused to listen to his advice or to heed his warnings. Four years later the great Maori war began.

#### V.—THE GRATITUDE OF DOWNING STREET!

Meanwhile Downing Street was making trouble enough at his own door. The German Legion raised for service in the Crimean War had been disbanded and its members located as military settlers in the Cape. The Cape colonists objected to receive the men unless they were accompanied by their women. Downing Street, being consulted, authorised Sir George Grey to give the assurance that the soldiers should be accompanied or immediately followed by German families containing sufficient numbers of young women among whom they could find wives. The soldiers came. But the women did not. As Downing Street cheated the Hottentot soldiers of three-fourths of their pension, so they defrauded the German Legion of seven-eighths of the promised women. The Governor protested against this gross breach of faith. Downing Street quibbled, prevaricated, and finally repudiated its obligations. Meanwhile the disbanded legionaries, left without wives, became a source of alarm to the staid farmers amongst whom they were settled. The Governor at last was driven to arrange for the importation of German women through the firm of Godeffroi of Hamburg, the cost of their transport being secured by debentures issued by the Kaffrarian Government, the sum to be repaid with interest by the colonists. No sooner had the first consignment been successfully married, than Downing Street interfered forbidding any further imports of German women on the ground that it was contrary to national policy,—a curious plea from Ministers of a Queen who had imported her own husband from Germany, and who themselves had originally proposed to settle 20,000 Germans at the Cape. A bitter wrangle ensued, but in the end Sir George Grey carried his point,—not without difficulty. The importation was successful, and the immigrants repaid every farthing of the passage money.

But owing to the limitation of the scheme many Germans remained unmarried. The Government of Bombay apprehending a serious rising in the Presidency, at its wits' end for white troops, dispatched a despairing appeal to Sir George Grey. No one ever appealed to him when the Empire was in peril, and appealed in vain. Sir George Grey promptly responded to the appeal of Lord Elphinstone by re-enlisting all the Germans who were not married and sending them over to Bombay, where they enabled the Government to surmount its difficulties. Bombay was grateful. The Queen was well pleased. But Downing Street was furious, and hinted not obscurely that Sir George Grey might count himself lucky if he escaped punishment for action so unlawful and subversive of the Constitution.

A change of Ministry only made matters worse. The first act of Lord Derby's new Government was to cut down the vote for Kaffraria without warning from £40,000 to £20,000. The expenditure had been authorised: £20,000 had been spent. What was to be done? Sir George was left with a province to administer, and not a penny piece with which to fulfil his treaty obligations and pay the salaries of the chiefs. Once more the Governor stepped into the breach, and redeemed the credit of the Queen's Government by paying £6,000 out of his own pocket. Two years elapsed before Downing Street, without any application on his part, refunded the money.

It is not surprising that Sir George Grey looked with scant sympathy upon the arrangement by which the Boers had been allowed to establish two slave States under the disguise of Republics in the heart of the South African continent. He reported truthfully to Downing Street that the Sand River Convention and the deed constituting the Orange Free State amounted to a declaration on the part of the English that they abandoned the coloured races to the mercy of the two Republics, and he warned the Imperial Government that the interests of Britain would suffer from such disregard of engagements solemnly entered into. A warning the justification of which, if other justification be wanting, the evidence in the Jameson trial supplies only too well.

Downing Street does not love to have Cassandras in its service, and the strained relations between the Colonial Office and its brilliant and successful Colonial Governor daily became more difficult. It was at first hoped to provoke him into resignation. But behind the Colonial Office Sir George Grey saw Her Majesty, and his loyalty to the Queen forbade his taking offence at the censures and insults of Downing Street. "I have only remained here," he wrote, "because I thought I was useful to Her Majesty and to my country." If they wished to get rid of him they must tell him so frankly. They did not do so then, but they bided their time. They worried him about trifles—refusing, for instance, to pay for two thousand pairs of boots for the German Legion that he raised to safeguard Bombay. He groaned in spirit, but he consoled himself, as many a man has done before him, by the thought that, though Downing Street might be intolerable, not even Downing Street should drive him from the service of the Queen. He wrote:—

"I am here beset by cares and difficulties which occupy my mind incessantly and wear out my health. I feel that I have conducted Her Majesty's affairs for the advantage of her service and the welfare of her subjects, whose love, gratitude, and loyalty I have secured for the Queen, and I certainly feel it hard that the reward I should receive should be to have my spirit broken by having accounts which I feel are entitled to the approval of Her Majesty's Government disallowed, thus throwing me into new difficulties; and that this should be done in the uncourteous way it is, and in letters which as an old and loyal Government servant sorely wounds my feelings, is still worse."

It was indeed well for Britain as well as for Africa that there was over and above the discourteous and unsympathetic officials the Lady of the Land, diligently reading all his despatches, and heartily sympathising with her gallant knight in the midst of his difficulties with Downing Street.

But the end was near at hand. In response to a request from the Colonial Office, Sir George Grey drew up a despatch, in which he set forth with lucidity and earnestness the truth about South Africa. He tore to ribbons the Colonial Office fiction that South Africa was worthless, that its people were disaffected, and that the best thing for Britain was to abandon the continent. "The countries which lie beyond the Orange River," he wrote, "are very fertile and productive. Some of them are so to the highest degree. Their extent may be said to be boundless, and in many portions they are capable of carrying a very dense population." In opposition to the Colonial Office policy of shunting the white States and governing the Kaffirs by the sword, Sir George expounded the opposite policy of federating the whole of the South African States and civilising the natives.

This was at the end of September, 1858. A few months later the Volksraad of the Free State passed a resolution in favour of union or alliance with the Cape. In 1859 Sir George communicated the resolution of the Volksraad to the Cape Parliament, suggesting that they should devise a form of feudal union without which the South African States could hope neither for safety nor success.

He was at once rebuked by the Colonial Office, and when he explained and defended his action he was recalled. But the story of that recall and of its sequel bears so directly upon the relation of the Queen to the Empire that it must be told in some detail.

#### VI.—THE QUEEN AS *DEA EX MACHINÂ*.

Downing Street had its chance at last. "The dangerous man" at the Cape had committed the unpardonable sin—he had dared to advocate the federation of Colonies and States which it was the fixed idea of the Colonial Office not to federate but to abandon. "You have committed yourself to a policy of which Her Majesty's Government disapprove on a subject of the first importance."

That charge was true. They were for disintegration, he was for consolidation. They were for scuttling out of South Africa, he was for laying broad and deep the foundations of an Empire worthy of Britain and her Queen. They were confident that South Africa was a waste and howling wilderness that would hardly keep half-starved antelopes, and that was haunted by rebellious Boers and irreclaimable savages whom it was not worth powder and shot to keep in order. He knew that it was a fertile domain, rich in minerals, fat with pasture, the destined home of millions of the English race. Their one idea was to shake off all responsibility for the white States and reduce all responsibility for the government of the natives to a minimum of territory in which rudimentary order was maintained by a military garrison. He was for shouldering responsibility, performing duty, federating the European States, and preparing for an indefinite expansion northward of the approval of tribes anxious to share the blessings of civilisation. The two were as opposed as light and darkness, Ahriman and Ormuzd. It was the Little Englander *versus* the Imperialist, the scuttler against the expander. No wonder then that when the scuttlers and Little Englanders entrenched in Downing Street found that this "dangerous man," who had saved India by his reinforcements at the same time that he had pacified Africa by his presence, was now on the eve of uniting the whole of Austral Africa in a self-governed Federation, the decree went forth that the axe must fall, and that the too-successful Governor must be recalled.

Lytton the novelist was Colonial Secretary. The Under-Secretary was Carnarvon, who, twenty years later, was to endeavour in vain to carry out the Federation Sir George Grey was on the point of completing. The Earl of Derby, the Rupert of debate, was Prime Minister. His son, Lord Stanley, had been at the Colonial Office and had done his fair share of worrying the Governor. When it was decided that Downing Street must be avenged, and that Sir George Grey must go, the Cabinet was confronted by the opposition of the Queen. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort made no secret of the fact that they sympathised entirely with Sir George Grey and not at all with his assailants in high places. But officialdom was not to be denied. The decree was passed by the Cabinet. But it was necessary to secure the Royal assent. The circumstances were so critical that the Prime Minister, accompanied by the Clerk of the Council, himself waited upon the Queen at Windsor in order to communicate to her the unwelcome news.

The Queen was indignant. Nor did she refrain from expressing herself freely to the Minister who demanded so shameful a sacrifice. Her Majesty, as more than one



of her Ministers has reason to remember, is capable of expressing her convictions with emphasis and pungency. On the present occasion Lord Derby had a very stiff time of it. Her Majesty protested against the dismissal of a Governor whose sole offence was his loyalty to the Empire. It was a monstrous and unprecedented thing that a representative of the Crown who had succeeded in accomplishing everything given him to do should be cashiered because he proposed to do more than any one had believed to be possible. What the Queen actually said is not on record. But Mr. Greville's account of what Lord Derby told him when the long interview was over gives us a sufficient hint as to the nature of the Queen's remonstrances. "The great services which Sir George had rendered, especially in the late trying crisis in Imperial affairs,



LORD LYTTON.

(Engraved from a drawing by F. Say.)

had disposed her strongly in his favour, and it was with feelings of repugnance that she contemplated his removal" Sir George Grey in his final despatch probably expressed much the same thing as was uttered by the Queen when he wrote: "If Her Majesty's possessions and Her Majesty's subjects are saved from threatening dangers, and Ministers gratefully acknowledge this, whilst the Empire receives no hurt, is it a fitting return that the only reward he should receive should be the highest punishment which it is in the power of Her Majesty's Ministers to inflict?"

Lord Derby, however, was obdurate. Ministers in full Cabinet had decided Sir George must go, and he must insist. Of course when a Minister insists the Sovereign has no alternative but to submit if she is not prepared to receive his resignation. Sorely against her will, and vigorously expressing her repugnance to the unjust act,

Her Majesty gave way. But as Lord Derby travelled back to town he was gloomy and reserved. When they parted at the station Lord Derby said, "I am afraid that we have done a bad thing to-day in recalling Sir George Grey from the Cape." Bad day's work it was ; but Downing Street, exultant, lost no time in recalling Sir George, in order, as it was expressly declared, that they might more effectually retrace the steps which he had taken towards federation.

When the news of the summary dismissal of Sir George became known in the Colony which he had governed with such brilliant success for five years, "the tidings staggered and excited the country from one end to the other." Blacks and whites, English and Dutch, alike bewailed the arbitrary removal of the ablest Governor the



EARL OF DERBY, K.G.

(Engraved from a photograph by Mayall.)

Colony had ever seen. Petitions were signed everywhere praying for his restoration. The petition of the Fingoes to the Great Queen Victoria declared :—

"To day our hearts weep ; they are dead because of this. We say, 'Has our Queen forsaken us or not ? Having deprived us of our father, we are now orphans indeed.' No, our Great Queen, don't throw us away. Regard our prayer and send back our chief, that he may again come and live with us, and comfort us by taking away our crying."

The same kind of thing was said, in more restrained English fashion, by every one in the Colony. But the despatch of the Colonial Office was decisive. Sir George Grey broke up his establishment and sailed for England.

And then it was that a strange thing happened. For even while Sir George Grey was penning his final despatch on July 30th, 1859, the whole scene had changed. Lord Derby's Government, defeated in the Commons, had ceased to exist. After much consultation and intriguing, Lord Palmerston was installed as Prime Minister. The Colonial Office was entrusted to the Duke of Newcastle. Then it was that Her

Majesty, seeing her opportunity, seized it with right hearty goodwill. When the Duke received the seals of office the Queen urged him at once to cancel the orders issued by his predecessor for the recall of Sir George Grey. The Queen was urgent and insistent. The Duke was personally favourable to Sir George, whom he had originally appointed Governor. Hence it was his first official act to write to Cape Town, August 5th, re-appointing Sir George Grey to the Governorship.

Sir George, however, was by this time on the sea. It was not until he reached England that he heard the news of his re-appointment. It was later still that he had the supreme gratification of hearing that this act was due to the direct personal intervention of Her Majesty. Not in vain had the poor Fingoes expressed their confidence in "our great Queen Victoria." Even before their petition reached her hands she had anticipated their wish and restored to South Africa the Governor of the Queen.

Now Sir George Grey was re-appointed, but not even the utmost influence of the Queen and the Prince Consort could induce the hidebound Little Englanders of that day to permit him to crown his good work in South Africa by achieving the Federation for which we are now praying in vain. To all his representations the Cabinet was obdurate; the condition of his re-appointment was the abandonment of the cause of Federation. Only the Queen was for it. Oh, if Her Majesty could but have had her way! Alas! it was forbidden, and through a long and dolorous way we have had to tread as the result of the popular folly of those days.

There is no question as to the attitude of the Queen in this case, for all the facts are on record. Who can say how many blunders she may have averted of which the world hears nothing, and will hear nothing? It was the greatest of chances that we ever heard of this. Sir George Grey, being now an old and privileged person, has told the story himself. Even if exception may be taken to it in detail, there is no question as to the substantial accuracy of the leading features of this remarkable narrative. The broad facts are these. Downing Street, representing the officials and politicians chosen by the vote of the people, did all that could be done to hamper and at last to cashier one of the ablest and most brilliant Colonial Governors, in order that it might be free to fling away our Imperial heritage in South Africa. But while Downing Street was playing this game of treason to the Empire, the Monarch was counteracting, so far as personal influence could go, the fatal policy of disruption and dismemberment. It was her praise which sustained the daring pro-consul in his administration of peaceful union, and it was her will, emphatically expressed at the fortunate moment, that succeeded in reversing the decision of the Colonial Office and in reappointing in August a Colonial Governor cashiered in July. History, with this narrative before it, will not have much difficulty in deciding whether it was the Sovereign, or the politicians elected by the constituencies, who deserved best of the Empire.

When Sir George Grey came to London, he had ample opportunity of learning who had been the friends of the Empire and who its foes from the personages themselves. Mr. Rees says:—

"Sir George Grey was received with great cordiality and kindness both by the Queen and Prince Albert. The Prince informed him of Her Majesty's approval of the measures taken by him, and the policy of confederation which he had pursued, expressing without hesitation her opinion that the plans proposed were beneficent, worthy of a great ruler, honourable to herself, and advantageous to her people.

"Before his departure to resume the duties of his Governorship, Sir George had opportunities of seeing and conversing with the Prince Consort. In Albert the Good he found an earnest sympathy both with the colonies and colonists, and he was beyond measure pleased to be told by the Prince that, in his opinion, if a nation ceased to take a real interest in every part of its dominions, and to do all the good it could on the outskirts of its power, it would be like a tree which had ceased to grow—the time of decay would have commenced. He perfectly agreed with Sir George's views as to opening up new country. He said that he and the Queen had read all that Sir George had written on the subject, and that it was greatly to the Queen's regret that she had been led to consent to his recall, and that she had done much to get that decision reversed."

Sir George Grey himself, speaking at Sydney in New South Wales in 1891, gave on his own personal authority further and more important detail as to the sentiment of the Queen :—

“ When I was a representative of the Queen in Africa, I had arranged a federation of the different States there, all having agreed to come into it except one ; but the plan was regarded with disfavour both by the Ministry and the Opposition of the day in England, and the consequence was that I was summarily dismissed. One person in the Empire held that I was right in the action taken, and that person was the Queen. Upon her representation I was reinstated. Her Majesty, together with the Prince Consort, held that it was necessary to preserve to the Empire an opening for the poor and the adventurous, and experience had shown that the Queen better represented the feelings of the British people on that question than did the Ministers of the day. The Queen held, rightly, that the energies of the British race should spread the Empire as instinct moved them, so long as no wrong was done to other people.”

But this is a study of the Queen, not a Character Sketch of Sir George Grey. I need not pursue further the story of his unique and romantic career. Suffice it to say that South Africa rose enthusiastically to welcome him back, and the Chief Moroka expressed the sentiments of all in tendering his “ warmest thanks to Her Majesty Queen Victoria for being an eye to the blind in sending ” back Sir George Grey to the Cape. “ An eye to the blind ” she had been indeed, but not even that Royal Eye could make Downing Street perceive the advantages of Federation.

As if still further to emphasise the Royal favour, Prince Alfred was sent to make a tour through South Africa. He was hailed everywhere with enthusiasm. The chants of welcome raised by the Kaffirs declared, “ We have seen the child of heaven ! We have seen the son of our Queen ! ” The Chief Sandilli and his councillors were invited to visit the *Euryalus*, where at sunrise they found Prince Alfred swabbing down the deck barefooted. They watched with amazement, and then retiring they dictated an address to the captain. The closing passages may well be quoted here :—

“ Up to this time we had not ceased to be amazed at the wonderful things we have witnessed, and which are beyond our comprehension. But one thing we understand, the reason of England's greatness, when the son of her great Queen becomes subject to a subject that he may learn wisdom ; when the sons of England's chiefs and nobles leave the homes and wealth of their fathers, and with their young Prince endure hardships and sufferings in order that they may be wise, and become a defence to their country. When we behold these things, we see why the English are a great and mighty nation.

“ What we have now learnt shall be transmitted to our wondering countrymen, and handed down to our children, who will be wiser than their fathers, and your mighty Queen shall be their sovereign and ours in all time coming.”

## VII.—WHY THE EMPIRE SURVIVES.

No generalisations, however eloquent, could convey so vividly as the story of Sir George Grey's relations to the Queen and the Colonial Office the value of the Monarch to the Empire over which she reigns. No one can pretend that the Queen strayed a hair's breadth from her constitutional duty in the support which she extended to the brave and patriotic statesmen who saved South Africa and who did not a little to save India. The Queen gave him a pocket chronometer with an inscription after Prince Alfred left the Colony, and sent him a letter in which his Sovereign thanked her subject in words that are more precious than the Order of the Garter. The Queen, after thanking Sir George for his kindness to her child, went on to say :—

“ She trusts that the effect produced on the nation and people in general will be as lasting and beneficial as it must have been on Prince Alfred to have witnessed the manner in which Sir George Grey devotes his whole time and energy to promote the happiness and welfare of his fellow-creatures.”

For a tenth part of such a tribute the bravest knights of Elizabeth would have flung their lives away. The praises of Victoria are not less sweet, nor is their recipient less to be envied than those who sunned themselves in the favour of Good Queen Bess. But there was nothing here that conflicted with the loyal abiding by the counsels of her Ministers. Blind leaders of the blind those Ministers were, and that she knew

right well before they floundered into the ditch of Majuba Hill. But suppressing herself, she acquiesced, as in constitutional duty bound, in their foolish way. Only where it was well within her right, when opportunity offered, she cheered with gracious and sympathetic words those who were fighting the good fight for England and the Empire.

When we contemplate the spectacle offered of that steady and silent ministry of grace, of succour, and of strong consolation to the Knights of St. George, we cease to



PRINCE ALBERT.

(From an engraving by F. C. Lewis after F. Winterhalter.)

marvel at the inspiration that sustained them amidst merciless official discouragement. They fought, they strove, they conquered because they knew that their Sovereign Lady the Queen knew and appreciated the loyalty with which they served the country. Ministers too often represented nothing but a faction. The Queen was the personification of the genius of England.

In "Pilgrim's Progress" few episodes are more familiar than that which describes the secret of the fire that could not be extinguished : —

"Then I saw in my dream, that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand, and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, always casting much water upon it, to quench it; yet did the fire burn higher and hotter. . . .

"So he had him about to the back-side of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, of which he did also continually cast (but secretly) into the fire."

It is not difficult to find a modern nineteenth century application of Bunyan's story. The fire that burns, and that will not be extinguished, is the bright flame of Imperial patriotism. Downing Street in vain endeavours to extinguish it by pouring a steady stream of cold water: the flame will not die; for behind the scenes a royal hand feeds it ceaselessly with the oil of encouragement. If, which Heaven forefend, the Throne were ever to be occupied by a Sovereign who shared the heresies of the Little Englanders, we should soon see a great and notable falling off in the zeal of our adventurous sons. What the results have been of having a monarch keenly sensitive to every manifestation of the Imperial spirit may be seen in the phenomenal growth of the Empire since she ascended the throne, and the unexampled content of the native populations. Not until long after the Queen passes to her ancestors shall we know how much we have owed to the extraordinary personal prestige which she enjoyed among the distant tribes among whom her legions maintain a Roman peace, or how great has been the stimulus and reward of her approval to the men who made her Empire.

Her Majesty has been no buccaneering Jingo, inciting her soldiers and sailors, her pro-consuls and her adventurers to schemes of conquest. With the exception of the two disastrous periods, when the sober and sagacious mind of the Monarch suffered a temporary eclipse from the passing passion of Russophobia, Her Majesty has exercised a singularly level-headed judgment upon Imperial affairs. Even in the mad frenzy of the Crimean War, Windsor Castle was far more keenly alert than Downing Street to the dangers and disadvantages inseparable from a war that tended to prolong the rule of the Turks in Europe. Lord Palmerston was a pro-Turk. The Queen never allowed her dread of Russia to blind her to the objectionable nature of her unspeakable ally. Still, the prejudice and passion engendered by the skilfully fostered agitation against Russia poisoned her mind in 1854, and the effects of that malaria predisposed her to fall a ready victim to the Earl of Beaconsfield. Even after he had been cast out of place and power as an accused thing by the nation whom he had misled, Her Majesty still clung to the relics of his repudiated policy. If she could have prevented it, our evacuation of Kandahar would never have taken place. That, however, was but a pardonable failing. There are spots on the sun, and even Queen Victoria is not without the defects of her qualities. But when Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Devonshire insisted, she acquiesced loyally, although regretfully, in their decision.

What she lacked in power she made up in influence. She could not descend to the hustings, or canvass the electors. But when the brawling electioneers had done their work, when the ballot boxes had yielded up their secret, when the elect of the people came with the mandate of the democracy to the councils of the Queen, he found awaiting him the most experienced political brain in the Empire, a lady who had probably forgotten more statecraft than he had ever learnt, to whom every Colony was more familiar than the jewels in her crown, and who approached every great question that came up for settlement from the vantage point of a great position, backed up by unexampled experience. "Power," said Lord Beaconsfield, "belongs to the best informed." And from the beginning of her reign the Queen has been better informed about her dominions over-sea than any of her Prime Ministers. Lord Clarendon nearly forty years ago bore witness to the zeal and assiduity with which the Queen mastered the subjects with which she had to deal. He told Mr. Granville, in 1857:—

"The Queen held each Minister to the discharge of his duty and his responsibility to her, and con-

stantly desired to be furnished with accurate and detailed information about all important matters, keeping a record of all the reports that were made to her, and constantly recurring to them, *e.g.*, she would desire to know what the state of the Navy was, and what ships were in readiness for active service, and generally the state of each, ordering returns to be submitted to her from all the arsenals and dock-yards, and, again, weeks or months afterwards, referring to these returns and desiring to have everything relating to them explained and accounted for; and so throughout every department."

Nor did the Queen ever restrict herself to Ministerial channels of information. Her correspondence with her Colonial Governors, Indian Viceroys, and other representatives has been continuous and voluminous. And all of these notables of the Empire were proud to give the Sovereign Lady of the Realm the ripest fruit of their observation and experience. Lord Palmerston in 1863, as he was nearing the close of a long Ministerial career, declared that the Queen had ever scrupulously acted upon the counsels of her Ministers; but he went on to say:—

"A strict observance of these fundamental principles does not, however, preclude the Sovereign from seeking from all quarters from whence it can be obtained the fullest and most accurate information regarding matters upon which the responsible Ministers may from time to time tender advice, and upon which it is not only right but useful that the Sovereign should form an opinion, to be discussed with the Ministers, if it should differ from the tendered advice."

Mr. Gladstone, the only other Minister whose career can be compared to Lord Palmerston's for duration and variety of service, has borne testimony as unqualified to her "thorough comprehension of the conditions of the great Covenant between the Throne and the People."

It is obvious that such a Sovereign so minutely and accurately informed concerning all the details of all the Colonies and Dependencies of her world-wide Empire could not fail to exercise a potent influence in Council, and has, as a matter of fact, repeatedly succeeded in deflecting tendencies which, but for her watchful care, might have brought the Empire much ill.

The story of the part taken by the Queen in the Indian Mutiny can only be glanced at here. Whether it was in urging that vigorous measures should be taken to cope with the crisis at the beginning, or in lifting up a warning voice at its close against the savagery of vengeance, the Queen took a leading hand in all that went on. Her letters to Lord Panmure urging the despatch of reinforcements are the letters of one accustomed to command, and to whom the responsibility of Empire was a very real thing. She wrote, for instance, on one occasion—

"The Queen is anxious to impress in the most earnest manner upon her Government the necessity of our taking a comprehensive view of our military position at the present momentous crisis, instead of going on without a plan, living from hand to mouth, and taking small isolated measures without reference to each other."

As the result of their inconsiderate reductions in the spring there were no troops available but those who had been at the Crimea, and thus said the Queen, with the natural indignation proper to a sympathetic woman—"Having passed through this destructive campaign, they have not been home for a year before they are to go to India for perhaps twenty years. This is most cruel and unfair to the gallant men who devote their services to the country." Her Majesty is always looking after the Empire and at the same time the Widow of Windsor never forgets Tommy Atkins.

Hence if we were to ask how it is that the Empire has grown and thriven so marvellously all these years, until all sane citizens are proud of its extent and solicitous for its unity, we may find a clue to the secret in the fact that in the actual workings of our Constitution, the Sovereign, who must be heard by the natural operation of the combined forces of knowledge, experience, continuity, and resolution, has, as a matter of fact, in the broad outlines of our Imperial and Colonial policy, become, if not "She who must be Obeyed," then certainly "She who has been Obeyed," and will be obeyed yet more and more so long as it please God to spare her to live and reign over her loyal and contented people.

Let no one imagine that the Queen ever contented herself with holding the sound Imperial doctrine as a pious opinion. It has been with her a faith which she propagated with the zeal of an apostle, and with a tact and a scruple to which many apostles are strangers.

One of the means, by no means inefficacious, which Her Majesty employed was that of dispatching, as *commis-voyageurs* of the Empire, the Princes of the Blood on tour through India and the Colonies. The Prince of Wales, while but a youth, visited Canada, and in his later life made the tour of India. The Duke of Edinburgh travelled through the South African Colonies and visited Australia. The sons of the Prince of Wales in the *Bacchante* made the tour of the world. The Marchioness of Lorne represented her family at Ottawa when her husband was Governor-General of the Dominion. The Duke of Connaught has served in India. These were not mere accidental trips or holiday tours. The Princes were used deliberately as shuttles in the Imperial loom. Shortly before his death the Prince Consort exclaimed:—

“How important and beneficent is the part given to the Royal Family of England to act in the development of those distant and rising countries which recognise in the British Crown, and their allegiance to it, their supreme bond of union with the mother country and with each other.”

That beneficent function the Royal Family has sedulously discharged. Nor have they ever failed to speak and act as peripatetic apostles of Imperial unity. That note is always present in the Royal utterances. When the Australian Colonies celebrated their centenary, the Queen saluted them with a message which accurately expresses her relations to the great self-governing Colonies:—

“The Queen warmly congratulates the Australian colonies on the splendid material and social progress achieved during the past hundred years. She deeply appreciates their loyalty, and has watched with sincere interest the excellent administration of their Governments, and she prays that their prosperity and close attachment to the mother country may continue to increase as hitherto.”

When her Jubilee was to be celebrated, the one gift which she desired from her subjects was something that would be a help to promote unity. Speaking of the proposed Memorial of her Jubilee, the Prince of Wales said:—

“In order to afford the Queen the fullest satisfaction, the proposed memorial should not merely be personal in its character, but should tend to serve the interests of the entire Empire, and to promote a feeling of unity among the whole of Her Majesty's subjects.”

What wonder is it, then, that a Canadian subject of Her Majesty, Mr. Castell Hopkins, who has just published a portly volume descriptive of the Sovereign and her reign, should bear the following emphatic testimony to the services which the Queen has rendered the Empire:—

“Of the forces working for union during the past sixty years, the most potent has been the personality and position of the Sovereign. Of those working for disintegration the chief has been the Manchester school of economists and theorists. The Queen has been a rallying-point of loyalty throughout all the dark days of early struggle and political disaffection in Canada, and through the later events of American commercial coercion or efforts at annexationist conciliation; throughout all the gloomy days of South African wars and maladministration and Imperial indifference; throughout the times of Australian conflict with the transportation system and struggles with a stormy and rough mining democracy; throughout the days of West Indian decadence or New Zealand's contests with powerful Maoris, and its more recent struggles with the crude vagaries of Socialism run mad. Everywhere the name and qualities and constitutional action of the Queen have permeated Colonial politics, preserved Colonial loyalty, helped the British sentiment of the people, and developed their Constitutions along British lines.”





QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1859.

*(After the painting by Winterhalter.)*

*This Picture is the one usually copied for Presentation to Ambassadors.*

### III.—THE QUEEN AS EDITOR OF THE REALM.

**W**E have mistaken our vocations, you and I," said Sir Robert Morier to me, on one of the long evenings when we sat talking in the British Embassy at St. Petersburg in the early summer of 1888. "Yes," he continued, "it is you who should have been the diplomatist, while I should have been the editor." It was after one of the great days I had enjoyed in the Russian capital, when, after many difficulties, I had succeeded in obtaining the object of my mission. And then Sir Robert launched out upon the inexhaustible ocean of personal reminiscence in order to explain how narrowly he had escaped being a journalist, and how much he regretted



SIR ROBERT MORIER.

(From a photograph by Lombardi and Co., Pall Mall East.)

the destiny which had cabined, cribbed, and confined him in the diplomatic service, whereas he might have been luxuriating in the freedom of editorial omnipotence. "What might not the *Times* be and do," he exclaimed, not once, but twenty times, "if only its editor realised his opportunities and rose to his responsibilities!"—a favourite text this, and one on which the Ambassador could indeed give the Editor points.

Never shall I forget those famous conversations at the Embassy, when the old man eloquent would discourse literally till the pale sunlight of the early dawn lit up the restless waters of the Neva. What a mine of historical treasure was closed when Sir Robert died no one knows save those who shared with me the inestimable privilege of sitting at his feet night after night, and listening to the outpouring from the depths, in which a singularly exact and tenacious memory had stored up all things worth remembering in European history for the last thirty years. The late Lord Derby once told me that Sir Robert Morier had more knowledge of his business in his little finger than there was in all the rest of the Diplomatic Service put together; and the assertion, although hyperbolic, will surprise no one who can look back to confidential talks with the late Ambassador.

One day, shortly after my interview with the Tsar, Sir Robert Morier surprised me by saying, "I want to read you an extract from my letter to the Queen, in which I have described your visit to Gatschina. I wish to be quite sure that I have got the expressions exactly right." "Certainly," I said; "but you are not going to put what I told you into a despatch?" "Despatch!—who said despatch?" growled Sir Robert. "It is in my letter to the Queen, that is confidential, and never gets into Blue Books. We constantly write to her of all that goes on," he added, "when it is important she should know." So, without more ado, the Ambassador brought out his "letter" and read it over—all of it, that is, that related to my conversation with Alexander III. He had reproduced my report with marvellous exactitude, embodying it in a most amusing setting of his own. I had very few corrections to make, and was immensely interested in the glimpse thus afforded me of the relations existing between Her Majesty and her Ambassador abroad. "Do you always write like this?" I asked, marvelling not so much at the writing as at the reading. "When there is anything to write," he said; "and as I have told Her Majesty that I do not think any one has ever had a conversation with the Tsar under circumstances which render it so morally certain that the Tsar would speak his real mind and express exactly what he thinks, I have reported it at some length"—which was true. Sir Robert Morier would have made a splendid Special Correspondent, and his letter was first class copy.

The incident has often recurred to my mind in the last eight years, and at last I have come to regard it as affording a key or a clue to the real position of the Queen in the Constitutional Monarchy in this its latest stage of development. In that peep into the secret workings of the governing machine I seem to have gained an insight into the truth of things as they are, as opposed to the theories of things as they ought to be, and this leads me to an analogy, natural perhaps to one of my profession, but which none the less will better than any other enable the ordinary man to understand exactly the part which in the present state of the Constitutional Monarchy is played by the Queen.

### I.—THE REALM (UNLIMITED).

The true theory of the position of the Queen can best be understood by imagining the Realm and all its dependencies as a great newspaper owned by a myriad shareholders, who include all the subjects of Her Majesty at home or over sea. Of these shareholders, a small minority, exclusively male, and resident solely in Great Britain and Ireland, have a voice in the direction of the policy of the whole vast concern. Shareholders' meetings, which must be held once in seven years, and which, as a matter of fact, have been held nearly twenty times in the course of the last sixty years, have power to elect an Editorial Council of six hundred odd members, which sits about seven or eight months in the year. The Realm, however, comes out every day, and

the staff by which it is produced have duties which cannot be intermitted. The permanent editorship of the great organ of national opinion is vested in the hands of the Queen, who is, however, forbidden to write any leading articles or to dictate the policy of the paper. The actual work of writing the leaders and providing for the news-editing or sub-editing of the Imperial news-sheet is entrusted to a temporary editor, who, as a rule, is changed after each Shareholders' meeting. The Permanent Editor has the sole right of nominating her temporary adjunct, limited by the condition that he must be a person who commands the confidence of the Editorial Council elected by the Shareholders. When she has nominated him, he must submit to her the names of all those to whom he proposes to give staff appointments. To each of these the Permanent Editor can, if she pleases, take exception, and to her objection the temporary editor must listen respectfully. He is not bound to respect the Permanent Editor's objections, but for the sake of peace and good working he finds it, as a rule, better not to persist in nominating any one to whom the Queen has a strong antipathy. After he has completed his staff, he is allowed to edit the *Realm* on his own lines, provided that he can keep his staff in harmony with his own views. But each of the more important heads of departments has opportunity of personal access to the Permanent Editor, and she has unlimited opportunity of communicating either with the staff as a whole or with individual members. Whatever she says must be listened to respectfully. Every memorandum she sends round must be read by every Minister; there is no limit to her liberty of initiative in council, or objection, wholesale or detail, to every important measure of the Administration. No decision of the Cabinet is valid unless approved of by her; she has a right to have everything explained to her; every despatch of any importance—twenty-eight thousand in one year, according to the Prince Consort—is sent to her, and nothing is concealed from her. It is obvious what a powerful position the Permanent Editor occupies. The mere right to be consulted, and have the opportunity of inspiring the temporary staff, gives her a position of influence in the conduct of the Administration immeasurably greater than that of any temporary editor.

But that is by no means all. The Permanent Editor, by the mere fact of being permanent, speedily acquires a prestige, an influence, and a store of experience which make her more than a match for any of the temporary staffs which run the Realm for periods of uncertain duration. The same permanence of office enables her to communicate confidentially with other permanents, whether in Germany, Austria, or Russia, in a way that it is impossible to those outside the Royal caste. She had been on the throne before Lord Rosebery was born. She was a Crowned Queen before Lord Salisbury was ten years old. She is the Nestor of the statesmen of Europe. Apart altogether from the mysterious charm of Royalty, she represents tradition, continued service, and unrivalled experience. The Cabinet secrets of all her Ministries have been familiar to her; she has guided the Realm through scores of crises; she has at last acquired a position where influence has attained a degree of authority hardly to be distinguished from absolute power.

The temporary staff is no doubt allowed to run the Realm in minor matters very much as it pleases so long as it does not threaten the continuity, the stability, and the tranquillity of the immense concern whose Shareholders have trusted their interests to her care. But the moment danger threatens from any quarter, then the Permanent Editor asserts herself, and seldom asserts herself in vain. Like all trustees, she is opposed to policies of adventure. Her policy is peace; and on more than one occasion she has averted disastrous wars.

In the hands of the Permanent Editor lies the nominal right to appoint every Bishop of the Church, every Colonial Governor, every Ambassador. She is the fountain of

honour. It can only reign garters and peerages through her sign manual. And this nominal right of appointment is often converted into actual power of appointment by the natural desire of the temporary staff to oblige their permanent chief, and by the fact that she is far better informed than they as to the qualities of the men and the extent to which they are *personæ gratae* at the Courts to which it is proposed to accredit them. What, for instance, can the Earl of Kimberley in a brief and embarrassed sojourn at the Foreign Office know of the ins and outs of all the international complications which are as familiar as household words in the mouth of the great Permanent Editor? For the Queen not only reads the printed correspondence of the Ambassadors, of which a few shreds carefully cooked alone are printed in Blue Books; she can, and often does, carry on a direct personal private correspondence with these Ambassadors, Colonial Governors, Indian Viceroys, and the like.

Outside the one, two, or three narrowly restricted fields of party conflict, the Permanent Editor has more say in the settlement of everything than all the temporary staff put together. In the Army, in the Navy, in the Colonial Service, in India, and in Diplomacy the Permanent Editor is incomparably more influential, if she pleases to exert her influence, than the leaders of both parties put together. As a rule, the strength even of the most robust editor being limited, she does not interfere with the regular routine administration of the Realm. Editors-in-chief seldom concern themselves about news paragraphs or the placing of advertisements. Neither does the Queen disturb herself about the small things, the tithe of mint and anise and cummin. It is with the weightier matters that she deals. The goddess does not step out of the machine unless there is a complication worthy of so exalted an intervention to unravel. But she is never beyond reach, and even in the smaller things she is more potent than any of her temporary assistants.

Looking, then, at the Realm as a newspaper, it is obvious that the position of Permanent Editor, even though it is limited by a prohibition of all direct contribution to the columns of the paper, is on the whole immeasurably more influential on all questions but those of direct party warfare than the position of the most influential of her advisers. While they technically advise her, she has a vantage point from which she can advise them, and while she is in theory deprived of all authority, in practice her sagacity, her experience, her opportunities make her virtually supreme.

In the preceding study of this series I showed how Her Majesty, though pitted single-handed against statesmen of both parties, had succeeded in compelling the adhesion of the whole nation to her Imperial policy. I shall now in a rapid survey of the history of the reign proceed to show how the Imperial Editor has often succeeded in controlling the policy and in guiding the rulers of the Realm over which she reigns.

## II.—THE GIRL QUEEN.

The part played by the Queen as Permanent Editor of the Realm can best be illustrated by describing some of the things she has actually done in the sixty years of her reign; first, in the choice of her temporary assistants; and, secondly, in the promoting or opposing of policies at home and abroad. It is assumed too often that the Queen has no partialities and no policies. The very reverse is the case. Her Majesty has the strongest personal sympathies and antipathies, and there is no one of all her subjects who has more definite political opinions or who expresses them with such vigour and unreserve. There never was a human being less qualified for playing a colourless and neutral rôle than this strong-willed, clear-thinking daughter of the Tudors. At the beginning of her reign she allowed this vehemence of temperament to betray her into more than one false step; but although years and a husband taught

her to restrain the exuberance of her natural emotions within strait and narrow limits, Her Majesty has never been an extinct volcano. This renders all the more marvellous the scrupulous conscientiousness with which the Queen has restrained herself within the limits of Constitutionalism. No Minister, since the famous bedchamber incident, can accuse her of having overstepped by as much as a hair's breadth the boundary of her authority. Had she lived in the sixteenth century she could have queened it as royally in that age of ruffles and furbelows as Queen Elizabeth herself. But as she lived in the nineteenth, she repressed the visible manifestation of her authority. She gave none of her Ministers any opportunity of complaining of her loyalty, but she nevertheless left none of them under the delusion that their Sovereign had not a will and judgment of her own. These lost none of their force by being dammed up within strictly Constitutional lines.

I begin the record by describing the Queen's one mistake—a mistake publicly admitted and apologised for—but one which illustrates better than any other episode of the reign how much a Sovereign can do in a moment of crisis.

Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister when the Queen came to the throne, had in the General Election of 1837 secured a majority in the House of Commons of twelve votes. He became the inseparable guide, philosopher, and friend of the young Queen. He saw her morning, noon, and night. She loved him as a daughter and followed him as a disciple. When in May, 1839, the Melbourne Government resigned, the blow fell upon her like a thunderclap. The cause hardly seemed to her to justify such a wrench. The Jamaican planters having abused their opportunity in that self-governed colony to thwart the will of the nation as to the treatment of their emancipated slaves, the Government proposed to suspend the Jamaican Constitution for five years. They expected to carry the second reading by twenty; they only escaped defeat by a majority of five. Thereupon they resigned. Lord John Russell was deputed to inform her of their decision.

Says Mr. Greville:—

“The Queen had not been prepared for this catastrophe and was completely upset by it. Her agitation and grief were very great. In her interview with Lord John Russell she was all the time dissolved in tears; and she dined in her own room and never appeared on the Tuesday evening.”

She was only nineteen. At one stroke she was to lose her beloved Melbourne, her trusty Lord John, and to be handed over to the austere ungracious Peel with his severe manners, and all for what? A reduction of the majority of twelve to five. The Ministry had not even been defeated. No wonder she chafed against what almost appeared a desertion.

The young Queen at this time was not merely a politician with strong personal sympathies—that she has always been and is to this day—but she was a thorough-going partisan; as much a Whig as Lord Melbourne, and much more dogmatical. For she was not without a certain priggishness of the nursery in those days, as, for instance, when she is said to have replied to Lord Melbourne's mild remark as to the expediency of some course he was recommending, “I have been taught, my Lord, to judge between what is right and what is wrong, but expediency is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand.” So hoity-toity a schoolgirl was she in those days.

The young Queen took sides *sans phrase*. Sir Theodore Martin in that monumental work of his which forms the great literary memorial of the first half of the reign, admits as much when he says:—

“It cannot be denied that the young Queen's warm, personal regard for Lord Melbourne and for the adherents of his Administration, who had surrounded Her Majesty since her accession, had not unnaturally caused her to drift into political partisanship. . . . The continuance of the state of things to which this led must have been productive of consequences the most mischievous.”

No doubt. But the good Queen, with her pragmatistical notions of right and wrong, her strong impulses, and the mounting pulse of Tudor blood, was not much given to count the cost. She wept, she entreated, not improbably she stormed, but Lord John Russell could only repeat that the Cabinet agreed they could not carry on, that the end had come, and that she would have to send for the other side. So he wrote out his resignation, to which the Queen replied as follows:—

"The Queen received this morning Lord John Russell's letter, and she can assure him she never felt more pain than in learning from him yesterday that the Government had determined to resign. Lord John is well aware, without the Queen's expressing it, how much she was satisfied with the manner in which he performed his duties, which were performed in a manner which has greatly tended to the welfare and prosperity of this country."

But as Melbourne refused to carry on, she acted on his advice and sent for the Duke of Wel-  
hero of Wa-  
seventy years  
tremely deaf.  
told him  
was very sorry  
her Ministers.  
with Lord  
who had been  
as a father.  
says Greville,  
sively pleased  
haviour and  
On his part  
less frank. "I  
and too deaf,"  
serve your  
leader of the  
Commons  
your Prime  
and he ad-  
send for Sir  
and to give  
confidence.  
sire him to  
said the  
ter write to  
said the Duke. "I will do so," she replied; "but go and tell him to expect my letter."



THE QUEEN IN 1843.

(From a Miniature, dedicated to H.R.H. Prince Albert,  
by Sir W. Ross, R.A.)

lington. The  
terloo was  
old, and ex-  
The Queen  
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Melbourne,  
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The Duke,  
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am too old  
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Majesty. The  
House of  
should be  
Minister;"  
vised her to  
Robert Peel  
him all her  
"Will you de-  
come to me?"  
Queen. "Bet-  
him yourself,"

Mr. Brett, in his charming and instructive little book, "The Yoke of Empire," has given us various descriptions of Peel, as he appeared in those days to Disraeli, to Carlyle, and to others. But he omits the picture of Peel to be found in Lord Shaftesbury's Diary, which perhaps helps us most to understand what subsequently occurred. We all know the kind of man Lord Shaftesbury was. His philanthropy has earned for him everlasting remembrance. But in those far-off days he was better known as a bigoted Protestant Evangelical, who wrote lamentations over the Queen's accepting the dedication of a book because it was written by a Unitarian, and who exulted greatly in rousing a popular frenzy on the subject of "Papal Usurpations and the Spirit of Popery." Peel and Ashley took sweet counsel together on the delightful

subject of the approach of a great religious struggle—a kind of Papal-Protestant Armageddon. The Queen, without being giddy, was gay. Lord Melbourne was the last man in the world to inspire her with religious fanaticism. He was genial, easy-going, indifferent. To exchange him for Sir Robert Peel, with all his ill manners, his sombre, serious ways, and his anti-Papal forebodings, was almost more than she could bear. But to have to put up with Peel in the Closet, and Ashley in the Household, was really asking too much. Yet it was this, and nothing short of this, that confronted her when she refused to part with the Ladies of the Bedchamber. But this is anticipating.

When the Queen received Sir Robert Peel she told him that she regretted the outgoing Ministers, and added, "You must not expect me to give up the society of Lord Melbourne." Peel acquiesced, not ungraciously. Then she said she hoped there would be no dissolution of Parliament. Peel demurred, with some surprise: it might be impossible to carry on without a dissolution. Then he began to talk of "some modification of the Ladies of the Household." "The Queen stopped him at once, and declared she would not part with any of them." But at that first interview Sir Robert Peel failed to realise how keenly the Queen felt on the subject. "She received him," says Greville "(though she dislikes him) extremely well, and he was perfectly satisfied." Next day he sent for Lord Ashley, and from the record of their interview, transcribed from the diary of the latter in Hodder's "Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury," it is evident that he had no idea from that first conversation how determined the Queen was that he should not interfere with her ladies. The extract is as follows:—

"On morning of 9th May (Thursday) received letter from Peel desiring my instant attendance. Went thither . . . he opened conversation by saying that the sense of his responsibility weighed him down. 'Here am I,' added he, 'called on to consider the construction of the Queen's Household, and I wish very much to have your free and confidential advice on the subject. I remember that I am to provide the attendants and companions of this young woman, on whose moral and religious character depends the welfare of millions of human beings. What shall I do? I wish to have those around her who will be, to the country and myself, a guarantee that the tone and temper of their character and conversation will tend to her moral improvement. The formation of a Cabinet, the appointment to public offices, is easy enough; it is a trifle compared to the difficulties and necessities of this part of my business. Now,' said he, 'will you assist me? Will you take a place in the Queen's household? Your character is such in the country; you are so connected with the religious societies and the religion of the country, you are so well known, and enjoy so high a reputation, that you can do more than any man. . . . I am *ashamed*,' he added with emphasis, 'to ask such a thing of you; I know how unworthy any place about Court is of you; but you see what my position is.'"

Lord Ashley, instead of being complimented at this proposal to make him keeper of the morals and religion of the Court and the Queen, "felt his vanity not a little wounded"—"a life at Court I had ever contemplated with the utmost horror." The offer, in his eyes, "involved the absolute and painful sacrifice of everything I valued in public and private life." . . . "Nevertheless," he told Peel, "that as I believed the interests, temporal and eternal, of many millions to be wrapped up in the success of his Administration, and no man should live for himself alone, but should do his duty in that state of life to which it should please God to call him, I would, if he really and truly thought I could serve his purpose, accept, if he wished it, the office of Chief Scullion." "I thought he would have burst into tears."

Sir Robert Peel with Lord Ashley, the destined custodian of the faith and morals of the Court, then drove off together to Buckingham Palace, and on their way down they talked over the Ladies of the Bedchamber, agreeing to do no more than was absolutely necessary. They parted at the Palace gates. But inside the Palace the statesman found his Sovereign in no mood to submit to his interference with her women.



"Your Majesty," said Peel, "must consider your Ladies in the same light as your Lords."

"No," she answered with quick decisiveness, "I have Lords besides, and these I give up to you."



"SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS."  
The Queen riding with Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel.  
*From a picture in the possession of the Hon. Reginald Brett.*

Peel, dismayed at the resolute refusal, implored her not to be precipitate. Would Her Majesty see the Duke of Wellington?

Certainly. Her Majesty did not shrink from seeing anybody, and having it out with them there and then.

The white-headed Duke came, but this time it was not he who held Hugoumont. It was in vain he laid down the law.

The Queen had made up her mind and stuck to it.

Sir Robert Peel returned. He tried to explain that he would not dream of making sweeping changes. But there were some great ladies of the household who were almost as much political personages as their husbands. Lady Normanton, for instance, was so closely related to the Irish Viceroy and Irish Secretary, that it was necessary that she at least must go. He could not, he said, when accepting office without a majority, at the same time allow the world to see a Court entirely officered by ladies whose husbands were his strongest political opponents. The Queen, however, appeared to think she must take her stand on principle, and not one Woman of the Bedchamber would she give up. Peel begged her not to be precipitate, and withdrew. After leaving her to consider his proposition calmly he returned. "Three successive times did he see her," says Lord Ashley. But Her Majesty stood to her guns, and Peel withdrew.

Then the Queen sat down, and wrote a note to Lord Melbourne:—"Do not fear," she said, "that I was not calm and composed. They wanted to deprive me of my Ladies, and I suppose they would deprive me next of my dressers and housemaids; they wished to treat me like a girl, but I will show them that I am Queen of England."

The Cabinet was hurriedly summoned. Lord Grey recalled a precedent of 1830 when he left the Ladies of the Bedchamber undisturbed. Lord John Russell was anxious and eager to support the Queen. Lord Spencer said that as gentlemen they could not do other than stand by the Queen. Lord Melbourne, "unwilling to abandon his Sovereign in a situation of difficulty and distress," agreed with his colleagues to advise the Queen to inform Sir Robert Peel that—

"The Queen having considered the proposals made to her yesterday by Sir Robert Peel to remove the Ladies of the Bedchamber, cannot consent to a course which she considers to be contrary to usage and is repugnant to her feelings."

This message was promptly transmitted to Sir Robert Peel, who there and then threw up the task of forming a Government. When Lord Melbourne and Lord John went to see the Queen, she told them her whole story. The narrative lasted an hour, and at its close the Queen said, "I have stood by you; you must now stand by me."

And stand by her they did. They said frankly that the principle for which the Queen contended was not maintainable, but they were bound as gentlemen, when the Queen had recourse to them, to support her.

So Lord Melbourne came back to office to remain Prime Minister two years longer; years during which was accomplished the most momentous event of his administration, the marrying the Queen to Prince Albert. That was a supremely important task; much more important than the accession of Sir Robert Peel to power in 1839 instead of 1841.

The Queen was constitutionally in the wrong. She afterwards frankly admitted it. "No one was to blame," she said, "but myself. It was my own foolishness." But considering that Sir Robert Peel intended to put her Court in charge of Lord Ashley, was she not justified by the event?

Lord Ashley was an excellent man, but in his eyes the Prince Consort would have been unacceptable as a German Rationalist. A man who in his old age could publicly declare that so innocent a book as Professor Seeley's "Ecce Homo" was the worst book vomited from the mouth of Hell, would have decidedly been in the wrong place when the important business of the wooing of the Neologian was on the carpet. Read what Lord Ashley wrote a week after the crisis was over, and say whether it was not a premonitory instinct of self-preservation which led the Queen to ward off this Hot

Gospeller as *major domo* and Ministerial representative on the eve of her courtship and marriage :—

"Dined last night at the Palace. I cannot but love the Queen, she is so kind and good to me and mine; I do love her and will serve her; it is a duty and a pleasure—a duty to her and to God. Poor soul! she was low-spirited; I do deeply feel for her. 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Oh, that she knew what alone makes a yoke easy and a burden light."

Implying, of course, that that "young woman" did not know.

Whatever we may think of it, the result is unmistakable. The Permanent Editor, even when she took up an untenable position, was able to keep in office for two years the temporary chief whom she liked, and doom to the cold shades of Opposition the statesman who but for her intervention would have been Prime Minister. Greville growled, "It is a high trial to our institutions when the wishes of a Princess of nineteen can overturn a great Ministerial combination." But our institutions stood the strain—were perhaps, on the whole, the better for it.

### III.—THE REIGN OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

The fashion is to speak of the reign of Queen Victoria as if it were a unit—one and indivisible. That is misleading. In the sixty years of the Victorian era there have been in fact three reigns: the first was the reign of the Girl, under the tutelage of Lord Melbourne; the second that of the Wife, under the authority of her husband, who, from the birth of her first child till his death, was virtually King of England; while it is only since 1861 that we have had the real reign of the Widow of Windsor. The discussion of the action taken by the Prince Consort during the time when he was regnant, although interesting extremely from the point of view of the Monarchy, only indirectly concerns the Queen. During these years she was bearing children, and the task is sufficiently arduous to occupy the most of the time and thought of the mother. Indirectly the cares of childbed added to the anxieties of the father. There is a typical cry of distress in one of the Prince's letters to Baron Stockmar :—

"The posture of affairs is bad. European war is at our doors. France is ablaze in every quarter: Louis Philippe is wandering about in disguise. . . . The Republic is declared; the incorporation of Belgium and the Rhenish provinces proclaimed. Here they refuse to pay the Income Tax and attack the Ministry. *Victoria will be confined in a few days.*"

What a climax! If he felt it so, how much more must it have weighed upon the Queen! It was only natural, therefore, that from the day after her first confinement the keys of the despatch boxes should have been handed over to the Prince, and not less natural that the husband should have practically undertaken the duties of the Crown while the wife attended to the needs of the nursery. While the Queen was always the Queen, she was more or less an echo of the Prince Consort. "The Life of the Prince Consort"—the great mine from which is quarried most of the material from which historical and constitutional treatises on monarchy and the reign are constructed—is the history of a reign marked off very distinctly from the reign of the Girl which preceded it, and that of the Widow which followed it. The Permanent Editorship of the Realm passed into the hands of the Prince Consort, who seems to have indifferently sent to the temporary staff memoranda in his own name and in that of the Queen.

In one of the best known of the Border ballads, King James of Scotland exclaimed on seeing the almost regal state of a famous Border riever—

"What lacks that knave that a King should have?"

There was nothing of the knave in either sense of that degraded word about Prince Albert, but if we vary the question so as to make it read :—

"What lacked that Prince that a King should have?"

the inquiry is pertinent and apt. For the Consort of the Queen was King of Britain in all but in name. No crown sat on his handsome brow, but his hand wielded the sceptre; his wife sat alone on the throne, but he was Lord and Master of the Queen.

"In Prince Albert," said Disraeli immediately after the Prince Consort's death, "we have buried our Sovereign. This German Prince has governed England for twenty-one years with a wisdom and energy such as none of our Kings have ever shown. He was the permanent private secretary, the permanent Prime Minister of the



PRINCE ALBERT.

(From an engraving in the possession of Lady Henry Somerset.)

Queen. If he had outlived some of our old stagers, he would have given us, while retaining all constitutional guarantees, the blessings of absolute government. Of us younger men who are qualified to enter the Cabinet, there is not one who would not willingly have bowed to his experience." Count Vitzthum, himself an acute and interested observer, not content with chronicling Disraeli's tribute to "our Sovereign," added some observations of his own. After speaking of the Queen's submissive veneration, which she invariably showed the Prince Consort in great as well as small affairs, the Saxon Minister proceeded:—

"He was complete master in his house, and the active centre of an Empire whose power extends to every quarter of the globe. It was a gigantic task for a young German Prince to think and act for all these millions of British subjects. All the threads were gathered together in his hands. For twenty-one years not a single despatch was ever sent from the Foreign Office which the Prince had not seen, studied, and if necessary altered. Not a single report of any importance from an Ambassador was allowed to be kept from him. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Secretary for War, the Home Secretary, the First Lord of the Admiralty, all handed to him every day just as large bundles of papers as did the Foreign Office. Everything was read, commented upon, and discussed. In addition to all this, the Prince kept up private correspondences with foreign Sovereigns, with British Ambassadors and Envoys, with the Governor-General of India, and with the Governors of the various Colonies. No appointment in Church and State, in the Army or the Navy, was ever made without his approbation. At Court not the smallest thing was done without his order."

There is some exaggeration here. It was not until the fifties that the Prince acquired the full control of the Foreign Office despatches, but no one can read Sir Theodore Martin's biography of the Prince Consort without being compelled to admit the substantial accuracy of Count Vitzthum's picture.

For twenty years of the sixty, although the Queen was on the throne, the power behind the throne was her husband. Prince Albert took his position as Permanent Editor very much *au sérieux*, and for the most part, making the necessary allowances for his hereditary bias, he did his Editing extremely well. The battle about the right to appoint had been fought and won by his wife before she married. It is the first step that counts. The Girl-Queen took that first step. Her famous fight for her Bed-chamber Women taught Sir Robert Peel a lesson which he never forgot. We have seen how heedlessly he challenged the conflict with the Queen, intent on moralising the Court by the aid of Lord Shaftesbury. He was then in a minority. Very different was his tone and his conduct two years later, when with a majority of ninety-one at his back he received the Royal command to form an Administration. "Peel told me," wrote Greville in 1841, "that the Queen had behaved perfectly to him, and that he had responded by laying down the rules upon which he, the head of the temporary staff, would act in the appointment of his colleagues" :—

"He had said to her that he considered it his first and greatest duty to consult her happiness and comfort, that no person should be proposed to her who could be disagreeable to her, and that whatever claims or pretensions might be put forward on the score of Parliamentary or political influence, nothing should induce him to listen to them, and he would take upon himself the whole responsibility of putting an extinguisher on such claims in any case in which they were inconsistent with her comfort or opposed to her inclination."

That is pretty explicit. We live in more democratic days than those of 1841 ; but it is probable that Mr. Gladstone, the pupil and successor of Sir Robert Peel, was equally deferential to the wishes of the Sovereign, even in the formation of his last Cabinet.

Lord Melbourne, who had the training of the Queen, gave his successor a straight tip as to the best way of getting on with the Sovereign. He said to Greville :—

"Don't let him suffer any appointment he is going to make to be talked about, and don't let her hear it through anybody but himself ; and whenever he does anything, or has anything to propose, let him explain to her clearly his reasons. The Queen likes to have things explained to her elementarily, not at length and in detail, but shortly and clearly."

There you have the Permanent Editor exactly. No appointment to be made or talked of till it has been settled with the Permanent Chief. Nothing to be done and no change to be made until it has first of all been explained elementarily, clearly, and shortly by the Temporary Chief of Staff. As to the Household, Sir Robert Peel's capitulation was complete. "She should have no one forced on her contrary to her own inclination. He hoped she would take Conservatives, but he begged her to make her own selection." So the Wedded Woman harvested the fruits of the battle which the Girl-Queen had fought and won. It is improbable that the Prince Consort allowed the value of these concessions of Sir Robert Peel to be impaired during the subsequent years of her reign.

## CRISES OF THE REIGN.

DATE.	RESIGN.	FIRST SENT FOR.	ACCEPTED OFFICE.	NOTABILIA.
May, 1839	Melbourne Ministry	{ (1) Duke of Wellington (2) Sir Robert Peel .. }	Lord Melbourne..	{ Melbourne returns on Bedchamber ques- tion.
Sept., 1841	"	Sir Robert Peel .. ..	Sir Robert Peel ..	{ Concedes to Crown nomination of Bed- chamber Women.
" 1845	{ Sir Robert Peel's Ministry .. .. }	Lord John Russell ..	Sir Robert Peel ..	{ Peel returns after fourteen days' crisis.
July, 1846	" "	Lord John Russell ..	Lord John Russell	{ Queen objects to Disraeli.
Feb., 1851	{ Lord John Russell's Ministry .. .. }	{ (1) Lord Stanley .. (2) Lord Aberdeen and others .. .. }	Lord John Russell	{ Russell returns after nine days' crisis.
" 1852	Russell Ministry ..	Lord Derby .. .. .	Lord Derby ..	{ Queen vetoes Palmer- ston as Leader of Commons.
Dec., 1852	Derby " ..	{ Lords Aberdeen and Lansdowne .. .. }	Lord Aberdeen ..	Queen's initiative.
Feb., 1855	Aberdeen " ..	{ (1) Lord Derby .. (2) Lord John Russell .. }	Lord Palmerston ..	
" 1858	Palmerston Ministry	Lord Derby .. .. .	Lord Derby ..	
June, 1859	Derby Ministry ..	Lord Granville .. ..	Lord Palmerston ..	{ Russell left it to the Queen to decide.
Nov., 1865	Palmerston dies ..	Earl Russell .. ..	Earl Russell ..	
July, 1866	Russell Ministry ..	Lord Derby .. .. .	Lord Derby ..	{ Late Ministry kept in office a month by the Queen.
Feb., 1868	Derby retires .. ..	Mr. Disraeli .. ..	Mr. Disraeli ..	
Dec., 1868	Disraeli's Ministry ..	Mr. Gladstone .. ..	Mr. Gladstone ..	
Feb., 1874	Gladstone " ..	Mr. Disraeli .. ..	Mr. Disraeli ..	
April, 1880	Beaconsfield " ..	{ (1) Lord Hartington .. (2) Lord Granville .. }	Mr. Gladstone ..	
June, 1885	Gladstone " ..	Lord Salisbury .. ..	Lord Salisbury ..	{ After twelve days' crisis.
Feb., 1886	Salisbury " ..	Mr. Gladstone .. ..	Mr. Gladstone ..	
Aug., 1886	Gladstone " ..	Lord Salisbury .. ..	Lord Salisbury ..	
Aug., 1892	Salisbury " ..	Mr. Gladstone .. ..	Mr. Gladstone ..	
Mar., 1894	Gladstone retire; ..	Lord Rosebery .. ..	Lord Rosebery ..	{ Gazetted before ac- cepted.
July, 1895	Rosebery Ministry ..	Lord Salisbury .. ..	Lord Salisbury ..	

## MINOR CRISES.

Jan., 1852	Palmerston dismissed	—	Lord Clarendon ..	By order of the Queen.
" 1855	{ Lord John Russell resigned .. .. }	—	Duke of Newcastle	
" 1867	{ Lord Cranbourne, General Peel, and Lord Carnarvon resigned .. .. }	—	Replaced .. ..	
April, 1881	{ Duke of Argyll re- signed .. .. }	—	—	
" 1887	{ Lord Randolph Churchill resigned }	—	Mr. Goschen ..	

The Permanent Editor has no fewer than twenty-two times been confronted with the resignation of her Temporary Assistant. The resignation of the Prime Minister is an event which has occurred rather oftener than once every three years since the Queen came to the throne. On each of these occasions she has exercised her privilege as a Sovereign to summon to her councils whom she pleased. It is interesting to see who would have been Prime Minister if the Queen's first choice had prevailed. In 1839 the Duke of Wellington would have been Prime Minister; in 1851 Lord Stanley, and failing him Lord Aberdeen; in 1855 Lord Derby, and failing him Lord John Russell; in 1859 Lord Granville; and in 1880 Lord Hartington, and failing him Lord Granville. The Queen twice endeavoured to avert the dire necessity of commissioning

Lord Palmerston to form an Administration, and once to evade the equally unpleasant alternative of a Gladstonian Premiership. As a rule the nomination of a successor to a retiring Premier is so clear that the man in the street could say who must be sent for as well as the Queen herself. But it is when parties are evenly balanced, when the merits of contending claimants are difficult to decide, that the Monarch exercises a real choice. In the making of Cabinets, the Queen's influence has been chiefly perceptible in inducing Lord Melbourne in 1839, and Sir Robert Peel in 1845, to resume office when they were out of it and wanted to be out of it; in making objections to Disraeli in 1851, which is said to have so embarrassed Lord Stanley that he allowed Lord John Russell to return to office; and in dismissing Lord Palmerston in 1852, and in the same year vetoing his leadership of the House of Commons. The chief piece of Cabinet-making that stands to her credit was the success with which she brought about the formation of the Aberdeen Coalition Government of 1852, the only serious attempt that has ever been made to establish a really National Administration resting upon both political parties.

During these periods of crisis the Sovereign stands conspicuous as the real centre of the Government and pivot of the Constitution. Sometimes these periods extend for days, during which there is never for a moment any disturbance of order or confidence. In 1845 a crisis lasted fourteen days, in 1851 nine, in 1885 twelve. We may possibly average the crisis period at a week, and if we add another ten days as the time necessary for Cabinet-making, it follows that for nearly one whole year, and that by far the most exciting year of the sixty, the Queen has practically reigned alone, discharging her duties without the aid of Ministers who have fallen and those who have yet to be fully created. It is obvious what an advantage the Permanent Editor has over the fleeting members of the temporary staff. During the sixty years of her reign she has had ten Premiers, each enjoying an average six years of office, divided into two innings of three years each. On each of the fifteen occasions during which the whole Administration has been changed, she has had a voice, and a potent one, in the promotion of individuals and the allocation of offices. The position of the Sovereign enables her to get politicians to do things which they would otherwise not attempt.

The crisis at the end of 1845, when Lord John Russell was sent for on the defeat of Peel, afforded the Queen an opportunity of showing not only that during the fourteen days that England had no Government she was capable of holding the balance even, and of preserving one institution at least free from the heat and passion of party strife, but that her personal appeal was the decisive element in deciding the issues of a crisis. After Lord John had tried his utmost and failed, the Queen's appeal to Sir Robert Peel to resume office was responded to by Peel with chivalrous devotion. "Sir Robert Peel," said the Prince, "is very much agitated, but declares that he will not desert the Queen, and will undertake the Government." The advantage of being able to reinforce the general considerations of patriotic duty by the closer and more intimate appeal of personal loyalty made itself felt in 1845, neither for the first nor the last time.

The action of the Monarchy during the reign of the Prince Consort was chiefly felt in the long-continued, laborious effort to control the Jingo policy of Lord Palmerston, and bring it more into accordance with the sane, sober Imperialism of the present day. The story of the struggle between the King and "Old Pam" is much too long to be told here. It was fought from behind the petticoats of the Queen, which gave the reigning Sovereign no mean advantage. But there are few who read the story to-day who will not feel that, with the one exception of Italy, where Lord Palmerston was always a genial Raider of Rhodesian or Jamesonian proclivities, the Prince was

right and Palmerston wrong on almost every point on which they joined issue. Whether it was in the precipitate warmth with which Palmerston expressed his approval of the *coup d'état*, and the extreme reliance upon that double-minded instability Napoleon III., or his reckless antagonism to Germany, his Jingo hostility to Russia, his bullying of Greece, or his championship of the Danes, the verdict of history is decisive—it was the Prince made in Germany, not the Foreign Minister elected in England, who best understood England's interests and best divined the true line of British policy. It is impossible, without writing the history of the reign, to tell even the leading incidents of the long wrestle between the two strange combatants. The story shows how quick the Queen, prompted no doubt by the Prince Consort, was to assert her right as a Sovereign to Sovereign rights in the Foreign policy of the Realm. Those rights, briefly stated, are these: to be kept informed betimes of everything that is going on, to be consulted before any declaration of policy is made, to have ample opportunity of revising every despatch before it is sent out, to have unlimited right of expostulation and of remonstrance before any policy is adopted, and always to be able to veto the adoption of any policy which is not insisted upon by a tolerably unanimous Cabinet.

The Queen, for very good reasons frequently set forth, did not love the blustering, hectoring policy of Lord Palmerston. The Prince in April, 1850, was indeed so far stirred by wrath against Palmerston as to declare in a letter to Lord John Russell that Her Majesty could not observe without pain that, especially since 1847, the result of his management of Foreign Affairs had been that "at a moment and in a conjuncture in which England ought to stand highest in the esteem of the world, and to possess the confidence of all Powers, she was generally detested, mistrusted, and treated with indignity by even the smallest Powers." The reason for this lamentable result was to be found, according to the Sovereign's belief, in the fact that Lord Palmerston carried out his policy without the advice and restraining wisdom of his Queen. The Prince wrote:—

"As a Minister the Sovereign has a right to demand from Lord Palmerston that she be made thoroughly acquainted with the whole object and tendency of the policy to which her consent is required; and having given that consent, that the policy be not arbitrarily altered from the original line, that important steps be not concealed from her, nor her name used without her sanction. In all these respects Lord Palmerston has failed her; and not from oversight or negligence, but upon principle; and with astonishing pertinacity, against every effort of the Queen. Besides which, Lord Palmerston does not scruple to let it appear in public, as if the Sovereign's negligence in attending to the papers sent to her caused delays and complications."—"Life of Prince Consort," p. 51.

The Queen and the Prince had the previous month drawn up a memorandum as to what the Queen required from the Foreign Secretary. It was laid on one side in the hope that Palmerston would take warning from their remonstrances conveyed through the Prime Minister. Unfortunately fresh violations of the rule having occurred, the Queen launched the following memorandum:—

"Osborne, August 12th, 1850.

"With reference to the conversation about Lord Palmerston, which the Queen had with Lord Russell the other day, and Lord Palmerston's disavowal that he intended any disrespect to her by the various neglects of which she has had so long and so often to complain, she thinks it right, in order to prevent any mistake for the future, to explain what it is she expects from the Foreign Secretary:—

"1. That he will distinctly state what he proposes in a given case, in order that the Queen may know as distinctly to what she has given her royal sanction.

"2. Having once given her sanction to a measure, that it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the Minister. Such an act she must consider as failure in sincerity towards the Crown, and justly to be visited by the exercise of her Constitutional right of dismissing that Minister. She expects to be kept informed of what passes between him and the Foreign Ministers, before important decisions are taken, based upon that intercourse; to receive the foreign despatches in good time, and to have the drafts for her approval sent to her in sufficient time to make herself acquainted with their contents before they must be sent off. The Queen thinks it best that Lord John Russell should show this letter to Lord Palmerston."—"Life of the Prince Consort," page 51.





LORD MELBOURNE.

Lord Palmerston, in the expressive American phrase, "took it lying down." He went down to Osborne. "He was very much agitated, shook, had tears in his eyes," said the Prince, who was himself much moved at so great a manifestation of feeling on the part of the jaunty old statesman. Lord Palmerston said :—

"The accusation that he had been wanting in respect to the Queen, whom he had every reason to respect as his Sovereign and as a woman whose virtues he admired,

and to whom he was bound by every tie of duty and gratitude, was an imputation on his honour as a gentleman, and if he could have made himself guilty of it, he was almost no longer fit to be tolerated in society."



SIR ROBERT PEEL.

The Prince, notwithstanding his compassion, then proceeded to administer a severe castigation, of which the following are the salient passages:—

"I purposely did not interrupt him; but when he had concluded I reminded him of the innumerable complaints and remonstrances which the Queen had had to make these last years.

"The Queen had often—I was sorry to say, latterly almost invariably—differed from the line of policy pursued by Lord Palmerston. She had always openly stated her objections; but, when overruled by the Cabinet, or convinced that it would from political reasons be more prudent to waive her objection, she knew her Constitutional position too well not to give her full support to whatever was done on the part of the Government.

"But what she had a right to require in return was, that before a line of policy was adopted or brought before her for her sanction, she should be in full possession of all the facts and all the motives operating; she felt that in this respect she was not dealt with as she ought to be. She never found a matter 'intact' nor a question in which we were not already compromised, when it was submitted to her. She had no means of knowing what passed in the Cabinet nor what passed between Lord Palmerston and the Foreign Ministers in their conferences but what Lord Palmerston chose to tell her, or what she found in the newspapers.

"I replied that the Queen could not mean to ask for details, which ought to be managed by him; but, *when principles were settled*, she ought to be informed, and this could be done in a few words." — "Life of the Prince Consort," p. 52.

When the Prince reported this to Lord John, the little man chuckled grimly, saying that it had done Palmerston good. Not much good, however. For at the end of 1851, after a somewhat painful passage at arms between Lord Palmerston and



LORD JOHN RUSSELL.



LORD DERBY.



LORD PALMERSTON.

the Queen over the speeches made by the former to the Hungarian deputation, Lord Palmerston put his foot in it worse than ever over the matter of the *coup d'état*. He believed the Orleanists were, with the approval of our Court, intriguing to rise in arms against the Republic. He disbelieved in the Constitution of the Republic, and when Napoleon strangled it in the night by the *coup d'état*, Lord Palmerston



LORD ABERDEEN.

was heartily pleased, and said so to the French Ambassador. The Queen, however, had very different views. As soon as she heard of the *coup d'état* she sent to Lord John Russell a message like the memoranda the Permanent Editor is constantly sending to his staff:—

“The Queen has learned with surprise and concern the events which have taken place at Paris. She thinks it of great importance that Lord Normanby (our Ambassador at Paris) should be instructed to remain entirely passive, and should take no part whatever in what is passing.”

Lord John assented, writing, “Your Majesty’s directions respecting the affairs in Paris shall be followed.”

The Ambassador wrote back saying the French Minister had replied to his assurances of passivity that “he had two days since heard from M. Walewski (French Ambassador in London) that Lord Palmerston had expressed his entire approbation of the act of the President and the conviction that he could not have acted otherwise.”

Thereupon Her Majesty the Queen, with the customary Royal emphasis of italics, dispatched the following note to Lord John Russell:—



MR. GLADSTONE.

(Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.)

“Osborne,  
“December 13th, 1851.  
“The Queen sends the enclosed despatch from Lord Normanby to Lord John Russell, from which it appears that the French Government *pretend* to have received the entire approval of the late *coup d'état* by the British Government as conveyed by Lord Palmerston to Count Walewski. The Queen cannot believe in the truth of the assertion, as such an approval given by Lord Palmerston would have been in *complete contradiction* to the line of strict neutrality and passiveness which the Queen had expressed her desire to see



LORD BEACONSFIELD.



LORD ROSEBERY).  
(Photo by Elliott and Fry.)

followed with regard to the late convulsions at Paris, and which was approved by the Cabinet, as stated in Lord John Russell's letter of the 6th inst. Does Lord John know anything about the alleged approval, which, if true, would again expose the honesty and dignity of the Queen's Government in the eyes of the world?"—"Life of the Prince Consort," p. 69.

This was on December 13th. Lord Palmerston took no notice of Lord John's inquiries, and on December 16th he wrote Lord Normanby a despatch expressing in the strongest terms his satisfaction at the success of the *coup d'état*. This despatch was not submitted either to the Prime Minister or the Queen.

After this Lord John could only write :—

"I am most reluctantly compelled to the conclusion that the conduct of foreign affairs can no longer be left in your hands with advantage."

So down fell Lord Palmerston—speedily to be avenged on Lord John. But the principle was established, and his overthrow was hailed with a

pæan of delight from Windsor Castle. The Prince, writing to the Prime Minister December 20th, said :—

"Windsor Castle, December 20th, 1851.

"My dear Lord John,—You will readily imagine that the news of the sudden termination of your difference with Lord Palmerston has taken us much by surprise, as we were wont to see such differences terminate in his carrying his points, and leaving the defence of them to his colleagues and the discredit to the Queen.

"It is quite clear to the Queen that we were entering upon most dangerous times, in which Military Despotism and Red Republicanism will for some time be the only Powers on the Continent, to both of which the Constitutional Monarchy of England will be equally hateful. That the calm influence of our institutions, however, should succeed in assuaging the contest abroad must be the anxious wish of every Englishman, and of every friend of liberty and progressive civilization. This influence has been rendered null by Lord Palmerston's personal manner of conducting the foreign affairs, and by the universal hatred which he has excited on the Continent. That you could hope to control him has long been doubted by us, and its impossibility is clearly proved by the last proceedings. I can, therefore, only congratulate you that the opportunity of the rupture should have been one on which all the right is on your side."—"Life of the Prince Consort," pp. 70, 71.

The rest of the Prince's labours—how he endeavoured to drill into our wooden English heads some of the German notions as to armaments and armies, how he laboured in vain to make our statesmen understand the approaching unification of Germany, and how he spent his dying breath in smoothing down a despatch which might have created friction between England and America—for all these things, and many more besides, the student must turn to that great storehouse or archive house of the reign, "The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort."

But the story of how the Crown averted war with the Republic must be told at some little length. The subject of Her Majesty's influence in foreign affairs could not be more appropriately illustrated than by a reference to the part



MARQUIS OF SALISBURY (THE PRESENT PRIME MINISTER).

(From a photograph by the Stereoscopic Co.)

she took in a very important crisis which threatened the good relations between Britain and the United States. The episode is familiar enough to the elder generation, but the popular memory is short, and there are, besides, many millions to whom what happened in 1861 is very ancient history indeed.

In the earlier days of the great War of Secession, on the 8th November, 1861, Captain Wilkes, of the *San Jacinto*, an American man-of-war, stopped the British mail steamer *Trent* a short distance from Havana by the summary process of firing first a round of shot and then a shell across her bows. Captain Wilkes had been ordered to arrest Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who were on board the *Trent*. Mr. Mason was accredited by the Confederate Government to the English Court, Mr. Slidell to the Court of France. They had run the blockade from Charlestown to Cuba, and were now on their way to Europe. After a vigorous protest on the part of the captain of the mail steamer, the Confederate envoys surrendered, and were carried off by Captain Wilkes. Of course, looking at the matter after the lapse of nearly forty years, it is quite obvious that the action of Captain Wilkes was utterly indefensible. Captain Wilkes had no more right to kidnap the Confederate envoys when they were on the high seas in a foreign flag, than he land an expedition in them off from a London in plain English, a dis- came perilously near nations in hostilities. war party in. both society as a whole was pathy with the Con- seized the opportunity on the flag to force London and Washing- hand, there were not America who imagined sible to bribe the the offer of French mon cause with the should she espouse the



A MINIATURE OF THE QUEEN.  
(By Ross. Painted for Prince Albert, 1840.)

vessel protected by a would have had to England and carry don hotel. It was, tinct act of war, and involving the two There was a strong countries. English passionately in sym- federates, and eagerly offered by this outrage on a breach between ton. On the other wanting those in that it would be pos- Emperor Napoleon by Canada to make com- North against England cause of the Con-

federacy. The action of Captain Wilkes, however, by seizing the envoy accredited to France under circumstances incompatible with any theory of international law, led the Emperor to support instead of oppose the action of the British Government.

For a moment all Britain rang with clamour and clangour of preparations for war. Lord Palmerston was then Prime Minister, a man ever inclined to mount the high horse and "stand no nonsense." The case was clear. The law officers of the Crown advised the Cabinet that there could be no doubt whatever as to the merits of the question, and when the Cabinet met in the last days of November the atmosphere was electric with menace of coming war. The press was unanimous in resenting what was declared to be an unpardonable and intentional insult to the flag. Our arsenals were resounding with the din of warlike preparations. For the defence of Canada, eight thousand troops were being got ready to cross the Atlantic. The situation, in short, was fraught with every element of mischief.

On the 30th November the Queen received from Lord John Russell, then Foreign Minister, the draft of a despatch which was to be sent—perhaps hurled would be a better term—at the Washington Government. It was an uncompromising document,

the tone of which reflected with only too much accuracy the prevailing mood of public opinion. The Prince Consort at that time was stricken with his last illness: he had indeed but another fortnight to live. But the moment the draft despatch reached Windsor for the Royal approval, ill though he was, he roused himself to examine the momentous paper on which the issues of peace and war would probably hang. Rising at seven the next morning, he drew up a memorandum—in which he embodied his objections to the draft dispatched to the British Minister at Washington, and suggested alterations calculated to throw oil upon the troubled waters, and render it possible for the American Government to retire from an untenable position with dignity and grace. He was wretchedly ill, and could scarcely hold his pen while writing it. The Queen going over the memorandum with him, made one or two suggestions, modifying for instance the phrase “quar-milder term” “a pute,” and sent ters. Their thoughts recognition of the cor-Prince and the Palmerston the changes Granville, after-Minister, ex-light that the been written with the sug-Majesty. When reached Wash-Seward told how pleased he despatch was friendly. Had tatorial and was in the it would have difficult for him ceded in re-Government to course which adopted. Cap-disowned, and

the prisoners were cheerfully liberated. Before the news reached this country the Prince had passed away; but both his widow and her Prime Minister recognised how much the peace of the world and the unity of the great English-speaking nations owed to the suggestions of the Prince Consort. “There can be no doubt,” wrote Lord Palmerston, “that the alterations made in the despatch to Lord Lyons contributed essentially to the satisfactory settlement of the dispute. These alterations were only one of innumerable instances of the tact and judgment and the power of nice discrimination which excited Lord Palmerston’s constant and unbounded admiration.”

These facts were but dimly known at the time. It was not till 1874 that Mr. W. E. Forster, publicly declared with what “grateful and profound sense of obligation” the British nation learnt how much it owed to its Sovereign at that profound crisis.



THE PRINCE CONSORT AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.  
(From a painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, 1842.)

Notwithstanding her solicitude for the health of her dying husband, every detail both of the *Trent* affair and of the steps taken in consequence had been carefully considered by Her Majesty from day to day; but when the despatch came, with its dictatorial demand for the release of the envoys, Her Majesty, says Mr. Forster, "was startled and shocked at the idea of war with America." Not liking the peremptory language and defiant speech of the despatch, the Queen took it to the apartment of the Prince Consort, who used the pen for the last time in modifying the language and tone of the demand.

The incident was of brief duration, but it is often upon moments that the destinies of empires hang. It was due to the constant vigilance of the Queen, and her passionate devotion to the peace and union of the English-speaking world, that war was averted at a time when had it been declared the breach between England and America would have become an impassable gulf, even if the ulterior consequences had not been the disruption of the territory of both combatants. Among other consequences there would probably have had to be reckoned the establishment of the Confederate Republic with slavery as its chief corner-stone, and the introduction of the standing army system of Europe into the American hemisphere. The whole world's history would probably have been changed, and changed for the worse, had Britain not possessed at Windsor a Sovereign with a right to curb the violence of national passion by the calm wisdom of mature experience.

#### IV.—THE WIDOW OF WINDSOR.

The real reign of Queen Victoria only began in 1861. It is since the death of the Prince Consort that we have had to deal with the real Queen. As long as Prince Albert lived, no one could say how much of the Queen's memoranda were not hers, but his. We see, for instance, in the only autograph copy of such State documents found in Sir Theodore Martin's book, that the Prince wrote everything but seven or eight words, which appear as interlineations in the Queen's handwriting. But after the Queen was left alone we have the genuine Royal hand.

Not unnaturally, the Queen has been more German than her husband ever dared to be. The Prince Consort avowedly subordinated his own feelings and purposely refrained from pressing his views on German questions, fearing lest jealous Britons might suspect the origin and motive of his remarks. But when he was gone, the Queen was free to give full scope to her strong German sympathies. It was, indeed, a kind of homage to the memory of the dead. Everything combined to draw her very closely to Germany. Her eldest daughter was the wife of the heir to the Prussian throne. Her favourite, Alice, was soon to marry Prince Louis of Hesse. The French Emperor, although he remained, in a curious sort of fashion, true to the Queen, whose kindly counsels to his wife had furnished him with an heir, and to whom he had sworn personal allegiance when she invested him with the Order of the Garter, was rapidly going downhill, regarded with increasing distrust even by his old friend Lord Palmerston. Bismarck was just beginning to be visible in the ascendent in the German horizon. The Queen, therefore, was German, and had reason to be German.

These sympathies stood us in good stead when they helped, together with the pacific energy of Cobden and the material interests of Lancashire, to deliver England from the almost inconceivable disaster of a German war in 1864. But before telling that almost forgotten story at some length and with some detail, I may refer to some instances in which the Queen's influence has been felt in foreign affairs since she came into the sole possession of the Royal prerogative.

The evidence as to her action in the discharge of her editorial duties is naturally

much less abundant than as to the conduct of Prince Albert. The Theodore Martin of the last thirty-six years of the Victorian Era has not yet arisen. Here and there we get glimpses, stray glimpses, behind the scenes. We see her engaged as lately as 1885 in endeavouring to patch up a working understanding between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury so as to secure the carrying on of the Government until the dissolution. Again we see her intervening in 1867 in order to cover with the immense authority of her position and prestige the *volte-face* of the Tory party on the subject of popular suffrage. Again, Mr. Disraeli, in a brief speech in the course of which he named the Queen no fewer than thirteen times, declared she had ordered him not to resign after the Address to the Crown on the Irish Church, and had given him permission to dissolve in case of any difficulties arising—a maladroit statement which raised a storm, but which undoubtedly covered some action on the part of the Sovereign directed towards maintaining a stable temporary Government until things were ripe for



THE QUEEN IN 1862.

(Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.)



THE QUEEN IN 1879.

(Photograph by Hughes and Mullins.)

an appeal to the country. In Church matters we find her influence in the appointment of Archbishops Tait and Magee, and in composing the angry controversy over the Irish Church. But that, and other matters pertaining thereto, must be reserved for the new chapter on the Queen as Head of the Church. We find her full of zeal for everything that will unite the English-speaking world, earnest for the Alabama arbitration, and not less keen, we may depend upon it, over the Arbitration Treaty which the Senate has dealt with so scurvily. For the Crowned Monarch has shown herself in this, as in many other things, more devoted to peace than the elect of the Republic.

In Colonial affairs, whether she is having Sir Alfred Milner to dinner at Windsor, or whether she is cheering the heart of Sir Bartle Frere after his recall, she is ever alert to all that concerns the welfare, the union, and the expansion of her Empire.

In foreign affairs it is interesting to see the gradual decay of the strong anti-Russian feeling which is a survival from the days of the Crimea. Lord Beaconsfield played up to this ancient prejudice; but after he fell the Queen began to realise the absurdity of

clinging to the obsolete traditions of the Palmerstonian era. It is true that she did her level best to induce the Gladstone Cabinet to postpone the evacuation of Candahar ; but as a set off, she is believed to have been an influence for peace when Mr. Gladstone narrowly escaped embroiling England and Russia in war over the absurd Penj-deh affair.

Nor should it be forgotten even in the most cursory survey of the influence exercised by the Queen on public affairs, that notwithstanding her strong anti-Russian feeling, she rendered good service in preventing Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell from embroiling England by an Anglo-French intervention on behalf of the insurgent Poles. In 1863 Poland had not come to be finally regarded as a mere geographical expression, and when the ill-advised revolutionary nobles and landlords drew the sword against the Russians, the Emperor Napoleon would have eagerly clutched at the opportunity of posing as the champion of Polish nationality. Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, although full of misgivings, were both inclined to give him more support than the Queen thought desirable. She understood, as no one else in this country did, the significance of the convention concluded between Russia and Prussia. In other words, she realised Bismarck. This remarkable statesman was then but beginning to mount above the horizon. He had visited London, and with audacious frankness had told Mr. Disraeli in advance the history of the next twenty years, and what he meant to do in turning Austria out of the federation and unifying Germany. The support he extended to Russia had a significance which Her Majesty was quick to appreciate, and she exercised her influence without stint in restraining her Ministers from burning their fingers in the Polish fire. She was not able to prevent Earl Russell writing some extraordinarily foolish despatches, which the Russians treated with the contempt that they deserved ; but a Permanent Editor cannot do everything, and she may well consent to allow her temporary assistant to write an occasional foolish article, if at the same time she is able to prevent him from committing the paper to a definite mistaken policy.

But leaving this very incomplete and haphazard glance over the action of the Queen in recent history, I now turn to describe briefly, but with some detail, the action which she took in the most critical moment of modern European politics. It is all forgotten now, save by a few of the actors who took part in that great drama ; but it is one of the most notable things in the history of the Monarchy, and well deserves to be rescued from oblivion. Had the Queen not been at her post in 1861, it is probable that we should have been involved in a fratricidal strife with the great American Republic ; and had she been missing in 1864, we should in all probability have been embroiled in a suicidal and disastrous struggle with our German kinsfolk on the continent of Europe. The two greatest political crimes and blunders which it was possible for the Empire to commit in these latter days were on the verge of being committed by the action of the chosen representatives of the people. That they were not committed, and that the Empire was delivered from the peril which threatened it, was due to the Queen and the Prince Consort in the case of the United States, to the Queen alone in the case of the Dano-German war.

Far be it from me to attempt to explain all the intricacies of the Schleswig-Holstein question. Sir Robert Morier used to be one of the few men who could stand an examination in the question, and Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff was another ; but without entering into all the diplomatic and dynastic complications which made the Schleswig-Holstein question the despair of all those who do not like to have their politics served up like a Chinese puzzle, it is sufficient to recall certain leading facts.

In the great revolutionary wave which swept over Europe in 1848-49, the German





THE QUEEN AND PRINCE LEOPOLD.  
(*Photograph by Hughes and Mullins,  
Ryde, Isle of Wight.*)

residents in Schleswig and in Holstein took part in the expression of the general wish of the German race for reunion. When the Continent settled down, the question came as to what should be the future relations of Denmark to the Duchies. Lord Palmerston being at that time in difficulties with Greece, had made a bargain with Baron Brunnow by which, in return for the support of Russia on the Greek question, he supported the Russian view as to the rights of Denmark in Schleswig-Holstein. In fulfilment of this bargain he had become a party to the Protocol of July 4th, 1850, in which England, Austria, Denmark, France, Russia, Sweden, and Norway declared the desire of the signatories that Denmark should remain in possession of Schleswig-Holstein. To this Protocol the Queen strongly objected. She knew the German aspirations for the incorporation of the Duchies, which would give them uninterrupted access to the sea and enable them to become some day as powerful on the sea as they had long been on land. The Queen protested against the Protocol, but Lord Palmerston, being on that occasion able to secure the unanimous support of the Cabinet, overruled the Sovereign. The Protocol was signed. Immediately the King of Denmark invaded Schleswig and fighting began. There seemed some prospect of the Danes getting the worst of it. In that case it was quite on the cards that Russia would intervene to defend the Danes, while on the other hand it was not less on the cards that if the Danes invaded Holstein, Germany would have made common cause with the Holsteiners against Denmark. The Queen was very uneasy on the subject. The Prince Consort closely cross-examined Lord Palmerston as to what he should do in the event of his Protocol bringing about a European war, but after an hour's conversation he reported that he was not able to get a positive answer. The attitude of the Court, however, even so far back as 1850, was one of intense hostility to the whole of the pro-Danish policy of Lord Palmerston.

In 1852 the Treaty based upon the Protocol was signed by the great Powers, recognising the integrity of the Danish Monarchy. This Treaty was never submitted to the German Diet after its conclusion, a circumstance which formed a loophole out of which we were able, with the help of the Queen, to escape from the obligation to defend Denmark against the attack made by Austria and Prussia in 1864.

The new Constitution which had been proclaimed by the Danes, incorporating Schleswig in Denmark, was held by the Germans to be a violation of the promises in virtue of which the Treaty of 1852 was signed. Danish feeling in England, always very strong, had received a fresh and powerful stimulus by the popular enthusiasm with which the Princess Alexandra, "the sea-king's daughter from over the sea," had been received as the bride of the Prince of Wales. Hence when the trouble began to brew in



THE QUEEN IN 1867.  
(*Photograph by Hughes and Mullins.*)

Germany, Lord Palmerston did not hesitate to declare from his place in Parliament that if the worst came to the worst, the Danes would not be left to stand alone. Thus encouraged, the Danes went on recklessly to meet their fate. Lord Palmerston, however, reckoned without his Queen, and as Count Vitzthum says in his oft-quoted memoirs, "Her Majesty, like her late husband, was entirely on the side of Germany on this question." So strongly indeed were Her Majesty's sympathies based, as now are seen, on the real trend of political forces dominating the new Europe, that the friends of peace in this country went about muttering menaces against the Monarchy on the ground that the Queen was encouraging the war party in Austria and Prussia to attack poor little Denmark ! As a matter of fact, the policy of Prussia was at that time in the hands of Bismarck, who needed no encouragement from English Queens in the execution of plans which he had carefully laid long beforehand. It was indeed the hostile attitude of Lord Palmerston which alone enabled Bismarck to make the war. The one danger which the Germans had to face was that the Danes would retire from Schleswig without striking a blow, when the future of the Duchy would of necessity have come up for settlement by the signatories of the Treaty of 1852. It was this danger which led Count Beust to deprecate any action on the part of the German Diet. In the following year Bismarck met Beust at Gastein. The former was deploring the absence of the Saxon troops from the Schleswig-Holstein campaign. "You are forgetting," I rejoined, said Count Beust, "what might have happened had the Danes refused to fight." Whereupon Bismarck made the following cynical but characteristic reply : "I had taken precautions against that. I made the Cabinet at Copenhagen believe that England had threatened us with active intervention if hostilities should be opened, although, as a matter of fact, England did nothing of the kind." It was unfortunate for England that the stateswoman on the throne, who had so clear an appreciation of the forces at work on the Continent, and the character of the man who was directing them, had not power enough to silence Lord Palmerston's mischievous talk which enabled Bismarck to lure the poor Danes on to a hopeless contest. There was only one danger of war so far as this country was concerned, and that was that the popular sympathy with Denmark might lead Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell to plunge this country into a war with the German powers. This it was which the Queen foresaw, and which she, after much striving, succeeded ultimately in checking. Mr. Morley, in his "Life of Cobden," is inclined to credit his hero with the lion's share of having thus prevented a great political blunder ; but those who were behind the scenes at the time, as well as those who are well aware how impotent a popular agitation is against a headstrong Minister, supported by a Party majority, with a great national sentiment at its back, will not need much to convince them that Count Vitzthum was nearer the mark than Mr. Morley.

The two questions of Poland and Schleswig-Holstein were both occupying the attention of Europe about the same time. Napoleon wanted to fight for Poland, Palmerston for Denmark, but the Queen wished to fight for neither, and by judiciously encouraging the Cabinet in its refusal to attend the Conference proposed by Napoleon for the purpose of revising the Treaties of 1815, she scored the first advantage in the diplomatic game. It cooled Napoleon's zeal for a fighting alliance with England, and rendered it less likely that he would press for joint action with England either against Russia or against Germany.

German national feeling, having found at last a Bismarck to guide it, was beginning to assert itself in the world, and as a first step was preparing to secure for the Fatherland the harbour of Kiel and the Germans of Schleswig-Holstein. To Germans, Schleswig-Holstein was a part of *Germania irredenta*, and German sentiment was fierce and strong, with a fierceness and a strength of which Lord Palmerston had no idea.

Fortunately, there were in the Cabinet Ministers who were much more in sympathy with the Queen than they were with her Prime Minister. Mr. Villiers, who still lingers in life, though hardly in politics, as the oldest living member of the House of Commons, was one of the peace party in the Cabinet. Count Vitzthum, after reporting a conversation with him in the last days of December, 1863, says :—

“Mr. Villiers is going to oppose Palmerston’s warlike policy at the next meeting of the Cabinet, and do his best to prevent England from taking an active part in the Dano-German war. Once already he has done like service to his country, when, shortly after the present Ministry was formed, the question of war was before the Cabinet, and Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone were out-voted. It is true that the peace-loving Sir George Cornewall Lewis was then alive, and that behind the scenes stood Prince Albert, who led with a firm hand the so-called Court party—in other words, the supposed ciphers of the Cabinet—in opposition to their nominal head.”

At the beginning of 1864, Her Majesty found herself confronted by a very menacing situation, and Lord Salisbury—then Lord Robert Cecil—was clamouring for war. His article in the *Quarterly Review* expressed his conviction that the Danish cause was the English cause, and that it was the duty of England to take up arms against Germany. With so little wisdom are the wisest statesmen sometimes imbued in the days of their hot youth. Lord Palmerston was delighted with this warlike declaration on the part of a leading member of the Opposition, and declared in the Cabinet that they would have to fight or be turned out. It was believed by those who were deep in the secrets of German diplomacy, that Lord Palmerston had devised a plan of campaign which was certainly sufficiently comprehensive. One portion of the British fleet was to descend upon the North Sea and Baltic coasts of Germany, while another was to attack Trieste and Venice. Garibaldi was to be subsidised with a million in order to enable him to raise an insurrection against Austria in Venetia, while Kossuth was to be subsidised to the same extent to revive the revolution in Hungary. There is little doubt that if the opposition had followed Lord Robert Cecil’s lead, they would have enabled Lord Palmerston to have plunged the country into war, despite all that the Queen could do. But fortunately Her Majesty, although loyally supporting her temporary chief of staff, has never denied herself the opportunity of taking counsel with the leaders of the Opposition when the necessity arose. January, 1864, was one of those occasions when the Queen, threatened by her Prime Minister with the adoption of a disastrous policy to which she was bitterly opposed, invited Lord Derby to visit her at Osborne, and when there she expounded to him, with a fulness of knowledge and intensity of conviction natural to her, the perils with which we were threatened if Lord Palmerston were not checked in time.

Lord Derby was very Danish in his sympathies, but neither he nor Disraeli was oblivious to the arguments which the Queen pressed upon them. Hence, when Lord Derby left Osborne, Her Majesty had scored the second move in the game. Instead of urging Lord Palmerston to fight, it was understood Lord Derby would speak on the other side when Parliament opened. Such at least is a fair inference from the fact that his speech on behalf of peace—in direct opposition to Lord Robert Cecil’s policy, and to that which he had himself expressed only a week before his visit to Osborne to Lord Malmesbury—was due to the one event which had happened between the two dates—his interview with the Queen at Osborne. Count Vitzthum, indeed, says point blank, “The conviction prevails among the Tories that Lord Derby’s last speech in favour of peace was the result of a promise given by him to the Queen at Osborne.” With this trump card in her hand, when Lord Palmerston presented her with a warlike Queen’s Speech, she point blank refused to accept it. For some days there was an incipient crisis, red boxes going hither and thither with Queen’s messages to Ministers, and Ministers’ memoranda of the situation, and it was not until the very day before Parliament opened, after the Queen had returned revised a second draft of the Speech, that

Lord Palmerston consented to withdraw his minatory Speech and to substitute a colourless paragraph which committed the country to nothing. Lord Palmerston kept on declaring to his colleagues that the Tories would turn them out if they did not fight. The Queen knew better. When Parliament opened, Lord Derby, instead of hounding the Government out for not threatening war in the Speech from the Throne, delivered an eloquent speech, in which he pleaded passionately for peace, declaring that a war with Germany would be the gravest calamity to England.

Looking back after all these years on the question thus raised between the Queen and her Ministers, it seems almost incredible that it should have been necessary for Her Majesty to have pulled the country out of the burning coals by such a desperate personal effort as this. Lord Malmesbury, in his "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister," was evidently full of the idea that England should draw sword in the Dano-German quarrel. On December 27th he records with evident approval that the Cabinet had arrived at a very grave decision, which had been communicated by Lord Russell to Her Majesty, and that despatches had been sent off to Berlin and Vienna notifying the hostile attitude which the Government would assume in case the Germans invaded Schleswig. Two days later he mentions that—

"The Germans are going into Schleswig, but the Danes can have little chance unless England or France come to their assistance, which the latter, it is said, is ready to do, but the Queen will not hear of going to war with Germany. No doubt this country would like to fight for the Danes, and from what is said I infer that the Government is inclined to support them also, but finds great difficulty in the opposition of the Queen."

How disastrous such an intervention would have been Lord Malmesbury himself was compelled to admit when editing his "Memoirs" for the press. To the passage quoted above he adds the following significant footnote:—"It is perhaps well that we did not enter into this contest, as our army was not armed at that time, like the Prussians, with breechloaders, and we should probably have suffered in consequence the same disaster as the Austrians did two years later." A significant footnote indeed! And here it may be noted by the way that if the British army was not armed with breechloaders in 1864, it was not the fault of the Monarchy. On October 12th, 1861, the Prince Consort wrote a letter to Lord Palmerston, in which he strongly urged the Prime Minister to introduce breechloaders into the British army. "If any change was contemplated," he wrote, "it would be worth considering whether we should not at once go to the breechloaders. They are sure to carry the day eventually, and there are plenty of patents out which answer admirably." It is indeed ghastly to contemplate what would have been the consequence to Great Britain if, after neglecting the recommendations of the Prince Consort, Lord Palmerston had been strong enough to overrule the protests of the Queen and rush his country into war against United Germany.

Although the Queen had succeeded in preventing things coming to a head at the beginning of the Session, Lord Palmerston more than once afterwards endeavoured to embroil us in war. In February, he declared that our squadron should go to Copenhagen to prevent any invasion or attack upon the Danish capital. But this was only a private opinion, although mischievous enough, inasmuch as it encouraged the hopes entertained by the Danes of English support, which were never realised. At the end of April, Lord Palmerston, feeling, as he told Lord Russell, so little satisfied with the decision of the Cabinet which checked his warlike designs, "determined to make a notch off his own bat." He went to the Austrian Ambassador and told him, not as English Minister, but as Palmerston, that if the Austrian fleet entered the Baltic to help the German operations against Denmark, he, Lord Palmerston, should look upon it as an affront and insult to England; that he could not and would not stand such a thing; and unless a superior British squadron were promptly despatched to act as the case

might require, he would resign. A nice conversation, this, from a Minister who frankly recognised that a collision between the fleets would mean war between Britain and Prussia and Austria; and one who knew, moreover, that he was in a minority in his own Cabinet, and bitterly opposed by his own Sovereign. On May 2nd he reported what he had said to the Cabinet, and Lord Russell was instructed to draft a despatch to Vienna, embodying the substance of his warning to Count Apponyi. Two days later he wrote to the First Lord of the Admiralty, declaring that it seemed to him we ought to insist that no Austrian ships of war shall at any time, or under any circumstances during the war, enter the Baltic. This was indeed making "a notch off his own bat." But he had reckoned without the Queen.

No sooner did Her Majesty receive the draft of the despatch which was prepared for transmission to Vienna, than she put down her foot and stopped it summarily. On May 5th Lord Granville wrote to Lord Russell as follows: "Last night the Queen sent me your two draft despatches to Vienna with a message. Her Majesty does not like Lord Palmerston's conversation with Apponyi, nor the embodiment of it in a despatch with the Cabinet's adoption and approval."

"So," says Mr. Castell Hopkins, "the conversation was discredited, and the despatch was modified to an extent which saved England from isolated action and probable war."

No wonder that Count Vitzthum exults in the triumph of the Sovereign over her headstrong and bellicose Premier. "Twice," says he in his book, "St. Petersburg and London,"—"twice in the course of that session did Lord Palmerston attempt to drag the Cabinet with him and carry out his project of a war." When at last the Session came to a close and Lord Palmerston was fain to escape defeat by accepting such an amendment as would secure him the support of Cobden, Count Vitzthum writes:—

"The Prime Minister is disarmed and his secret schemes of anger and revenge are condemned. The victory of the peace party is a victory of the Queen, maligned, insulted, and reproached for her German sympathies. Her Majesty has checkmated the dictatorship of her Prime Minister and beaten him three times in his own Cabinet on the question of war or peace. The Queen has recognised the true interests, the true wishes of her people in not allowing herself to be misled by the gossip of the drawing-rooms or the declarations of the British press."

Count Beust came over to London to attend the abortive Conference held on the question, and in his "Memoirs" we gain an interesting side glimpse into the two currents which were striving with each other in England at that time—the opposing current of German feeling running strong at the Court, and the current of Danish feeling running not less turbulently at the Foreign Office. When Count Beust arrived, he tells us:—"It is scarcely possible to form a conception of the bitter feeling which animated all classes in England, high and low, against Germany." Almost the only exception that he found appears to have been in the very highest place. Soon after his arrival he went by invitation to an evening party at Lady Palmerston's. When he entered, Lord Palmerston shook hands with him, but instead of speaking, continued his conversation with one of his guests. Only two years before Count Beust had been received by him in the most cordial manner. The Count was much offended, and never entered Lord Palmerston's house again. Wherever he turned, he met with similar rudeness, and he was especially cold-shouldered by the family of the Duke of Cambridge. He had been an old friend of the Duchess in former days, but he was treated as a stranger to her and her family. At last he asked Lord Clarendon if he could not have an interview with Her Majesty. Lord Clarendon received Count Beust with extreme coldness, and said he would apply to the Queen, in a tone which clearly meant, "You will have to wait a long time." He saw Lord Clarendon soon after his return from Osborne and found him quite like another being, most amiable and *polite*. The Queen at once said "that she would gladly see me, as I was an old friend,

and she would send me an invitation to Osborne." Down he went, and no sooner did the *Court Circular* announce that he had been staying two days there, than the doors of the highest society opened to him on all sides. "The free-born Englishman," says Count Beust somewhat maliciously, "was always a greater courtier than the enslaved Russian." Count Beust's account of his visit to Osborne is very interesting. He says it was not only an honour and a pleasure, but it greatly assisted the cause which he represented. In those days the Queen did not come down to dinner, but she appeared afterwards with her daughters, the Princesses Helena and Louise. "I had a long conversation with Her Majesty, and it was resumed next day in the garden. The Schleswig-Holstein question was the sole topic. The Queen was thoroughly versed in it. The question was, in the highest sense of the word, a legacy of Prince Albert's. Consequently my task was not difficult. I maintained with all the eloquence of con-

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COUNT BEUST.

that Mr. Dunckley, one of the honest and simplest of Radical journalists, expounds, with all sincerity, the belief that the Queen had sunk into the capacity of what the *Quarterly Review* called "a mere mechanical register of the will of Parliament." "It is a universal belief," wrote "Verax," "that the Queen keeps aloof from the wranglings of politics." It would be just as true to say that the fly-wheel keeps itself aloof from the working of the machine of which it forms a moderating and controlling part. The Queen, as this most imperfect sketch has shown, so far from keeping apart from politics, lives and breathes and has her being in them. While she never dictates, she influences; and although never arrogating to herself the much-challenged prerogative of command, exercises constantly the far more subtle and influential opportunity of expostulation and argument.

In other words, the Modern Monarch is the Permanent Editor of the Realm. Mr. Dunckley would not have misunderstood the meaning of that analogy, its exact

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significance, and the flood of vivifying light which it throws upon the actual working of the British Constitution in its present state of evolution.

Since the foregoing estimate of the Queen's influence as Monarch was penned, two notable pieces of testimony have been forthcoming as to the impression which Her Majesty has made upon contemporary Rulers.

The first came from Russia, where the industry of Professor Martens has unearthed some very interesting letters written by the Tsar Nicholas the First and his Ambassador concerning the Queen when she was quite a young woman. The Queen's estimate of Nicholas can be found in the "Life of the Prince Consort." Here are the Russian letters, in which we see how even in those early days Her Majesty impressed the Sovereigns and statesmen of Europe:—

"Queen Victoria ascended the throne as Duchess of Kent at the age of eighteen. 'Her education,' wrote Count Pozzo-di-Borgo on the 20th of June, 1837, 'was a very lonely one. With the exception of her teachers and professors, the young Duchess was strictly prohibited from forming any acquaintances and connections but that of the Dowager Duchess and a few inferior servants whom her mother kept near her with the sole object of watching her and preventing her from speaking to anyone alone. The Duchess of Northumberland, for many years first lady-in-waiting of the Princess Victoria, never once had an opportunity of saying one single word to her otherwise than in the presence of one other person. In that way, no one in existence had the faintest notion of the young Queen's disposition, failings, or inclinations. Mere conjectures are afloat in which one can always trace the opinion or desire of the person who gave utterance to them.'

"After her accession, the young Queen applied herself with remarkable assiduity to the task of learning the ways of government and the characters of her ministers. She first of all freed herself from the despotic yoke of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, who had hoped to govern England in her daughter's name. Queen Victoria had but one counsellor in whom she placed unlimited confidence—Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the former candidate to the throne of Greece—who ascended that of Belgium in 1831. Queen Victoria not only loved him as an uncle, but venerated him as an intellectual and gifted politician. At first only Madame Lehzen, her former governess, possessed her entire confidence, but later, King Leopold appointed the Baron Stockmar to be in attendance on the Queen, and by his inter-medium all communications were conducted between Queen Victoria and the King, who afterwards received the honourable title of the 'Nestor of Europe.'

"The young Queen occupied herself with the affairs of State with indefatigable zeal. She received Lord Melbourne almost daily, listened to his reports, and signed papers. At the same time 'the Queen is perfectly circumspect and reserved, and never speaks of anything that has any connection with politics or government; almost every day she invites someone to dine with her, only systematically excluding those belonging to the Opposition Party. Such is the secrecy in which affairs are conducted.'

"So much reserve and secrecy were not particularly pleasing in the eyes of the diplomatists accredited at the Court of St. James, since they had often received the confidence of former English sovereigns in familiar conversation. George III. and George IV. had often openly sided with the representatives of foreign powers in opposition to their own ministers. More than once it had been the fate of S. P. Vorontsoff, for many years Russian Ambassador at London, to hear from the lips of the King of England the most violent condemnation of the actions and policy of the British ministers, such as William Pitt, Fox, and others.

"Such candour disclosed the impotence of the head of the Government to foreign diplomatists without adding to his authority in their eyes.

"What attitude was Prince Lieben to observe while listening to the following announcement made to him by George IV. in March, 1823?

"'However,' said the King, 'you must thoroughly understand what the King's position is. Owing to circumstances which it is not in his power to alter, his will is frequently disregarded; remember an event which took place recently (the entrance to the Ministry of the abhorred Canning), when I considered it my duty to sacrifice my own very just feelings of dissatisfaction. It is true, that had not circumstances demanded otherwise, I could at once have dismissed a Ministry desirous at all hazards of forcing measures upon me which were at variance with the dictates of my conscience. But where to find people deserving of my confidence who can understand me? And may the cure not be worse than the disease? I know that you were displeased at the counter-order which forbade the entrance of arms and ammunition into Spain. That measure was taken without my consent, and I strongly disapproved of it—but I must admit that it was difficult to prevent its adoption.'

"When a reigning monarch expresses so clearly his disapproval of the policy of his own Ministers, foreign diplomatists can only wonder at his frankness, and be convinced of the utter incapacity of the head of the nation.

"Queen Victoria never allowed herself to interfere with the affairs of State in such a manner, nor to discredit her Ministers in the eyes of foreign diplomatists, although not all of them were favoured by her personal regard or esteem. From the moment of her ascension to the throne she gave herself to her guiding principle—to submit to the will of the people expressed by its representatives in Parliament. Hence the reason why a Parliamentary form of government in the sense of the well-known aphorism, 'La reine règne, mais ne gouverne pas,' could take such deep root in the England of to-day. Firmness, unflinching calm of manner, and a perfectly well-balanced mind, morally and intellectually, are the qualities with which Queen Victoria has armed herself from the very day of her Coronation.

"It is true that not all were satisfied with the young Queen's behaviour. Many were of opinion that the Queen of England ought not, and had no right, to efface herself to the extent of confiding all the reins of government into the hands of her ministers.

"At the same time Count Pozzo-di-Borgo finds that the Royal authority had become Whig—'La royauté est Whig,' and adds, somewhat ironically, 'I say royalty, because the Queen is nothing but a mystical symbol of that power. Lord Melbourne suggests everything to the young Queen, and makes her sign all the documents where her signature is necessary. He controls her house and her occupations. Whatever he desires in the direction of domestic or political affairs, she desires likewise. However,' concludes the Russian Ambassador, 'the unbounded power he possesses in disposing of royal authority gives the members of the Government great opportunities of preserving their own position.' Yet Count Pozzo-di-Borgo must have been convinced of his mistake in saying that Queen Victoria had no will of her own, and was quite indifferent to the affairs of State and to her people. If she gave such immense power to Lord Melbourne as head of the Whig party, it can simply be explained by the tendencies and convictions that influenced her at the time. She sympathised with the reforming tendencies of the party, and was in touch with their leader. She liked both Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston. It may be that the intimacy between the King of Belgium and Lord Palmerston accounts for the liking. On the other hand, Queen Victoria almost hated the Tories, but especially their Coryphaei, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. She disliked the former for his pompous manner and unbounded ambition, and could not pardon the latter for his imperious temper, which carried him the length, while Minister of the Tory Cabinet, of interfering in the nomination of those nearest her person, so that when, in 1839, Lord Melbourne suggested combining the Whig and Tory parties for the purpose of keeping his power, she indignantly repudiated the idea. 'If,' wrote Count Pozzo-di-Borgo, in May, 1839, 'the Queen, as may be supposed from her tendencies, places herself at the head of the extreme reform party, then she will succeed in destroying the last fragments of aristocratic and ecclesiastical political power to a mere formality.

"Be this as it may, Queen Victoria conducted herself with a perfect understanding of her queenly dignity, and thanks to the skill with which she kept her prestige within the bounds of established customs, she soon acquired great popularity amongst her people. . . . As a rule, she knew how to hold her ground. The Baron (Brunoff) who was Russian Ambassador at London in 1839 justly remarks, that the young Queen is more distinguished by an excess of strength of will, than by a want of energy. All admit her sense of justice and straightforwardness, which do honour to her nature."

The second illustration is much more recent. President Kruger is one of the most shrewd and capable of the governing men of our time. He is no flatterer, but cultivates the rough candour of the peasant. Twice within a few months he has referred to the Queen in terms which prove that at Pretoria at least there is a ruler who is not misled by forms, and who realises that at the core and kernel of the British Government he has to do not with ministers who pass, but with the Queen who remains. The first occasion was when President Kruger, at the beginning of March, went to Bloemfontein to discuss the new treaty with the Orange Free State. He spoke cautiously concerning the proposed union of the two Boer Republics. But he said, "I must be careful; I would rather leave it alone. Her Majesty is a stubborn lady." "Ik zal het mar lieven laten blyven, Hare Majesteit is eene Kwaai vroom." The precise significance of the phrase "Kwaai vroom" has been disputed. What is beyond dispute is that President Kruger felt that in dealing with England the personality of the Queen was a factor, perhaps a chief factor, in the problem of Imperial relations, and also that she was not a person that could be cajoled or bullied or ignored. His second utterance was still more significant. A German officer had been talking largely about the support which the Boers would receive from Germany if matters came to an extremity. The President listened for a time, then, turning to the interpreter, he said, "Where was Germany in 1896? The old woman sneezed, and Germany was no more to be seen."

It is not a polite phrase, but what could be a more expressive tribute to the influence of the Queen?





THE CORONATION OATH.

The Queen standing before the Altar taking the Oath previous to the Crown being placed on her Head  
(From the painting by Sir George Hayter.)

#### IV.—THE QUEEN AS HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

**T**HE Hon. Reginald R. Brett in his charming little book, "The Yoke of Empire," from which I have quoted more than once, having referred to the Queen as the Head of the Church, was promptly corrected by Mr. Gladstone. The eagle eye of the Grand Old Man, ever swift to detect the slightest error in an ecclesiastical statement, pointed out that the title, Head of the Church, was no longer borne by English Sovereigns. It was dropped by Queen Elizabeth, he said, and had never subsequently been resumed by any of her successors.

Mr. Gladstone, as usual when he is dealing with ecclesiastical facts, was perfectly right. The Queen is still officially styled Defender of the Faith. The title, by an odd ironical anachronism, was conferred upon one of her predecessors for a pamphleteering defence of Roman doctrine against Luther, and is now worn by a Sovereign

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THE SUPREME GOVERNOR OF THE CHURCH, 1836.  
(From a painting by William Fowler.)

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as well as civil supreme." The title which she disowned was claimed by Henry VIII. in 1531, when the clergy, on pain of incurring the penalties of Præmunire, were required to recognise the King as "the Singular Protector and only and Supreme Lord of the Church and Clergy, and also their Supreme Head."

Of course, in one way, we must all sympathise with Elizabeth's scruple. The only Head of the Christian Church is Christ Himself. All other claimants to headship, whether Popes or Monarchs, are blasphemous usurpers, who would have just as much theological justification for a claim to be considered the third Person in the Trinity. I am, of course, aware that the Pope does not claim to be Head of the Church but

only to be Vicar on Earth of Christ, the one true and only Head of the Church ; but in common speech this distinction even in Rome is often forgotten. I well remember Count Ignatieff's holy horror when, on going together through the Museum of the Vatican, we heard Roman priests speak of Leo XIII. as the Head of the Church. "It is Anti-Christ," said the Orthodox Count. And so, no doubt, the claim of English Sovereigns to the Headship of the Church must have appeared to many a good Romanist and good Puritan in the days that are gone. But now-a-days, when old feuds have died down, we begin to see that after all there was something to be said for the Royal Supremacy. Not, perhaps, in the crude Erastian sense in which it was originally propounded, but in a subtler way, and in a broader sense than what possibly even Her Majesty herself perceives. In this Study I shall attempt to show how well Her Majesty has played the part of Head of the Church, beginning with the narrow sect of Anglican ecclesiasticism, and then dealing with her conduct as the Head of the Civic Church—the Union of all who Love in the Service of all who Suffer. In the next chapter I describe what is, perhaps, the widest and most important *rôle* that she has been called to play as Head and Ideal Exemplar of the domestic life, which, as the Family is the original cell of the organism of which the Church is the ultimate evolution, must be regarded as the broadest and most catholic Church of all.

#### I.—AS SUPREME GOVERNOR OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

It is curious how everything in the reign of Victoria irresistibly takes us back to the reign of Elizabeth. These two great female Sovereigns illumine our annals as electric arcs light up an arcade. Compared with them our Kings—with the one exception of the only man who shared his throne with a Queen—are but miserable tallow dips : James the First and Second, Charles the First and Second ; George the First, Second, Third, and Fourth ; and William the Fourth—what one of them in the whole miserable male procession dwells to-day in the memory of the nation ? Of the whole nine, Charles the First is remembered because he lost his head, and George the Third because he lost America ; but of the rest what mortal ever speaks at all, or speaks save with contempt ? whereas Elizabeth, since her death, has never for one single year ceased to be an inspiration to all those who have come after her. Oliver Cromwell, in one of his speeches to his Parliament, referred to her as "that Lady, that great Queen," "the Queen Elizabeth of famous memory—we need not be ashamed to call her so"—upon which Carlyle, commenting, says : "No, your Highness ; the royal Court phrase expresses in this case the exact truth—she is of famous memory." And as she was, Victoria will be in the ages that are still to come—Victoria, that Lady, that great Queen, of famous memory.

It is perhaps only a curious coincidence that in this Record Year of Her Majesty, the nephew of the last English bishop who did homage to Queen Victoria should have seen with his own eyes the ghost of Queen Elizabeth in the Library of Windsor Castle. The story, which appears to be as well authenticated as any record of the incidents of every day in the morning papers, tells how Lieutenant Glyn, of the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, was sitting in Windsor Castle Library reading "The History of Dorsetshire," when he became aware of some one passing in the inner library. He looked up and saw a female figure in black, with black lace on her head falling on to her shoulders. He was sitting in a chair on the east side of the first room from which a few steps lead up into a gallery built by Queen Elizabeth as a picture gallery. It is now lined with books. On the left hand there are windows, on the right a series of bays, with windows looking down upon the Terrace and the Thames Valley. Lieutenant Glyn saw the lady in black lace pass him, enter the gallery, and after

traversing it so far, turned sharply to the right and disappear into a bay from where in former times the great Queen used to descend by a staircase to the Terrace. It was four on a February afternoon, just before closing time. When the attendant came to close the door Lieutenant Glyn asked who the lady was who was at work in the inner room. "No one," said the attendant. "But," said he, "I have seen her just now walk into the inner room." The attendant went to see, found no one, and returned. "She must have gone out of a door in that corner," said Lieutenant Glyn, pointing to the bay from which in olden times the gallery ran down to the Terrace. "But there is no door there," said the attendant. Greatly marvelling at the sudden disappearance of the lady in black lace, the Lieutenant departed, little thinking that he had been the first man in the present reign to see the ghost of the famous Elizabeth. When the attendant reported the occurrence to the librarian, Dr. Holmes,\* he at once sent for Lieutenant Glyn and asked him to describe the figure he had seen. When he did so the librarian said, "It is the same. You have seen the apparition of Queen Elizabeth." It seems that from of old time Windsor Castle has been occasionally revisited by the famous Queen. The Empress Frederick, when a child, is said to have seen the apparition in the same place. The librarian has been familiar with the story for twenty-seven years, and often at Hallowe'en has sat late waiting to see the ghost, but he waited in vain. Now, as is usually the case with genuine ghosts, it appeared in the daylight to a young Guardsman who had never heard of it, and who, like Mary Magdalene on another occasion, mistook the supernatural figure for an ordinary being of every-day flesh and blood.

It is a pity that Lieutenant Glyn is not clairaudient as well as clairvoyant, for it would be interesting to hear what Elizabeth would have to say of her latest successor. In one thing they are as opposite as the poles. Elizabeth was hot against a married clergy. In the eyes of Queen Victoria nothing so well becomes a priest as a good family of his own. Who is there who does not recall the familiar insult which Elizabeth addressed to Mrs. Parker, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, as she was leaving Lambeth Palace, where she had been entertained with more than regal magnificence? "Madam I may not call you, and mistress I am loth to call you; however, I thank you for your good cheer."

What a contrast to this old-world gibe is the remark once made to me by an eminent Anglican with whom I was talking on the subject of Church patronage! "The Queen," said my friend, "dear lady, is dominated by domesticity. Of the idea of a Church in the sense in which we understand it she has absolutely no conception. But the patronage of the Church she regards with the jealous eye natural to a Monarch who has seen one class of offices after another removed from the sphere of patronage until now only the Church appointments are left. These she regards as a kind of family perquisite to be distributed as rewards of virtue to the most deserving clergymen, who are usually those who have the largest families. It is a curious motive to decide the making of Bishops—is it not? But the heart of the mother is so strong in our good lady the Queen that orthodoxy, learning, zeal, good Churchmanship count for nothing compared with the claims of the clergyman who has a large family, especially if he has nothing to feed them with. For then the desire to feed the hungry reinforces the instinct of rewarding the multiplication of the species."

My friend mayhap spoke with a trifle of exaggeration, for the High Church party never quite forgave Her Majesty for insisting on the promotion of Tait.

"It was no use," said my Anglican friend ruefully; "Tait's claims were irresistible. Mrs. Tait had not only had eight children already, but had lost six of them in a single

\* According to a newspaper report, which Dr. Holmes assures me is "unauthorised and inaccurate."



ARCHBISHOP TAIT: THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE PRIMATE.

From "Life of Tait," by Randall Davidson, Bishop of Winchester.  
Published by Macmillan and Co.

month by scarlet fever. What more could be required to qualify a man first for the great diocese of London, and then for the throne of Canterbury?"

As it is true that the Queen stood by Tait, would have Tait, and nobody but Tait, as Archbishop of Canterbury; and as Tait had, when Dean of Carlisle, lost six daughters all in one epidemic, the origin of the taunt is obvious.

It is an interesting question how far the Queen has personally interfered in the appointment of Bishops. Elizabeth had no scruples on the subject. When the Bishop of Ely ventured to protest against the spoliation of his See, she wrote: "Proud prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are. If you do not immediately comply with my request, by God I will unfrock you."

It is probable that Her Majesty, without exactly regarding the Church of England

as the sole remaining branch of the Civil Service to which Royal favouritism could make appointments, has never taken a very high view of the pretensions of the Anglican sect. When in Scotland she has showed more signs of enjoying the simple Presbyterian service than she has ever done in participating heartily in the Anglican ritual in England. She is Erastian by heredity and by training. Her predecessors on the throne had regarded a Bishop chiefly as a kind of Protestant officer holding an outpost against the Papal foe, for the craze of anti-Romanism raged fiercely among the Hanoverian Kings. When Dr. Longley did homage to William IV. on his appointment to the See of Ripon, "no sooner had he risen from his knees than the King suddenly addressed him in a loud voice thus: 'Bishop of Ripon, I charge you, as you shall answer before Almighty God, that you never, by word or deed, give encouragement to those damned Whigs who would upset the Church of England.' " Her hereditary Hanoverian Erastianism was not likely to be seriously affected by the teaching of her first Ministerial tutor. Lord Melbourne may have had many virtues, but he was certainly not a High Churchman. "Damn it, another Bishop dead!" is said to have been his characteristic exclamation on hearing of a vacancy in the episcopate. That graceless reprobate Lord Palmerston, who broke the record as a Bishop-maker, having made five Archbishops, twenty-two Bishops, and ten Deans, was as little given as Lord Melbourne to indulgence in High Church exclusiveness. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, with the dubious exception of Lord Derby, were the only High Church Premiers of the reign. But although Mr. Gladstone was allowed



GEORGE II.  
*(After a painting by J. Faber.)*



GEORGE IV.  
*(After a drawing by A. Wivell.)*



GEORGE III.  
*(After a picture by Sir Wm. Beechey.)*



WILLIAM IV.

# THE HANOVERIAN KINGS.

to offer Canterbury to the Dean of St. Paul's, it was generally believed that Her Majesty forbade the nomination of Canon Liddon to any of the greater Sees. Liddon's offence was neither his celibacy nor his High Church doctrine. He had on one occasion, during the first fervour of the revolt against the Turkish alliance, let himself go against the Turk and his backer Beaconsfield in a fashion which Her Majesty is said neither to have forgotten nor forgiven. This may be so or it may not. Liddon believed it himself, and it certainly was extraordinary that, although he was the intimate friend of both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, bishopric after bishopric was given to far inferior men, while the Chrysostom of the English pulpit was left to live and die as Canon of St. Paul's.\*

The secrets of the Royal Closet are guarded so jealously that no one can say with certainty, save those who stand nearest the Throne and the Prime Minister, how much Royal favour or prejudice counts in ecclesiastical matters. The Prime Minister always assumes the responsibility for the nomination, especially when it is made against his own wishes. Of this there is a notable instance in the case of Archbishop Tait. When the Bishopric of London was offered him, the appointment having been really pressed upon Lord Palmerston by Lord Shaftesbury, the Premier wrote:—

"I have much pleasure in informing you that I have received the Queen's commands to offer you the See of London."

But when Disraeli offered him the Archbishopric of Canterbury twelve years later, he wrote —

"It is my desire, if it meet your own wishes, to recommend Her Majesty to elevate you to the

Primacy. I can assure you in so doing, I feel a responsibility as grave as any your Lordship can experience if you accept this paramount trust; but I believe that I am taking a course which will be most serviceable to the Church, especially at this critical moment in its history."



BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

Reproduced from "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," by R. Wilberforce.  
(Published by John Murray.)

Who would imagine from reading this Disraelitish epistle that the nomination of Tait had been forced upon the Prime Minister by the Queen? Such, however, was the case, as we may read in the vivacious and veracious chronicles of Bishop Wilberforce. The passages describing this notable and significant incident in the disposal of the Royal patronage are not so familiar to the general reader as they might be. Disraeli had written proposing to nominate Tait on November 12th. On that day

\* Mr. Gladstone writes me that these reports were without foundation. Lord Salisbury offered Dr. Liddon St. Albans, which he declined.

Wilberforce, who was then staying at Blenheim, heard from his hostess that the Dean of Windsor's wife had announced Tait's appointment. Wilberforce on the next day wrote in his diary :—

"November 13th.—Wrote a good deal. Walked with Lord Churchill round Park. The Duke told me of Disraeli's excitement when he came out of Royal Closet. Some struggle about the Primacy. Lord Malmesbury also said that when he spoke to Disraeli he said, 'Don't bring any more bothers before me; I have enough to drive a man mad.' My belief is that the Queen pressed Tait, and against possibly Ely, or some such appointment."—"Life of Bishop Wilberforce," vol. iii., p. 267.

Sixteen days later he had an opportunity of talking to the Dean himself. Afterwards he made the following entry in his diary :—

"The Church does not know what it owes to the Queen. Disraeli has been utterly ignorant, utterly unprincipled; he rode the Protestant horse one day; then got frightened that it had gone too far, and was injuring the county elections, so he went right round and proposed names never heard of. Nothing he would not have done; but throughout he was most hostile to you; he alone prevented London being offered to you. The Queen looked for Tait, but would have agreed to you."—*ib.*, vol. iii., p. 268.

"Disraeli recommended — for Canterbury!!! — the Queen would not have him; then Disraeli agreed most reluctantly and with passion to Tait. Disraeli then proposed Wordsworth for London. The Queen objected strongly; no experience; passing over bishops, &c.; then she suggested Jackson, and two others, not you, because of Disraeli's expressed hostility, and Disraeli chose Jackson.

"How can — have got that secret understanding with Disraeli? You are surrounded by false double-dealing men. Disraeli opposed Leighton with all his strength on every separate occasion. The Queen would have greatly liked him, but Disraeli would not hear of him. You cannot conceive the appointments he proposed and retracted or was overruled; he pressed Champneys for Peterborough; he had no other thought than the votes of the moment; he showed an ignorance about all Church matters, men, opinions, that was astonishing, making propositions one way and the other, riding the Protestant horse to gain the boroughs, and then, when he thought he had gone so far as to endanger the counties, turning round and appointing Bright and Gregory; thoroughly unprincipled fellow. I trust we may never have such a man again."—*ib.*, vol. iii., p. 269.

The name left blank in the diary is supposed to have been Ellicott. The reasons given by the Queen for refusing to promote the good Bishop of Gloucester were said to be more domestic than theological. It is admitted, however, that the Queen's choice was much the best that could have been made. She has always regarded the appointment to Canterbury as one of special interest to the Crown. The Primate is Chief Court Chaplain, central celebrant at all family functions from christenings and burials. But, as the foregoing extract shows, her interest was by no means confined to the Primacy. It is to her credit that we must place the selection of Dean Magee, afterwards Archbishop of York, for the See of Peterborough. Disraeli's choice was Champneys. But when he was overruled and the appointment went to Magee, no one was quicker to claim credit for the selection than the astute Benjamin, who, as we have seen, also posed as nominator of Tait, to whose selection he had agreed most reluctantly, and "with passion."

We are too near the recent appointments to know what part the Queen played in the selection either of Dr. Benson or Dr. Temple. It is, however, generally believed that she pressed for Benson because of the declared preference expressed by Archbishop Tait, in whose judgment and good sense she had implicit confidence. It is also probable that the decision to promote Dr. Temple was one in which the Queen's voice was more potent than Lord Salisbury's. Equally evident is the Royal favour in the translation of Dr. Creighton from Peterborough to London, and the nomination of Dr. Carr-Glyn to the vacant See.

Queen Elizabeth used to tune her pulpits, as Carlyle remarks modern rulers inspire newspapers. The Homilies which she ordered to be read from the pulpit, the Book of Martyrs which she ordered to be exposed for perusal in every church, indicated the practical determination of the great Tudor Princess to use her spiritual apparatus for teaching the people what she thought they needed to learn. Victoria has never made any attempt at such pulpit tuning. But her influence has been pretty steadily exerted in the direction of a broad rationalism.



The Court has held fast to the weightier matters of the law, to purity, righteousness, and godly living, but it has paid scant regard to such tithe of mint and anise and cumin as the ecclesiastical observances. The Heir to the Throne was married in Mid Lent, to the no small scandal of the High Church party, some of whose zealous pulpiteers did not hesitate to attack the Queen in their sermons for disregarding the Solemn Fast. In the selection of her chaplains she has seldom favoured those who preach high doctrine. Her ideal of a bishop is probably not far removed from that of Lord Palmerston, whose "wicked appointments" were so bitterly deplored by the Anglicans.

A Bishop, said Lord Palmerston, must be a good and proper man, who would get on well with Dissenters. Lord Shaftesbury, who was Palmerston's Bishop-maker, wrote :—



SHAFTESBURY, THE BISHOP-MAKER.

Reproduced from "Life of Shaftesbury," by Edwin Hodder.  
(Published by Cassell and Co.)

"He was always anxious that they should be good men, active, zealous, and sound members of the Church of England. He regarded any approximation to Popery, Popish doctrines, and Popish practices with special dislike and even fear. From the commencement I obtained his full assent that, on all occasions, men should be selected who would be moderate and decent in their language towards Nonconformists, and civil in their personal intercourse with them. He felt, as I did, the folly, nay, the iniquity of haughty sacerdotal bearing, of vituperative epithets, of clerical despotism towards the body of Dissenters; he saw, too, and resolved if he could to obviate the danger of such an ecclesiastical arrogance."

Therein Lord Palmerston was at one with the Queen. Her Majesty has been true to the Elizabethan tradition. Green's language about Elizabeth can with but little alteration be applied to Victoria :—

"The young Queen was not without a sense of religion. But she was almost wholly destitute of spiritual emotion or of any consciousness of the vast questions with which theology strove to deal. While the world around her was being swayed more and more by theological beliefs and controversies,

Elizabeth was absolutely untouched by them. She had no sort of religious aversion from either Puritan or Papist. She looked at theological differences in a purely political light. The first interest in her own mind was the interest of public order, and she never could understand how it could fail to be first in every one's mind."

This verdict would be harsh if pronounced on our Queen, who is by no means destitute of spiritual emotion. But with the exception of that phrase, the passage applies fairly well. If in the interest of public order we read the welfare of the common weal and the well-being of the common people, the extract would read as a fair description of the Queen's attitude. Tait was her ideal Archbishop, Norman Macleod her favourite Chaplain. Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of the Dean of Westminster, was for years her daily correspondent. Her real work-a-day religion was worship of her

husband, and the Prince Consort was a German rationalist, devout, no doubt, but with absolutely no room in his brain for the notions to which Anglican clerics attach supreme importance. A memorandum of his in 1851, in the midst of a No-Popery hubbub caused by Papal aggression, expresses with brevity and cogency the point of view from which the Court regards the Church.

The Church of England, the Prince pointed out, has been crippled by a premature decision on the details of Church government and doctrine which were finally settled for posterity at the Reformation. Thus the Church has been prevented from participating in that constant and free development which the State has been able to derive from the broad principles of Magna Charta. To remedy matters, and put the Church on its true basis, the Prince proposed—

“(1.) That the Laity have an equal share of authority in the Church with the Clergy.

“(2.) That no alteration in the form of Divine Service shall therefore be made by the Clergy without the formal consent of the Laity.

“(3.) Nor any interpretation given of Articles of Faith without their concurrence.”

“This principle once recognised as law, a whole living Church Constitution will spring from it, including Church government and doctrines.” From this it will be seen how many million miles apart are the ideas of the Court and those of clerics who, thanks to their notions of apostolical succession, confound their order with the Church, and their authority with the will of God.

There is little doubt from this and other passages that the Prince Consort, and therefore the Queen, was prepared to welcome the rationalistic reformation which, in the opinion of probably the majority of her subjects, would have made Her Majesty's title, “The Defender of the Faith,” appear almost as ironical as the use of the title by Henry VIII. must have appeared to the Pope after he broke with Rome. Bishop Wilberforce mentions on one occasion having a discussion with Her Majesty upon the Athanasian Creed and the shortened service then under discussion in Convocation; but although he notes that the Queen's mind was open to all views of truth, he judiciously abstains from chronicling any of her observations on either subject. We are, however, not left in doubt as to the opinion of the Prince Consort on such matters. He had a famous passage of arms with Bishop Wilberforce himself on the subject of the miracle of the Gadarene swine—one which was afterwards destined to afford a battleground between Mr. Gladstone and Professor Huxley.

But that is by no means the only indication of the theological views of him who was the lord and master of the Supreme Governor of the Church. In 1847 there was a great storm in the Ecclesiastical Teacup of Anglican orthodoxy over the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the See of Hereford. Dr. Hampden was regarded as a heretic by the High Churchmen of Oxford, and his nomination to a bishopric caused a great hubbub, which led to an interchange of views between Prince Albert and his vigilant mentor, Baron Stockmar. The Baron, for instance, writes:—

“In ecclesiastical matters fanaticism and hypocrisy have reached a pitch which makes reaction and conflict inevitable. Probably in course of time the masses will be brought by agitation to bear upon this question as, through Cobden's influence, they have done upon that of the Corn Laws. Then, and not till then, will Parliament take courage out of fear; that is, the timorous hypocrites will be afraid of continuing to uphold orthodox folly against the rights of reason and conscience.”

The Prince wrote sympathetically a month later, saying:—“The Hampden controversy is not yet at an end. One article upon it cites a passage from Dr. Johnson, which will delight you if you do not already know it: ‘A dogmatist is not far from a bigot, and runs in great danger of becoming a bloody persecutor;’” and to this the Prince appends the approving remark, “How very true.” He praises also Combe's excellent pamphlet on education, in which he defines the real mission of science and education; “but,” says the Prince, “these good people say he is an infidel to the last

degree, because he asserts that dogmas are no use in forwarding—nay, that they actually stand in the way of and retard—the attainment of God's purpose to let man grow up in harmony with His will and nature." To this the Baron replied:—"The standing-point taken by Comte in his pamphlet seems to me the only right one. To subvert the power of dogma as it now exists in England, and to adapt it to the wants and the spirit of the age, will require great courage and perseverance, combined with great gifts: and yet England will have to take her share along with the rest of Europe in solving this problem of the age."

It is obvious enough from this and other extracts, which might be multiplied, that the Prince, probably with the hearty good-will of the Queen, would have been very glad to have taken a hand in subverting the dogma which, in the eyes of most Anglicans, the Queen was sworn to defend.

The Queen, as might be expected, while not hostile or disrespectful to Nonconformists, has ever regarded the Establishment of the Church by the State as one of the principles of the British Constitution. So firmly did she hold this view that she made no secret of her extreme regret that Mr. Gladstone should have disestablished the Irish Church. In Willerforce's diary we read under date March 20th, 1869, that the Queen had said to him, "So sorry Mr. Gladstone started this about Irish Church, and he is a great friend of yours." &c.

But the full story of the Queen's intervention on behalf of the threatened Establishment is told at length in "The Life of Archbishop Tait." It is a very remarkable bit of contemporary history. The fact that, in our opinion, Her Majesty was on the wrong side, only increases our appreciation of the marvellous tact which she displayed in doing what she could for the Church.

In a letter from General Grey to the Archbishop of Canterbury in June, 1869, we read:

"Mr. Gladstone is not ignorant indeed the Queen has never concealed her feelings on the subject; how deeply Her Majesty deploras the necessity under which he conceived himself to lie of raising the question as he has done, or of the apprehensions, of which she cannot divest herself, as to the possible consequences of the measure which he has introduced. These apprehensions, Her Majesty is bound to say, still exist in full force."

But Her Majesty, although hating the Bill, never lost sight of her Constitutional position, or of the Beatitude "Blessed are the peacemakers," or of the homely saying that it is always well to make the best of a bad job. Certainly no one who reads that chapter in recent history can ever after maintain the delusion that the Queen in our Crowned Republic is a mere figure-head. We see Her Majesty playing, and nobly playing, the central part in the great drama. She is Wirepuller-in-Chief, Mistress of the Go-betweens, and General Negotiator and Peacemaker between the rival Parties and opposing Houses.

As soon as Mr. Gladstone met the Queen in February, 1869, with a majority of over a hundred in a House of Commons specially elected to disestablish the Irish Church, Her Majesty suggested that he should see the Archbishop. Mr. Gladstone objected that the Primate had publicly opposed the Suspensory Bill, and he had not felt warranted in approaching the Archbishop. The Queen at once undertook to bring the Prime Minister and the Primate together. This she did by writing Dr. Tait a letter beginning thus:—

"Osborne, February 15th, 1869.

"The Queen must write a few lines to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject of the Irish Church, which makes her very anxious.

"The Queen has seen Mr. Gladstone, who shows the most conciliatory disposition. He seems to be really moderate in his views, and anxious, so far as he can properly and consistently do so, to meet the objections of those who would maintain the Irish Church. He at once assured the Queen of his readiness—indeed, his anxiety—to meet the Archbishop, and to communicate freely with him on the

subject of this important question, and the Queen must express her earnest hope that the Archbishop will meet him in the same spirit."—"Life of Archbishop Tait," vol. ii., p. 8.

Of course the Primate wrote to Mr. Gladstone. Equally of course Mr. Gladstone called at Lambeth next day at noon and expounded to Dr. Tait the whole of his scheme ten days before it was explained to Parliament. Dr. Tait was delighted to find Mr. Gladstone's proposals so moderate, and wrote a long letter to the Queen,



THE QUEEN IN 1851.

(From an engraving by F. C. Lewis after Winterhalter.)

explaining exactly how far Mr. Gladstone and he were in agreement, and wherein he thought better terms could be made for the Church. After the Bill was introduced we find the Primate colloquing with Disraeli and in conclave with eight lay Peers at Lambeth. But the opponents of the Bill were confounded by the steadiness of the Liberal majority, and when June approached it was evident the Bill, substantially unaltered, would be sent to the House of Lords, challenging the Tory majority to act on their convictions and throw it out.

The Archbishop, on June 3rd, wrote to Mr. Gladstone, having received the Queen's

commands to put himself in communication with the Prime Minister in case the latter might wish to use the Archbishop for negotiating with the Tory chiefs. The question, it was evident, would turn upon Disendowment. How much of its endowments would the Disestablished Church be permitted to retain? Tait wrote also to Lord Cairns urging that the Bill should be read a second time, and that their strength should be reserved for saving as much of the property as possible.

Then came the letter from General Grey, from which I have already quoted an extract. It is a fair sample of the kind of letters the Queen is always writing, the kind of work she is always doing, whenever a political crisis is threatening :—

“ Balmoral, June 4th, 1869.

“ My dear Lord Archbishop.—I write to your Grace by the Queen's commend. You must be well aware, from your former communication with Her Majesty on the subject, of the great anxiety which the question of the Irish Church causes her, and will, therefore, not wonder at the desire to learn what your Grace thinks of the prospect of the question being settled during the progress through the House of Lords of the Bill which has just been sent up from the House Commons.

“ But considering the circumstances under which the measure has come to the House of Lords, the Queen cannot regard, without the greatest alarm, the probable effect of its absolute rejection in that House.

“ Carried as it has been by an overwhelming and steady majority through a House of Commons chosen expressly to speak the feeling of the country on the question, there seems no reason to believe that any fresh appeal to the People could lead to a different result.

“ The rejection of the Bill, therefore, on the second reading would only serve to bring the two Houses into collision, and to prolong a dangerous agitation of the subject, while it would further tend to increase the difficulty of ultimately obtaining a measure so modified as to remove, or at least to mitigate, the fears of those who are conscientiously opposed to the present Bill as it stands.

“ Her Majesty was consequently glad to hear, though she knows not whether it was on very good authority, that the leaders of the Opposition are disposed to advise acquiescence in the second reading rather than incur the greater dangers to which I have alluded, in the hope of being able in Committee to amend the Bill, so as to make the measure less objectionable.

“ The Queen well knows how anxious your Grace must be to assist in bringing about a settlement of the question—if not altogether such as you would have desired, at least the best possible under the circumstances; and she feels sure, therefore, that the great influence of your Grace's high character and station will be used on the side of prudence and moderation.

“ Her Majesty desires me to add that she will be very glad to receive any communication which you may think it desirable to address her direct.—I remain, my dear Lord, your Grace's very faithful servant, C. GREY.”—“ Life of Archbishop Tait,” vol. ii., p. 23.

Not much of the “ mere figure-head ” about that letter. To this the Archbishop replied detailing the result of his negotiations. On the 7th June he reported that the Bill might be read a second time if Lord Granville would hold out an olive-branch. On the 8th he wrote to Mr. Disraeli :—

“ I ought to mention to you that I have had communications from the Queen in which Her Majesty expresses the strong hope that the Irish Church Bill may be allowed to pass the second reading in the House of Lords, with a view to its being amended. I am still of the same opinion.”

Here we see the name of the Queen, by her own command, used with the leaders of both parties, in the interest of peace and compromise.

The second reading was carried by a majority of 33. Then came the struggle in Committee. On July 8th the Primate reported to the Queen that the amendments had practically saved for the Church £3,000,000 out of the £16,000,000 which constituted its endowments. To this the Queen replied :—

“ Windsor Castle, July 11th, 1869.

“ The Queen thanks the Archbishop very much for his letter. She is very sensible of the prudence, and at the same time anxiety, for the welfare of the Irish Establishment which the Archbishop has manifested in his conduct throughout the debates, and she will be very glad if the amendments which have been adopted at his suggestion lead to the settlement of the question; but to effect this, concessions, the Queen believes, will still have to be made on *both* sides. The Queen must say that she cannot view without alarm the possible consequences of another year of agitation on the Irish Church, and she would ask the Archbishop seriously to consider, in case the concessions to which the Government may agree should not go so far as he may himself wish, whether the postponement of the settlement for another year would not be likely to result in worse rather than in better terms for the Church. The Queen trusts, therefore, that the Archbishop will himself consider and, as far as he can, endeavour to induce others to consider, any concessions that may be offered by the House of Commons, in the most conciliatory spirit.”—“ Life of Archbishop Tait,” vol. ii., pp. 35, 36.

When the struggle between Lords and Commons began over the Lords' amendments, it seemed as if a decisive collision was inevitable. By a majority of 74 the Lords adhered to the principle of concurrent endowment, which the Commons had rejected by an even greater majority. But the Queen pulled it off after all. How it was done is told in the Archbishop's diary, from which the following is an extract:—

“Herne Bay, Sunday, 25th July.

“Last Sunday we spent at Hatfield. On our return to town on Monday morning (July 19th) I found a messenger from Windsor waiting for me with a further letter from the Queen about the Irish



THE QUEEN IN CRIMSON ROBES, 1838.

(After a painting by Sir George Hayter, dedicated to the Duchess of Kent.)

Church. It is a great blessing that the Queen takes such a vivid interest in the welfare of her people, and is, *e.g.*, so earnest to ward off a collision between the two Houses of Parliament. I wrote an immediate short answer, of which I had no time to make a copy. I told Lord Salisbury (and next morning we had a further conversation on the subject). At one o'clock on Monday (19th) I met the Dean of Windsor, by appointment, fresh from the Queen. Afterwards had an interview with Gladstone. I took his terms to Cairns and Salisbury at Cairns' room in House of Lords at four o'clock. Found Grey, Carnarvon, and Salisbury with Stanhope and Cairns there. . . . The 'ultimatum' (as it was then supposed) of Cairns was entrusted to me, and I arranged where I should see him next day. The University Tests Bill and the Bishops Resignation Bill kept me late at the House. Tuesday (20th) was given up to negotiations between Cairns and Gladstone, which all proved ineffectual, and an apparently hopeless quarrel . . . broke out on Tuesday evening. I went home in despair, thinking the House of Lords had lost all it had gained during the last six weeks. Very low in spirits, I reported to

the Queen through a letter to the Dean of Windsor between twelve and one that night . . . Early next morning I wrote to Gladstone and Lord Granville, and telegraphed to the Dean of Windsor, offering my services still, if it were possible, to restore peace.

"On reaching Mr. Cubitt's found a Treasury messenger with letters from Gladstone and Granville, sent off after the meeting of the Cabinet.

"Received another letter from Gladstone, expressing his readiness to concede further . . . Urged the Irish Bishops to accede to terms. Found them too much afraid of their Irish friends. Peterborough tried in vain to induce them. Was obliged to go to Ritual Commission at one o'clock, and during my stay there (at our last meeting for the season) negotiated with Stanhope, Bishop of Gloucester, Lords Harrowby and Beauchamp, in favour of Gladstone's new terms. Bishop of Peterborough went to Cairns, and secured a meeting for me at four. Found him with Salisbury just going to meet Granville. Read him Gladstone's fresh overture. By five o'clock all was settled. See *Hansard* for account of the debate and the mutual felicitations.

"We have made the best terms we could, and, thanks to the Queen, a collision between the Houses has been averted."—"Life of Archbishop Tait," vol. ii., pp. 41, 42.

It is not surprising that, having thus engineered the Bill through what seemed insurmountable difficulties, the Queen's Go-between received the warmest congratulations from Her Majesty, who wrote him her Royal recognition of his combined firmness and moderation throughout this unhappy crisis, from the second reading to the end.

There is enough in this episode alone to justify the conviction that the nicely poised balance of our Constitution would long ago have landed us in a hopeless deadlock but for the gracious influence of the Crowned Peacemaker, whose interventions in the party arena are always those worthy of a *Dea ex Machinâ*.

There is a very significant passage in Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," showing how seriously the Queen interpreted her functions as Supreme Governor of the Church. When war was declared with Russia in 1854, Lord Aberdeen suddenly announced, in reply to a question in the House of Lords, that it was intended to appoint a Day of Humiliation. The Queen was startled. She was strongly against a Day of Humiliation, and said so with emphasis:—

"She thinks we have recourse to them far too often, and they thereby lose all effect. Were the Services selected for these days of a different kind from what they are, the Queen would feel less strongly about it, but they always select chapters from the Old Testament and Psalms, which are so totally inapplicable that all the effect such occasions ought to have is entirely done away with."

Besides, she did not see why we should humiliate ourselves, whereas it was all Russia's fault! Nevertheless the day was fixed. But the Queen again returned to the charge:—

"The Queen had meant to speak to Lord Aberdeen yesterday about this Day of Prayer and Supplication, as she particularly wishes it should be called, and not Fast and Humiliation as after a calamity. Surely it should *not* be a day of mourning. The Queen spoke very strongly about it to the Archbishop, and urged great care in the selection of the Service. Would Lord Aberdeen inculcate the Queen's wishes into the Archbishop's mind, that there be *no* Jewish imprecations against our enemies, &c., but an earnest expression of thankfulness to the Almighty for the immense blessings we have enjoyed, as well as entreaty for protection of our forces by land and sea, and to ourselves, in the coming struggle? If Lord Aberdeen will look at the Service to be Used at Sea, he will find a beautiful prayer, 'To be used before a Fight at Sea,' which the Queen thinks (as well as other portions of that fine Service) would be very applicable to the occasion, as there is no mention of the sea."

The Queen got her way as to the character of the Service, but the precedents were too strong for her to succeed in changing the title. Nor was this to be regretted. If ever a nation needed to humiliate itself in the dust because of entering upon a war, it was England in that selfsame year of 1854. We have been humiliated indeed ever since, and even yet the cup of our humiliation is not filled.

The ceremony through which all Bishops have to pass before being inducted into their dioceses emphasises in significant fashion the supremacy of the Crown. Dr. Tait thus describes how he did homage to the Queen at Windsor after his enthronement as Bishop of London:—

"The ceremony was imposing, and I felt that to her kind heart I owed much. She spoke very kindly to me after the homage . . . (I was) conducted by Sir George Grey into the Queen's closet—a very small room—where I found the Queen and Prince Albert. Having been presented by Sir George, I kneeled down on both knees before the Queen, just like a little boy at his mother's knee. I placed my

joined hands between hers, while she stooped her head so as almost to bend over mine, and I repeated slowly and solemnly the very impressive words of the oath which constitutes the Act of Homage.”—“Life of Archbishop Tait,” vol. i., p. 206.

Nor was it a mere formal ceremony. The Prince Consort, who was then at the mature age of twenty-six, defined his notion of the position and duties of the Bishops in the House of Lords in a memorandum which he presented to Dr. Wilberforce, then Dean of Windsor. The memorandum might, perhaps, with advantage, be printed in an appendix to the Prayer Book. Here are some of its salient features:—

“A Bishop ought to abstain completely from mixing himself up with the politics of the day, and beyond giving a general support to the Queen’s Government, and occasionally voting for it, should take no part in the discussion of State affairs (for instance, Corn Laws, Game Laws, Trade or Financial questions); but he should come forward whenever the interests of humanity are at stake, and give boldly and manfully his advice to the House and country (I mean questions like Negro emancipation, education of the people, improvement of the health of towns, measures for the recreation of the poor, against cruelty to animals, for regulating factory labour, &c., &c.).

“As to religious affairs, he cannot but take an active part in them, but let that always be the part of a *Christian*, not of a mere *Churchman*. Let him never forget the insufficiency of human knowledge and wisdom, and the impossibility for any man, or even Church, to say, ‘I am right; I alone am right.’ Let him, therefore, be meek, and liberal, and tolerant to other confessions, but let him never forget that he is a representative of the Church of the Land, the maintenance of which is as important to the country as that of its Constitution or its Throne. Let him here always be conscious that the Church has duties to fulfil, that it does not exist for itself, but for the people, for the country, and that it ought to have no higher aim than to be the Church of the People. Let there be, therefore, no calling for new rights, privileges, grants, &c., but show the zeal and eagerness of the Church to stretch her powers and capabilities to the utmost for the fulfilment of her sacred duties to the people in ministering and teaching.

“A Bishop ought to be uniformly a peacemaker, and when he can, it is his duty to lessen political or other animosities, and remind the Peers of their duties as Christians. He ought to be a guardian of public morality, not, like the press, by tediously interfering with every man’s private affairs, speaking for applause, or trampling on those that are fallen, but by watching over the morality of the State in acts which expediency or hope for profit may tempt it to commit, as well in Home and Colonial as in Foreign affairs. He should likewise boldly admonish the public even against its predominant feeling, if this be contrary to the purest standard of morality (reproving, for instance, the recklessness and wickedness of the proprietors of railway schemes, who, having no funds themselves, acquire riches at the expense of others, their dupes). Here the nation is in the greatest danger, as every individual gets corrupted and every sense of shame is lost.

“In this way the Bishops would become a powerful force in the Lords, and the country would feel that their presence there supplies a great want, and is a great protection to the people.”—“Prince Consort’s Life,” Part II., p. 23.

No doubt, no doubt. But the interesting and curious thing is that in this exposition of the duties of a Bishop, the Prince Consort unconsciously defined the standard of obligation which the Queen herself as Supreme Governor of the Church has always endeavoured to fulfil.

## II.—AS HEAD OF THE CIVIC CHURCH.

Whatever may be thought of Her Majesty as the Supreme Head of the Anglican Church, there can be no two opinions upon the excellence of the fashion in which she discharges her functions as Head of the Civic Church. This phrase of mine, often misunderstood, is nevertheless very simple. What is the Church? The Church was the machinery Christ devised for saving the world by self-sacrificing love. It is the Union of all who Love in the Service of all who Suffer. It is wider than all sects, broader than all dogmas; its inspiration is the example of Christ, its ethics are outlined in ideal in the Sermon on the Mount; its standard of judgment is defined in the parting made at the last day between the sheep and the goats, between the Blessed of our Father and the Accursed. It is undenominational and catholic, and upon its order of the day these words are inscribed:—“Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise—think on these things.”

For seven years and more I have been constantly proclaiming, in the pages of my



Review, and on numberless platforms in the Old World and the New, that the one great need of the world just now is an organisation that will enable all good men to unite their forces in working for such ideal of good as is common to them all—to pool their information and their experience, and to concentrate their attack upon those things which are universally admitted to be bad. Without disparaging the efforts of the sects, there is still need for a rallying-point, a headquarters staff, and a representative centre, which would be recognised by all who are trying to do good as the source from which they would never fail to obtain sympathy, encouragement, and help. In the words of the circular issued on the founding of the Civic Federation of Chicago, "The object of this organisation, and in general concentration of all the forces that are to advance philanthropic, religious, and other interests, and to that is possible effecting towards the public conscience." and more been me of late nearest existence to the here defined respects, to be English Monarchy that it is lacking in functions. But all the Queen has been for many nearest approach to a Archbishop of all Humanitarian British Empire head of all



THE QUEEN IN JUBILEE DRESS, JULY, 1887.

(Photographed by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.)

and individuals who are striving to attain those great ideals of human welfare and social progress on which general agreement exists among the people.

A lady of much intensity of spiritual vision, and exquisitely sensitive to the moral movements of the time, wrote me when I asked her about the Queen :—

"My feeling about her has always been a conflicting one. I love her for the warmth of her heart, for the fundamental simplicity of her womanly, motherly nature, for the genuineness and depth of her ever-ready sympathy. But I always find myself wishing that she—and Royalties generally—had more of the reforming spirit—in moral and social questions, not political ones, of course. I sigh when I think of the incalculable influence the Queen might have wielded if she had had some of the instincts and aspirations of her whom I have called the Best Woman, if she could have cared as much about the C. D. question as Josephine Butler, about purity in men as Sarah Grand, about justice to her 'nigger' subjects as Olive Schreiner, and so on and so on."

I quote this as expressing a natural, although I take it a mistaken, estimate of the functions of the Head of the Civic Church, in which is embodied, as I will presently

tion, briefly into one political, non-tre of all the now labouring our municipal, industrial, and terests, and to that is possible gising and giving the public It has more borne in upon years that the ing approxi-organisation is, in many re-found in our narch. I ad-imperfect and many direc-take it all in is, and has years, the proach we cular Arch-Britain—a lay Pontiff of the pire, the visi-associations

point out, a not less mistaken impression of the Queen's position on two at least of the questions referred to.

What is wanted in a Commander-in-Chief is that he should be in communication with the whole Army, rather than that he should head dashing charges of the van or scout with the Uhlans far ahead of the main body. And what is wanted in the Head of the Civic Church is that she should be the defender and exponent of the body of doctrine universally received by the heart and conscience of all her subjects. To occupy such a position precludes any very active participation in the promotion of ideas or of doctrines which are in advance of the moral standard of the mass of the community. My correspondent would have had the Queen to be more of a Peter the Great than the modest marker of the general average.

There is a fine homage to the principle of Democracy and of popular sovereignty in the rule which Royalty has laid down for itself in relation to all movements of moral, industrial, and religious progress. It is a rule, for instance, that no Prince of the Blood shall preside over a meeting at which there is likely to be opposition. They only intervene when all are agreed. So far, indeed, is carried the right of popular veto that even the minority is allowed to prevent Royal action. Hence the action of Royalty is a kind of accepted register of national or local unanimity. When causes are in their fighting stage, however keenly the Queen may personally sympathise and wish them success, it is held to be unseemly for her to identify herself with any movement to which even a minority of her subjects are conscientiously opposed. Take, for instance, the cause of medical women. On this subject, although there can be little doubt as to the side on which the Queen must naturally stand, if only from her keen sympathy with the women of India, it is sometimes made a subject of complaint by the pioneers that Her Majesty has not given their cause a helping hand. But this was natural, owing to the fact that, in these early days of storm and struggle, the Queen would have had to take sides against a large section of her subjects, who, however mistaken they might be, could not be said to be condemned by the conscience of the nation. There is no such difference of opinion as to the training of women for nursing, and here the support of the Queen and all the Royal Family has been continuously afforded. Take another instance. There were two societies founded in London within a few years of each other—the National Vigilance Association and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The objects of both are in the highest degree worthy of the support of every humane man and woman. But the National Vigilance Association had to contend from the first against a strong prejudice existing in the minds of many respecting any attempt to increase the severity with which the law and public opinion punish criminal vice. Hence, although there is probably not a member of the Vigilance Society but feels convinced that its operations have the hearty sympathy of the Queen, no one dreamed of asking her to take the Association officially under her patronage. It is otherwise with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Not even the man about town or the worst Judges on the Bench disapprove of the punishment of child-torturers. Hence the Queen can be and is the patron of this excellent Society, as she is the patron of that other excellent Society for the Protection of Animals from Cruelty. Take a third instance. No one can read the passages in which the Queen has referred to the consolation of her widowhood without feeling that Her Majesty not only believes but knows the truth of the doctrine of Spirit return. For instance, she writes:—"The only sort of consolation she experiences is in the constant sense of his unseen presence, and the blessed thought of the eternal union hereafter which will make the anguish of the present appear as nought." But no one, on the strength of the Queen's own personal experiences, would have had her scandalise the prejudices of her subjects by becoming, let us say, a patron of the Spiritualist Alliance. On the other hand, in taking part in a General Thanksgiving either for the recovery of the Prince

of Wales or for the Jubilee of her Reign, the Queen is able to discharge the natural and proper *role* of her central position, for she then acts in accord with the unanimous sentiment of all her subjects.

But because the Queen is by her position precluded from heading forlorn hopes, or commanding in person those adventurous associations of pioneers who play the John Baptist part of preparing the way for the main body, it must not be supposed that Her Majesty's conception of the functions of the Crown confine her utterances to a mere colourless expression of truths which have become so commonplace as to be obvious to everybody. On the contrary, no Pope could be more vigorous and outspoken when the time for excommunication or fulmination has arrived. There are some occasions upon which the supreme prayer of the devout heart is to hear some one say "Damn" as if they meant it. The Queen does not hesitate to say "Damn" with emphasis when the need arises. Such a case undoubtedly was that when General Gordon perished at his post at Khartoum owing to the delay in the dispatch of the relieving expedition. The moral sense of roused and inspired the whole world, by the self-abnegation, was outraged by the news of his death. The Queen, acting as the mouthpiece of the national sentiment, sent a telegram to her Ministers which, in good, sound, plain English, told them what she thought of policy of 'Too Late'; and then, remembering the personal sor-sister, Her Majesty don the following of being held in ever-as an illustration of woman, the freedom vigorous vehemence the sympathy of the P-imate of All Britain with which our Lady nounce the major can on occasion pro-excommunication :—



GENERAL GORDON.

(Photographed by Ernest E. White, Dighton's Art Studio, Cheltenham.)

"Dear Miss Gordon, or how shall I attempt to *think* of your dear, noble, his country and his Queen with a self-sacrifice so dei-having been rescued—port were not fulfilled—constantly pressed on those who asked him to go—is to me *grief inexpressible*!—indeed, it has made me ill. My heart bleeds for you, his sister, who have gone through so many anxieties on his account, and who loved the dear brother as he deserved to be. You are all so good and trustful and have such strong faith, that you will be sustained even now, when *real* absolute evidence of your dear brother's death does not exist—but I fear there cannot be much doubt of it. Some day I hope to see you again to tell you all I cannot express. My daughter Beatrice, who has felt quite as I do, wishes me to express her deepest sympathy from *abroad*: from my eldest daughter, the Crown Princess, and from my cousin, the King of the Belgians, the very warmest. Would you express to your other sisters and your elder brother my true sympathy, and what I do so keenly feel—the *stain* left upon England for your dear brother's *cruel*, though heroic, fate!

"Osborne,  
February 17th, 1885.

*How* shall I write to you, express *what I feel*? To heroic brother, who served so truly, so heroically, fying to the world, not That the promises of sup—which I so frequently and

"Ever, dear Miss Gordon, yours sincerely and sympathisingly,  
"V.R.I."

My Quaker correspondent, from whom I have quoted, sighed that the Queen did not care as much about justice to her "nigger" subjects as Olive Schreiner. I do not think that, much as I love and admire Olive Schreiner, the author of "*Trooper Halket of Mashonaaland*" has any right to be regarded as caring more for justice to blacks

than Her Majesty. The two South African statesmen whom Her Majesty supported as far as she constitutionally could against the opinion of her Ministers, Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere, were pre-eminently men who cared for justice. To this day millions of her "nigger" subjects believe more in the Queen than in any other being, whether God or man.

The one occasion of all others in which the national passion was roused, and we were in imminent peril of doing cruel injustice to our coloured fellow-subjects, occurred during the Indian Mutiny. The savage atrocities of the mutineers roused a spirit both in India and in this country which, if it had not been checked, might have left an indelible stain upon our name. How was it checked? It was stemmed by Lord Canning, who was supported vigorously by Her Majesty, against the ferocious outcries of a vindictive press. "There is a rabid and indiscriminate vindictiveness abroad," Lord Canning wrote privately to the Queen on September 25th, 1857, "even amongst many who ought to set a better example, which it is impossible not to contemplate without a feeling of shame for one's countrymen." To this the Queen replied in language which, although not so rhetorical as Olive Schreiner's, anticipated the novelist's appeal by nearly forty years, and in much more practical fashion. She wrote :—

"Lord Canning will easily believe how entirely the Queen shares his feelings of sorrow and indignation at the unchristian spirit shown, alas! also to a great extent here by the public towards Indians in general, and towards Sepoys *without discrimination*! It is, however, not likely to last, and comes from the horror produced by the unspeakable atrocities perpetrated upon the innocent women and children, which make one's blood run cold and one's heart bleed! For the perpetrators of these awful horrors no punishment can be severe enough, and, sad as it is, stern justice must be dealt out to all the guilty. But to the nation at large—to the peaceable inhabitants—to the many kind and friendly natives who have assisted us, sheltered the fugitives, and been faithful and true—there should be shown the greatest kindness. They should know that there is no hatred to a brown skin—none; but the greatest wish on their Queen's part to see them happy, contented, and flourishing."

When the Mutiny was suppressed, and in the summer of the following year (1858) the time came for announcing the new policy and the new Government to the people of India, Her Majesty again intervened on behalf of justice to the native. The Queen was abroad when the first draft of the proclamation reached her. It was a miserable, jejune document, without heart in it or religion, and withal it had the incredible ill-taste to allude to the power the Government possessed of undermining native religions and customs. The Queen was revolted at the threat. The proclamation would never do :—

"Her Majesty disapproves of the expression which declares that she has the power of 'undermining the Indian religions.' Her Majesty would prefer that the subject should be introduced in a declaration in the sense that the deep attachment which Her Majesty feels to her own religion, and the comfort and happiness which she derives from its consolation, will preclude her from any attempt to interfere with the native religions, and that her servants will be directed to act scrupulously in accordance with her directions."

But she was not satisfied with merely indicating objections in detail; she had the whole proclamation re-written. She wrote :—

\* "The Queen would be glad if Lord Derby would write it himself in his excellent language, bearing in mind that it is a female Sovereign who speaks to more than a hundred millions of Eastern people on assuming the direct government of them, and after a bloody civil war giving them pledges which her future reign is to redeem, and explaining the principles of her government. Such a document should breathe feelings of generosity, benevolence, and religious toleration, and point out the privileges which the Indians will receive on being placed on an equality with the subjects of the British Crown, and the prosperity following in the train of civilisation."

The proclamation was re-written "entirely in the spirit of your Majesty's observations." But still the Queen was not quite satisfied, so she added in her own hand to the last sentence these words :—

"May the God of all power grant to us and those in authority under us strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of our people!"

That is a record that ought not to be forgotten even by those who are lost in admiration at Olive Schreiner's variant on the Sermon on the Mount. Her Majesty

has ever taken the deepest interest in her coloured subjects. It was this that was at the bottom of the Empress of India idea; it was this which led her to send the Prince of Wales on his tour through Hindostan. She is probably the only notable Englishwoman who has chosen a personal attendant from the East, and certainly is the only lady of our land who at the age of sixty began to learn Hindostani.



GROUP OF THE QUEEN, PRINCE ALBERT, AND PRINCESS ROYAL, WITH DEAD GAME.  
(After a painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.)

Some people may think little of the fact that even during her sojourn in Southern France the Queen has been accompanied by an Indian confidential servant. But few facts could more markedly illustrate the continuing personal interest the Queen takes in the dim millions of her Oriental Empire. For to the Queen her personal attendants are much more important factors in her existence than the great nobles and princes who throng her Court. Her Majesty is probably the only author in the world who

dedicated any of her works to her body-servant, and no author has ever lavished upon princely patron more fervent eulogy than the Queen bestowed upon John Brown, of whom she says :—

“A truer, nobler, trustier heart,  
More loyal and more loving, never beat  
Within a human breast.”

The other lamentation of my correspondent, in which she deplores that the Queen does not care as much about purity in men as Sarah Grand, is almost as grotesque as if one were to lament that the great Napoleon cared less about the winning of victories than the latest drummer boy who executes a fantasia upon the stretched sheepskin. Sarah Grand is a good woman, who wrote “The Heavenly Twins” with the best intentions in the world, desiring, and succeeding in her desire, to call public attention to an evil too often slurred over and ignored. But to compare her services or her “care” for a purer life with the lifelong service of the Queen in the same cause is just a trifle too much. Is it not a fact that the Queen has constantly discouraged the appointment of Ministers and high officials whose life has not been able to bear inspection? Is it not an open secret that two of the most notable Prime Ministers of the century were for years more or less cold-shouldered at Court because of a certain looseness in talk and language which Her Majesty disliked and showed that she disliked? When she began her reign it was not under the austere auspices. Lord Melbourne is said to have declared on one occasion that “that damned morality is sure to ruin everything.” But who is there who does not agree with Baron Stockmar that it was the stainless purity of the Queen that saved everything? Take the testimony of Mr. Brett, a shrewd observer, well situated and capable of judging things as they are. He says, in his “Yoke of Empire” :—

“If from the Reform Bill of 1832 to the retirement of Mr. Gladstone in 1894 the Puritan middle classes have governed England, they certainly have no cause to complain of the sympathetic response of the Sovereign to their views and demands. A high standard of virtue had not been hitherto characteristic of the British Hanoverian Court. George the Third had, it is true, endeared himself to the people by his simple domestic life, but the conduct of the Prince Regent altogether destroyed the use of the Court as an example for the people. The two first Georges flaunted their mistresses as openly as any Stuart, while William the Fourth had fathered and ennobled a tribe of illegitimate children. . . . The character and rule of Queen Victoria have set a high standard below which it will be impossible for a monarch to fall without personal disaster. . . . Out of the Slough of the Regency the Queen and Prince Albert raised the Court of England to the first place among nations. For twenty years the loftiest example of domestic and public virtue was conspicuous on the Throne. Upon society the effect was instantaneous, and the decorous behaviour of the Court led, if not to virtue, at any rate to the concealment of vices which had been previously openly flaunted. Paternity was no longer a matter of speculation.”

All which is well and truly said. Of this phase of the subject—of the Queen as the ideal wife and mother—I must postpone remark till my next chapter. Let us now turn to the more general service rendered to the nation by the Monarch who has acted as the embodiment of the great undenominational virtues of the Civic Church.

“I was hungered, and ye gave me meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink : I was a stranger, and ye took me in : naked, and ye clothed me : I was sick, and ye visited me : I was in prison, and ye came unto me.” These six duties of man to man constitute the bed-rock of the working creed of the Civic Church. Its Head has seldom lost an opportunity of emphasising the importance of these duties from the time of her accession down to the present day, when the only gifts she consents to accept in commemoration of her Great Jubilee are those which would minister to the happiness and comfort of the poorest of her subjects. Not jewels for her diadem, but beds for the hospitals of the poor—these are the wishes of the good Queen. Again to quote Mr. Brett :—

“The Queen has ever conspicuously maintained her high moral attitude of benevolence, of personal sympathy in sorrow, of tender gratitude for public service, of tender regard for misfortune, pain or death in the meanest of her subjects.”

To have done this, and done it supremely well, for sixty years on end, is indeed a

record of which the human race, and not Great Britain alone, has indeed cause to be proud. It marks the high-water mark of human endeavour under the most arduous circumstances, beneath the fierce light that proverbially beats upon the throne.

The steady adherence in personal practice to the great simple virtues of Honour and Truth is enough to pre-eminently distinguish the reign. John Bright, a Quaker not given to flattering those who wear crowns, declared emphatically that Her Majesty was the most absolutely truthful person he had ever met. For all the small crafts of the courtier she has ever had the most sovereign contempt. In her eyes to be straightforward and sincere is the first of all virtues. Her anxious desire to see things as they are, to know the truth, to hear at first hand exactly what has happened, has always been conspicuous. She has forgiven rudeness, *brusquerie*, everything but deceit and trickiness. Over and over again her Ministers, even those against whom she had at one time a well-grounded prejudice, have recognised with heartfelt gratitude the support which she has rendered them without stint or grudging, even when they have been carrying out a policy of which she personally disapproved.

Next to the passion of the Queen for truth, must be placed that other great English virtue—the passion for solid work as opposed to mere ceremonial. In the famous *communiqué* which she caused to be inserted in *The Times* in 1866, Her Majesty expressed herself with almost Republican severity on the insignificance of the externals of Court life compared with the real hard work of the government of the realm. After explicitly contradicting the report that she was about to return to Society, she said :—

“Whenever any real object is to be obtained by her appearing on public occasions, any national interest to be promoted, or anything to be encouraged which is for the good of the people, Her Majesty will not shrink, as she has not shrunk, from any personal sacrifice or exertion, however painful. But there are other and higher duties than those of mere representation which are now thrown upon the Queen alone and unassisted—duties which she cannot neglect without injury to the public service—which weigh unceasingly upon her, overwhelming her with work and anxiety. . . . To call upon her to undergo in addition the fatigue of those mere State ceremonies which can be equally well performed by other English members of family, is to ask her to run the risk of entirely disabling herself for the discharge of those over duties which cannot be neglected without serious injury to the public interests.”

There is the true note of Republican simplicity and of a born ruler's contempt for the frippery and gilding of things compared with the realities underneath.

There is naturally but little known of the part taken by the Queen in the initiative of legislation for the welfare of the poor. Her hearty Godspeed has never been lacking whenever any project has commanded sufficient public support to justify her affixing to it her Royal sign manual. Where any persons have done conspicuous service to the suffering, them the Queen delighteth to honour. Florence Nightingale was entertained and decorated, and Mrs. Stowe was honoured, from the bounty of a heart overflowing with sympathy with the helpless and the tortured. No great disaster at sea or in the mine, on railway or in battle-field, has desolated a hundred British homes without eliciting from the Queen prompt telegram of sympathy, followed usually by a subscription from the Royal purse.

It is curious to read over the Prince Consort's letter-essay on the duties of a Bishop in the House of Lords (printed on a previous page), and to compare it with the duties actually performed by Her Majesty in the State. Those who do so will see how closely Her Majesty has followed her husband's advice even as if she were in the Episcopate herself.

The first official steps taken in the direction of National Education were due to the direct initiative of the Queen. As the Duke of Argyll said long after :—“The Sovereigns of this country do take, and are expected to take, an active personal share in the government which is conducted in their name. The Queen,” he added, “during all time of her care and sorrow had devoted herself without one day's intermission to those cares of government which belong to her position as Sovereign of this

country." Her Majesty's initiative was distinctly acknowledged in the first official circular which raised the question of National Education. In 1846, she, with the Prince Consort, was much interested in Dean Hook's proposal to establish a system of national education on the broad basis of universal State-supported Elementary Schools on a strictly secular basis. One day in the week, however, was to be set apart for religious instruction, to be given by each denomination to the children of its own members.

Of the zeal of the Queen and of the Prince Consort for higher education I need not speak.

The Queen's letter to the railway companies in 1865 is interesting as illustrating the desire of Her Majesty to level up the comfort and safety of the masses to that which she herself enjoys. A succession of serious railway accidents led her to reflect upon the difference between her own safely-guarded journeys and the risks run by the general public. So without more ado she sat down and launched a letter to the railway companies in which she urged them to take more care of her subjects :—

"The Queen hopes it is unnecessary for her to recall to the recollection of railway directors the heavy responsibility they have assumed since they have succeeded in securing the monopoly of the means of travelling of almost the entire population of the country."

It is pleasant to hear a reminder from such exalted quarters of the responsibilities of monopolists—it is a reminder which is quite as much needed in the uncrowned Republic across the sea.

The Queen has democratised the distribution of honours. The Victoria Cross is distributed without regard to rank. The Albert Medal is equally given to rich and poor, noble and plebeian, if so be that they have merited the distinction by some heroic act of self-sacrifice in the saving of life. Whether in devising medals, distributing them, inditing telegrams, or taking part in public reviews or receptions, Her Majesty has been assiduous in praising those that do well, and encouraging all that is best in Church and in State.

So great and signal a continued series of services rendered by the Queen suggests the thought whether it might not be possible to localise the Victorian tradition by creating in every parish and town and county and colony something that would be equivalent within the locality to the Monarchy in its wider range. The Civic Centre, the Civic Federation, represent an attempt to create, in the village or the city, a centre which would be to the community what the Queen is to the Empire.

It is true that such a body would have none of the great prestige of the Crown. It could distribute no honours and reward no services. But although without such instruments of influence and of authority, it might nevertheless be greatly serviceable if it were but to take Her Majesty's conduct as its example, and try to do in its own restricted area what she does in her more exalted sphere.

It is of course presumptuous, and ridiculous withal, to compare so puny and insignificant an effort as the organising of the altruistic forces of the community as has been made by the proposed Association of Helpers with the imposing and glorious Monarchy of Britain. But the greatest may help the smallest, and in the principles and practice of the Sovereign the least of subjects may find much to encourage and to guide. What is wanted is that in every centre of population within her Empire, the Helpful who desire to help their fellow-men should be in some way or other banded together so as to enable the local community to enjoy the advantage of a centre where sits some one at least who is above parties and sects, and whose one desire is to discourage evil and to encourage those that do well. And that community will be the healthiest and most progressive which succeeds most perfectly in establishing either on an aristocratic or democratic basis the most efficient local representative of the principles and practice of Her Majesty the Queen.





THE QUEEN, THE PRINCE CONSORT, AND THEIR FIVE ELDEST CHILDREN.

Painted by Sir David Wilkie, 1842. The original is in the collection of the Queen Victoria Museum, London.

## V.—THE QUEEN AS DOMESTIC EXEMPLAR.

**H**ER MAJESTY is a Queen, ay, every inch a Queen. But before she was a Queen she was a woman. Her reign as Sovereign has been protracted beyond the longest reign of English monarchs; but her sixty years of sovereignty fall short of her seventy-eight years of womanhood. As sixty is to seventy-eight, so is—no, the rule of three does not apply. For there is no comparison. Victoria as Woman is so immeasurably more important to the majority of her subjects than Her Majesty the Queen and Empress, that no arithmetical comparison can express the difference.

The reason is obvious. Among the four hundred million subjects of the Queen of Britain and Empress of India there may be, perhaps—it is an outside allowance—four millions who have any adequate idea of the real every-day work of our Sovereign Lady the Queen. It is probably nearer the mark to say that only four hundred thousand persons, at the very utmost, have even an elementary conception of the part which she has played as Monarch in the modern State. Of those who really understand how diligent and useful the Queen has been all these sixty years of her reign as Ruler and Sovereign, as inspirer of Imperial policies, and as peacemaker and general manager in last resort of all great controversies, it is doubtful whether there are four thousand all told. I have some means of gauging this by the bewildered amazement and blank incredulous denials which have been evoked by the four preceding articles of this series. We never knew, say my readers—we had no idea before that the Queen really counted for so much in the State. The evidence that she has inspired great Colonial and Indian policies, that she has prevented wars and averted great crises—all these things, even after sixty years, are practically unknown to the vast majority of her subjects. To display the real workings of the Monarchy in the modern State, to unveil the secret influence of the Sovereign in our Democratic age, has been a veritable revelation to thousands—a revelation the authenticity of which even now is frankly questioned by many of those who ought to know better. But while only four thousand, or at the outside four millions, appreciate the Queen as Sovereign, there is not one among all the four hundred millions who is not more or less qualified to appreciate the Woman who, for sixty years, has been the foremost figure in the greatest Empire in the world.

We are all of woman born, and one-half of us are born women. Every one of us worshipped a woman in the days when in earliest infancy mother was to us the soul Incarnation of all the Gods—the Love of Heaven come down to earth for our exclusive benefit. Of the moiety of the race who attain man's estate, hardly one but has worshipped some other woman, and most of us more than one. As maiden, daughter, sister, bride, mother, aunt, grandmother and widow, there is none of us so utterly forlorn and orphaned by destiny but has at one time or another had practical personal experience of the Angel in the House. She has either fascinated us with her charm, ministered to us with her love, soothed us with her sympathy, awed us by her resignation, or if she has done none of these things she has in some miraculous fashion by her very failures and imperfections made more vivid and more adorable the ideal woman which she, alas! was not. Hence there is not one of us but feels that he is more or less competent to appreciate, to understand, or to criticise the Queen regarded from the point of view of her womanhood. We all of us obey the poet's injunction—

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PRINCESS VICTORIA WITH HER MOTHER THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

*(After a pencil drawing by Sir George Hayter.)*

tion to the Prince Consort on his wedding-day, when she charged him by his poet mind :—

“ Which not by glory or degree takes measure of mankind,  
Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring,  
And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the royal thing.”

Into affairs of State, the complexities of treaties, the mysteries of diplomacy, and the intrigues of factions, the majority of people never enter. But we all have to live our lives and to make our homes, and it is because the Queen has lived her life and made her home for sixty years before the gaze of all her subjects who were doing the same thing in their cottages and villas, that she is known and loved and revered throughout the world.

Whatever may be said against Monarchy, this supreme service it renders to society. It substitutes for the person of a President, who may be soldier or politician, but who is always an individual and invariably a man, the spectacle of a Family, always composed of men and women, and sometimes, as in the present instance, presided over by a woman.



PRINCESS VICTORIA IN 1830.  
(After a drawing by F. W. Wilkin.)



PRINCESS VICTORIA IN 1835.  
(From a miniature by H. Colten.)

Everything that takes us out of ourselves and excites human sympathy for others makes for righteousness. Even the gossip of the village taproom and of the society paper is not without its uses. It links us with our kind, testifies to the reality of relationship, makes us in a real sense our brother's keeper, and helps us to realise that we are all neighbours one of another. Of all agencies devised by the ingenuity of man, nothing exceeds the Monarchy for stimulating interest in another family besides our own. The Royal Family is the only family besides our own into all the intimacies of which we are permitted to gaze. The naturalists who study bees in a glass hive find an absorbing interest even in the drones, providing they are under constant observation. In the Royal hive our Queen Bee lives always under glass. She is everybody's neighbour. The prayer for the Queen and all the Royal Family is a constant reproof of the selfish, exclusive anxiety for our own families which found such apt expression in the familiar litany of the north country pitman :—

“ O Lord, bless me and my wife,  
Our Jack and his wife,  
Us four, and no more,  
For His mercy's sake. Amen.”

The constant presence of the Family humanises all our life. Love-making forces its way into attention as a matter of equal importance with party intrigues, and an approaching confine-Cabinet councils. Be-the cradle, and the bier in the history of the linked to year by one riages and christen-coronation occurs once pageants are rare; but maternal care, they or by night; and in rows, the responsitions of domestic share alike. Hence Exemplar is far more Queen as Empire Sovereign, or the Church. For the versal of all Empires, all Kingdoms, and the of all Churches. And thunder-peal of noisy and the fierce agita-has become but an interest, the memory the Mother, and the to sustain and inspire innumerable families that are and that are yet to be.



THE QUEEN IN 1837.

ment claims priority to fore the marriage altar, all men are equal; and Royal Family year is long round of marings and funerals. A in a reign, and State the wifely duty, the intermit not by day the joys and the sor-bilities and the temp-life, we all share and the Queen as Domestic important than the Builder, the Queen as Queen as Head of the Family is the most uni-the most important of original germ and cell long after all the war has died away tion of political crises object of antiquarian of Victoria the Wife, Widow will continue

### I.—BRIDE.

Queen Victoria may fairly challenge comparison with Queen Elizabeth in Statesmanship and in Sovereignty. But in this higher region into which we are now entering there is no comparison. Elizabeth, however brilliant her Court, however numerous and devoted her suitors, lived and reigned and died alone. Jealousy she knew, and love. But—

“Wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring,”

was never hers. Unwedded she lived, childless she died, a splendid star, shining alone in the firmament, severed by that fact from the sacred communion of the joy and the sorrows of the children of men.

How different it has been with Queen Victoria! In her own long life she has almost exhausted the sum of the experiences of womankind. She has never known the anguish of unrequited love, the madness of jealousy, or the stony despair that deadens the heart of the deserted wife. Her wifehood while it lasted was quite ideal. Not to many, only to the rare few, is given to realise such perfect blessedness as the Queen found in her marriage. But to have it realised once, so completely and so ideally, in a family that lived under the fierce light beating upon the Throne has been as a benediction from the gods to all English-speaking men. What has been once may be again. The height which one wedded pair attained marks the level which the whole race may yet attain, and when that goal is gained mankind will indeed stand

near to the portals of Paradise. In that perfect union of two in one we see the "bright consummate flower" of the race, and in its fragrance and in its beauty, in its radiance and its charm, even those less favoured may renew their withered hopes and re-illumine their flickering faith. For they solved the well-nigh insoluble problem of life, these two, between whom was such perfect sympathy and understanding, that, in their home, disputes were unknown,

"Nor jealousy  
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell."

How was it done? What were the elements in this perfect union? Courts, and especially the English Court from the time of Charles the Second downwards, are not pre-eminently calculated to be the forcing-house of marital felicity. The answers to these questions, if so be they can be answered truly, would be the most important contribution of the Record Reign to the science of the conduct of life.

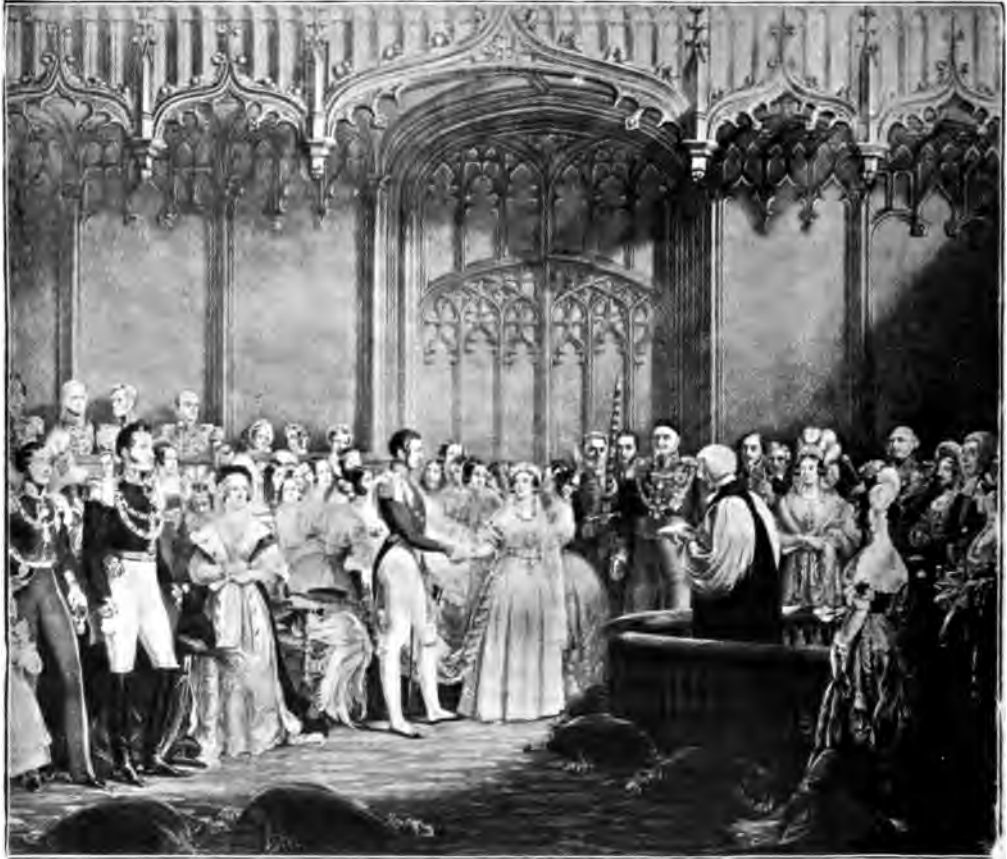
There was love of course to begin with, and to end with. That is as obvious and as necessary as that there must be air to breathe. For love is the vital breath of true marriage, without which it is only a desolate and barren wilderness in which groweth wormwood. But every one imagines they are in love before they marry. Nothing is so confidently believed in, so passionately asserted, in the first heyday of youthful emotion; and how often it takes to itself wings and flies away! Passionate protestations of intensity of feeling are no tests of love. There is only one test, and that is continuity, for every day brings its own test, and the more days the more tests. The love that lasts is the only love worth calling love; but in the nature of things no one can know if his or hers has the staying quality until it has stayed the course. Mere passion, born chiefly of sex attraction, is as evanescent as the flowers in spring. Without such florescence there would be no fruitage; but with many marriage is like an apple-tree, smothered in blossom in April, but with never an apple in September. Hence, in seeking to discover why the Queen's wedded life was so different from that of the majority of her subjects, while we must postulate love as a matter of course, we find the same postulate at the beginning of most marriages, even those which terminate unhappily; so that postulate helps us little in the object of our quest.

We must look elsewhere for the clue to the secret. The circumstances of the marriage, examined as we would examine the environment of a particularly fine specimen of some rare plant, are conspicuous enough.

First, they were almost exactly the same age. Secondly, they were married when very young. The Queen as bride was just over, the bridegroom just under, twenty-one years of age. Thirdly, the marriage was very fruitful, resulting in the birth of nine children in the space of eighteen years. Fourthly, they were never harassed by the spectre of Poverty, which so often when it enters the door causes love to fly out of the window. But all these things are true of many a pair who have begun their wedded life under auspices as propitious, although not so splendid, as those which attended the marriage of the Queen. For early marriages no doubt there is much to be said, although few parents would care to see their girls and boys married before they were two-and-twenty. In favour of such an early union there is to be urged the greater facility with which two youthful lives can merge into one, but there is against it the possibility that the character may not be set, and that the qualities which charm a girl of twenty may not commend themselves to the mature judgment of thirty or forty. In the case of the Queen, the severe discipline of her training and the steady-weight of a great responsibility made her older than her years. As for the Prince Consort, he seems to have been born with an old head upon his shoulders. Certainly he was older at twenty-one than many men are at twenty-five. The mere tale of

years as recorded by an almanac is therefore no fair indication as to the actual age of the contracting parties.

The marriage was a love match, but it was a love match diligently prepared in advance by the wise Stockmar and the sagacious Leopold. There was in this case no thought of allowing the young people to choose blindly. The matchmakers prepared the ground, having due regard to the temperament, character, and tastes of the parties. They did not arrogate to themselves the right to dictate. A strong dislike, or even the absence of any decided affection, would have brought all their plans to the ground. But they calculated, and the result justified their calculations,



GROUP AT THE MARRIAGE IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, 1840.

(After a painting by Sir George Hayter.)

that if the ground were well prepared and due opportunity were afforded, the two young people most concerned would take to each other rapidly enough. It was a happy blending between the marriage as arranged by parents in France and the love matches of our own country. So far as it goes it is undoubtedly a precedent to the good in favour of parents and guardians carefully selecting in advance, for approval or rejection, the life-partners of their children. No doubt reasons of State made such a course imperative in the case of the Queen, but reasons of happiness and domestic peace might be invoked to justify the adoption of a similar course in less exalted quarters.

At the very beginning of this marriage we are confronted with an inversion of the

parts, which perhaps helps to explain, trivial though the incident be, something of the singular felicity of their union. In this marriage it was the woman who, being able to escape from the enforced passivity of her sex by her Royal position, was not merely allowed, but compelled, to take the initiative. At the beginning of 1838, when her uncle urged upon the girl of nineteen to make some decisive arrangement with Prince Albert for 1839, the Queen demurred with emphasis. She was "ower young to marry yet," she said, and, besides, the Prince, whom she had seen, but with whom there had been no love passages, was not up to her mark. He did not speak English well, and before she could marry him he "must have a wider experience, more practised habits of observation, and more self-reliance." Even as late as the middle of the following year she hung back, and talked of postponing marriage until she was twenty-five. But when Prince Albert appeared at Windsor in the radiance of his early manhood, the girl's heart went out to the handsome young prince. "Albert's beauty is most striking, and he is most amiable and unaffected, in short very fascinating." So fascinating indeed that all talk of twenty-five was forgotten, and on October 15th, 1839, the story goes, some one saw the Queen come out of the room where the fateful words had been spoken. With exultant smile the Queen exclaimed, "I have been doing the most difficult thing I have ever done in my life. I have proposed to Albert, and he has accepted me." Thus all was settled between them in the simplest and most natural way in the world. To the conventional mind nothing more unwomanly than this initiative of proposing could have been imposed on the Queen. But neither she nor he seemed to find it unwomanly or unnatural. The happiness of life depends very little upon such trivialities of etiquette, and this episode illustrates the worthlessness of one of the conventions to which some attach such supreme importance.

Up to this time the Queen had been leading a life of dazzling and continuous excitement, which she afterwards declared to be "detrimented to all natural feelings and affections." What a difference there would have been in England if the process of detriment had gone so far as to make the young Queen prefer her life of dazzling excitement and independence so much as to lead her to elect deliberately to follow the example of the Virgin Queen! It might have been; possibly, if she had carried out the resolve not to marry for four years, it would have been. Fortunately it was not fated to be: and the charm of Prince Albert's youthful beauty was the instrument of destiny. Of course they were happy. The Prince wrote:—

"Heaven opens on the ravished eye,  
The heart is all entranced in bliss."

While the Queen exclaimed, "What am I that such happiness should be mine? For excess of happiness it is to know that I am so dear to you." But this, thank God, is the usual glimpse of Paradise, which the gracious powers vouchsafe to all lovers in the first bewildering ecstacy of the discovery that they love and are loved again. The important thing was, not that they saw the splendour of heaven for a season, but that they walked in the light of that radiance from that time forth till death did them part.

The Queen had to announce to the Privy Council—some eighty old gentlemen duly summoned to Buckingham Palace for that purpose—that she had resolved to contract a union which she was "strongly convinced would at once secure her domestic felicity and serve the interests of her country." The phrase may seem hackneyed, but it is the clue to the secret of the success of the marriage. Of this, however, more anon. It was noted that the Queen wore a bracelet with the Prince's portrait, "which seemed to give her courage" in making the announcement to the Privy Council. The approaching wedding had also to be announced to Parliament, with such help as braceleted portraits and other fortifiers could impart. The ordeal was not worse than that which most



women have to go through : it is sometimes harder to tell a relative than it would be to face the Lords spiritual and temporal, and the faithful Commons to boot.

"I cordially hope," said Sir Robert Peel, whose accession to the Premiership she had thwarted but a year or two before by her insistence on the retention of her Bed-chamber Women—"I cordially hope that the union now contemplated will contribute to Her Majesty's happiness, and enable her to furnish to her people an exalted example of wedded happiness."

It began well. On the day after the wedding, when the two had become one, and the young bride wrote to the old matchmaker Stockmar, she said, "There cannot exist a dearer, purer, nobler being in the world than the Prince." She worshipped her husband ; and he understood the glory and the divine beauty of the God-made nature of man and woman, which is never so glorious or so divine as when it is blended in one. When his brother Ernest left him, she wrote :—"Oh, how did I feel for my dearest, precious husband at this moment ! Father, brother, friends, country,—all has he left, and for me. God grant that I may be the happy person, the *most* happy person to make this dearest, blessed being happy and contented ! What is in my power to make him happy I will do." So was fulfilled unto her Mrs. Browning's prayer :—

"The blessings happy Peasants have, be thine, O crowned Queen."

## II.—WIFE.



THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT IN 1861.  
(Engraved by W. Holl from a photograph by Miss Day.)

The nice questions of the exact relations between the Crown and the Constitution, between the Sovereign and her advisers, have immense interest for the few. But for the majority of mortals, these high constitutional questions which the Queen had to solve are matters as foreign as the canals of Mars or the craters in the moon. But now the Queen was approaching the intimate constitutional problem which perplexes every homestead in her land. The management of the household, the ordering of the home, the conduct of life : these are matters which every newly-married couple must settle for themselves with such guidance as tradition may afford or established usage prescribe. This is the real *crux* of the Cabinet, and of the Bedchamber, and of the Drawing-room. The two have become one—but which is the one? No hard-and-

fast general rule can be laid down. It is a matter largely of personal equation. No one can deny that the influence of tradition, the vows of the marriage service, the words of Scripture, and the inherited, ingrained prejudices of both sexes tend to bias the result in favour of the husband. He is the head of the house. He it is whom his wife binds herself to obey. Hence he is under a natural and constant temptation to regard himself as having a Divine Right to rule. This is the old idea of kingship carried into the family circle. In innumerable homes to-day we have not progressed beyond the political ideals of the early Stuarts. That it is his duty to order and hers to obey seems to many a husband as much an ordinance of nature as the related doctrine of the divine right of kings to command and of subjects to submit appeared to the first Charles. Now it so happened that in the Queen's case the two superstitions neutralised each other. The prerogative of Royalty enabled the woman to hold her own on equal terms against the domination of the husband. As wife she was bound to obey, but as Queen she was born to command. They thus were able to start fair, mind to mind, heart to heart. She was the one woman in the land who was not handicapped by convention, and who possessed sufficient status as Queen to enable her to counterbalance her subjection as wife.

She had the authority, and she was encouraged to assert it. There were those who did all they could to prevent the Prince being master in his own house, and to deny him "even in the domestic circle that authority which belongs to the husband." But the Queen, having the chance of reigning in her own home, abdicated of her own free will. That which other husbands claim as a right, and which is often grudged them on that account by their unwilling subjects, the Queen's husband received as a free gift. The Queen always had very clear views as to the right and duty of the man to be head of the wife. She is of the opinion of the Apostle against whom Miss Rachel Chapman has recently opened a vehement polemic. "Without the authority which belongs to the husband," she says, "there cannot be true comfort or happiness in domestic life." Sir Theodore Martin, who in this as in other matters wrote under the eye and subject to the constant correction of the Queen, says:—

"The instinct of the woman, through which love runs into and triumphs in obedience, was sure to exert its supremacy over that desire of power, which we are too apt to assume must grow from the very exercise of it into a paramount passion. The marriage vow to 'obey,' as well as to love and to honour, could have but one meaning for the Queen. It was 'a sacred obligation which she could neither consent to limit nor refine away.' It had made them one, and she lost no opportunity of making it felt that as one they must be regarded—one in heart and purpose, and, except in her purely regal functions, one in authority."

Mr. Coventry Patmore, the Poet Laureate of Domesticity, has asserted this same doctrine in even more uncompromising fashion. He says:—

"Most of the failures in marriage come of the man's not having manhood enough to assert the prerogatives which it is the woman's more or less secret delight to acknowledge. She knows her place, but does not know how to keep it unless he knows it also; and many an otherwise amiable woman grows restless and irritable under the insupportable doubt as to whether she has got her master. In order to put the question to the test, she does things she knows he is bound to resist or resent, in the hope of being put down with a high hand, and perhaps a bad word or two—since even the mildest corporal chastisement has gone out with the heroic days of such lovers as Siegfried and Kriemhild."

It is evident Mr. Patmore believed in one section at least of the old saying, "A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree, The more they be beaten the better they be." In some stages of civilisation this may hold good. An English ironmaster who employed many workmen in the heart of Russia reported that a young wife once came to him in grief inconsolable. On inquiring what was the matter, she sobbed out that her husband could not love her: he had never beaten her once since their marriage! We have progressed somewhat in England from this primitive conception of connubial felicity, but there is no doubt that a determination to assert authority when necessary is a valuable element in a happy home.

That is sound doctrine enough, if the authority is willingly submitted to as of free

choice, and not enforced as an irksome element in a necessary status. We pay taxes without any sense of tyranny, because we vote them ourselves, and this was the position of the Queen with her husband. But to pay taxes imposed upon us merely by the arbitrary will of some monarch presuming upon his Divine Right—Never! while the memory of Hampden and the Shipmoney fight unites with the tradition of the Boston Tea-party to remind us that taxation without representation is tyranny. Yet this enforced obedience to the authority of the husband is the normal lot of woman in all ages. Submission is annexed as an unalterable condition of the assumption of the married state. If a woman would be a legal wife and the mother of lawful offspring, then must she yield obedience to the authority of the man who enforces such submission as his right. Hence turmoil, discontent, dissatisfaction, analogous to our

civil wars and agitations against despotisms as against democracy is votes its ruler subsidies than of right, and ample shows woman within state is free to submission and she may find obedience than that comes mand. Every the freedom to dom, the right right. There that in decid- where she elected to com- Queen made was absolutely with the fitness Prince Albert exceptional pacity. The wedding was



THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

(After a painting by F. Winterhalter.)

the political whereby desert their rights pots. But when enfranchised it more lavish he ever claimed the Queen's ex- that when the married choose between ascendancy, more joy in any delight from com- thing lies in surrender free- to abdicate is little doubt ing to obey might have mand, the a choice that in accordance of things. was a man of mental ca- Queen at her distinctly in-

ferior to her husband in the qualities most needed for direction and government. It would be absurd to compare the veteran stateswoman who to-day represents sixty years' experience of statecraft with the Prince Consort of 1840. The Queen has grown with the process of the suns and ripened as her hair has silvered with age. But in 1839 she was little more than an inexperienced, wilful, impetuous girl—a well-meaning, high-principled girl, old for her years and wise beyond the average; but if her husband and she had been weighed by some nice mechanism that could test the mental and moral capacity of the individual, there is little doubt that the Prince Consort would have been proved to be the better of the two. It is difficult rightly to estimate the real capacity of a man whose life was so suppressed and whose value we were only permitted to appraise long after his death. Nevertheless there is

reason to believe, after making all allowances for the pious exaggeration of his devoted widow, that Prince Albert was a man of singular capacity, of rare attainments, and of a genius for the art of modern Kingship which from the first made him easily the master in the Royal household. He was greater than she, and he ruled, as it was right he should ; and, had she been greater than he, it would have been right she should.

The most extreme advocates of the rights of women never go beyond claiming for them a right to supremacy where supremacy exists without their being perpetually disqualified by the arbitrary handicap of sex disability. The Queen has set a signal example in this respect. She knew her husband was wiser, abler, and stronger than she, and she obeyed him accordingly with the loyal allegiance that we all owe to those who are greater than we. But this submission, so lovingly tendered, was never abused. The more certain he felt of his right to rule and the supremacy of his dominance, the more scrupulously careful was he to make himself a minister to her, as if she was everything and he was nothing. "He who would be first among you let him be the servant of all." The Supreme Pontiff has no nobler title than that of *Servus Servorum*, and the Prince Consort, who for years virtually reigned as King amongst us, was only the private secretary of the Queen. When they proposed to make him Commander-in-Chief he declined for reasons which illustrate admirably the position he scrupulously maintained. It was always his object, he wrote—

"To sink his own individual existence in that of his wife—to aim at no power by himself for himself—to shun all ostentation—to assume no separate responsibility before the public—to make his position entirely a part of hers—to fill up every gap which, as a woman, she would naturally leave in the exercise of her regal functions—continually and anxiously to watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult questions brought before her, political, social, or personal—to place all his time and powers at her command, as the natural head of her family, superintendent of the household, manager of her private affairs, her sole confidential adviser in politics and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government, her private secretary and permanent Minister."

Such was the rôle which the Prince laid down for himself, and such was the part he played all through his married life. It would be difficult to conceive anything more ideal than the mutual renunciation by the Queen of her sovereignty, by the husband of his authority, each eagerly giving up everything to the other, nothing being claimed of right, but all being ceded by love. "In honour preferring one another," each sought not his own but the other's welfare, and the result was as we see.

All that, however excellent it might have been, would not have secured for the wedded pair the ideal excellence of conjugal felicity if it had been concentrated upon themselves. The Queen, although never identified in any way with the political enfranchisement of her sex, has been the supreme object-lesson to the world of the fact that political interest in a woman is the veritable cement of the happiness of the home. Of all Englishwomen, the one most inexorably doomed to be political had the happiest home. And why? Largely because of her devotion to political affairs. It was the wider interest in the greater family of the world that kept her own family life so beautiful and bright. The phrase to which I have already referred, in which the Queen informed the Privy Council that her union "will at once secure my domestic felicity and serve the interests of the country," gives us a key and a clue to the secret which we seek. It was because the interests of the country were always kept in view that such rare domestic felicity was possible. Instead of patriotic duties distracting the attention from the home responsibilities, they saved the sweetness of domesticity from cloying into selfishness, and made the home life far more attractive as a refuge and shelter from the storms that were raging abroad. In 1848, with all Europe rocking in revolution, and while she herself was awaiting her confinement, the Queen never flinched. She wrote to King Leopold: "From the first I heard all that passed, and my only thoughts and talk were politics. But I never was calmer and quieter, or

less nervous. Great events make me calm ; it is only trifles that irritate my nerves." What a lesson there is in that last sentence for many a nerve-tortured woman, if only they could lose themselves in great events, instead of obscuring all the joy of life by daily fret over the trivial personalities of a self-centred existence !

Of course it is not necessary that the "great events" should be political and Imperial. They may be literary, religious, philanthropic, or what you will. But if there is to be real, true, and lasting domestic felicity, there must be some other interest outside the family in which the husband and wife can share, and share not as the spectator in the stalls shares with the actor on the stage the performance in the theatre, but as members of the same company. They play *rôles* differing as widely as those of Hamlet and the Second Gravedigger, but they must both play in the piece. What the Queen did of compulsion, other women will act wisely if they do by choice.

The Queen by nature was not a keen politician. She would have preferred the "simple round, the common task" of filling the cradle and rocking it. But a merciful Destiny chained her to the oar, and she soon found in the unceasing task an unceasing delight. How much richer, wider, deeper, and more happy in every way her married life was because of the intense political interest which was at first forced upon her against her will, every one who reads the records of her reign can see. In her case we can all realise how true it is that they who seek to save their life will lose it, while those who lose it find it, for had she sacrificed to her domestic duties the cares of State, and have dwindled into a mere model *hausfrau* and mother of her children, she would have missed the glory of her married life and have sacrificed the ideal excellence of her home from a too exclusive devotion to its selfish interests.

Another great secret of the ideal married life of the Queen and the Prince Consort was not merely that they were both intensely interested in the larger concerns of the Empire, as well as united in the ordering of the home, but both were compelled by the duties of their position to mingle intimately and constantly with men and women outside their home circle. Neither could, if they had wished it, monopolise the other. Both were constantly and intimately engaged with other people, only to find in all others reasons for rejoicing fervently that they had married each other and no one else. Very much of the unhappiness of married life arises from the absolutely mistaken notion that it is possible for any two persons, no matter how perfectly complementary they may be to each other, to exhaust each for the other all the possibilities of human intercourse. The sweet unreason that prompts the logic of the honeymoon will not serve as a rule of married life. Any attempt to confine intimate friendship exclusively to one man and one woman, and to exclude all the rest of the thousand million men and women in the world from sharing in the communion of the soul, is doomed to failure. If it is to be carried out successfully it can only be done by sterilizing life. The nobler ideal is surely that of the Queen and her husband, who were constantly absorbed in all manner of interests, which brought them into close personal relations with all manner of people, from prime ministers and great captains down to gillies and maids of honour. But always each came back to the other bearing the harvest of their varied labour, the sharing of which at the close of day was the crown of the whole. A truly mated couple never appreciate each other so much as when they come together after much mingling with other people. In 1846 the Queen wrote to Baron Stockmar, when her husband had gone to Lancashire for a day or two : "I feel very lonely without my dear Master, and though I know other people are often separated for a few days, I feel habit could not make me get accustomed to it. Without him everything loses its interest. It will always be a terrible pang for me to separate from him, even for two days, and I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved." In most homes—notably in India

From this it will be seen that the cradle was seldom empty in Windsor and Osborne during the whole of the married life of the Queen. Her family was quite English in its dimensions, and one from which the French or New England mother would recoil in affright. Even a modern English girl, if on confronting marriage she were to be told that in twenty years she would have to bear nine children, would probably flinch from the ordeal and beg to be excused. But the Queen went through it all and never wilted.

Despite all that has been done to alleviate the pains of labour, child-bearing is for a woman what going into action is for a soldier. Many a soldier escapes scatheless from the hottest fight. Every woman who goes down to the gates of death in order to bring back the gift of the new life suffers the pains of the wounded and faces the chances of death. Our Queen has thus been disabled nine times, and nine times brought a new life back out of the portals of death. It is a merit she shares with many of the poorest of her subjects. But no woman nine times a mother can ever be regarded save with the homage that is paid to the veteran and the martyr. And in that honour Her Majesty is fully entitled to share.

The Queen set an example to her subjects in sticking to her work. Despite the babies, she was not ashamed to talk of her approaching confinement. In October, 1840, while still she had a month to go with her firstborn, she wrote to her uncle Leopold :—"I think our child ought to have, besides the other names, those of Turko-Egypto, as we think of nothing else." Fortunately the Empress Frederick escaped the infliction of such a name. But, possibly enough, the intense interest which the Queen took in European politics in the months preceding her birth may account somewhat for the keen political interest which has ever been the characteristic of the Princess Royal of England, who afterwards became Empress of Germany.

The Queen had special trials from which other mothers are usually exempt. Only five months before her first baby came, the Queen was twice fired at, by the lunatic Oxford, as she was driving up Constitution Hill. The entries in the index in the "Life of the Prince Consort" are curious :—

"Queen Victoria . . . fired at by Oxford, 12 ; birth of the Princess Royal, 17 ; . . . shot at by Francis, 24 ; and by Bean, 24 ; first visit to Scotland (1842), 25 ; birth of the Princess Alice, 28 ; . . . shot at by William Hamilton, 29 ; . . . birth of Prince Arthur, 44."

Notwithstanding all these attempted assassinations, and all the cares of all the wars and rumours of wars which surrounded them, the Queen bore her children bravely and well, and was admirably supported in all her trials by her husband. There are not a few women who would gladly bear the pains of childbirth if they could but secure from their husbands such tender care and loving attention as that which Prince Albert showed the Queen. It is true that it is not much a husband can do in such cases, but he did the most he could, and, considering the inequality of Nature's distribution of the pains of parentage between husband and wife, the former may gladly welcome every opportunity of service as a kind of peppercorn quitrent. The Prince Consort, who before the first baby came used to read regularly with the Queen Hallam's "Constitutional History of England," after baby came simply devoted himself to the Queen's care. They had reason for anxiety. Princess Charlotte had died in childbed twenty-three years before, and the possibility of a similar fatality haunted the Court.

When the Queen laid in, she chronicles with affectionate gratitude the inexpressible care and devotion of her husband :—

"The Prince refused to go to the play, or anywhere else, generally dining alone with the Duchess Kent, till the Queen was able to join them, and always at hand to do anything in his power for her comfort. He was content to sit by her in a darkened room, to read to her, to write for her. None but himself ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa, and he always helped to wheel her on her bed or sofa into the next room. For this purpose he would come instantly when sent for from any part of the house."

As years went on, and he became overwhelmed with work (for his attentions were the same in all the Queen's subsequent confinements), this was often done at much inconvenience to himself, but he ever came with a sweet smile on his face. In short, the Queen adds, his care of her was like that of a mother, nor could there be a kinder, wiser, or more judicious nurse."

It may be said that he was not merely a husband attending to his wife; he was the Prince Consort waiting upon the Queen. But every mother is queen in her own house, and the spectacle of the service joyfully, patiently, and continuously rendered to the Queen at those times of Nature's weakness has done much to confirm and strengthen in a million homes a sense of the father's duty to the wife who has borne him offspring.

#### IV.—MOTHER.

It was the misfortune of the Queen never to have known the blessing of a father's care. The Duke of Kent died when she was only eight months old. To her mother—who was a German of the Coburg house, the widow of another German, the Prince Leiningen—was entrusted the upbringing of the Princess Victoria. When a child has only one parent, the affection which might have been divided between two is apt to be concentrated on one; and the Queen from earliest infancy regarded her mother with feelings of devoted attachment. Not until the Duchess of Kent's death in 1861 did the Queen quite realise how much their lives had been bound up together. In her letter to King Leopold the Queen wrote as "Your poor broken-hearted child"—a letter of passionate lamentation.

"She is gone—that precious, dearly beloved, tender mother, whom I never parted from but for a few months—without whom I cannot imagine life—has been taken from us."

In her diary she wrote:—

"Oh, the sickness of heart! the agony, the thought of the daily, hourly blank was and is unbearable. Never a day that I did not get letters from or about her several times in the day. Constant crying was a comfort and relief. . . . In these two dear rooms, where we had so constantly seen her, where everything spoke of life, we remained a little while to weep and pray, I kneeling down at her chair."

Again she wrote to King Leopold:—

"Her peace and rest are great; our loss is her gain. But the blank of every day and every hour is what will never be replaced. A mother we can only possess once, and what is there like a tender mother's love? And who ever was so tender, so loving, so kind, so forgiving, so simple, so lovable?"

"For the last two years," wrote the Prince Consort, "her constant care and occupation have been to keep watch over her mother's comfort, and the influence of this upon her own character has been most salutary."

If the Queen has been an ideal mother, it was because she first learned to be an ideal daughter. Motherhood had ever for her the glamour of the Divine. "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing on earth." And as she worshipped her own mother, her children in turn learned to regard her with the same love and devotion, although of course in her case there could not be the concentration of all the maternal passion upon a single child.

In the lives of all mothers the episodes are identical, yet always differing. In cottage and in palace the child is ever the same, yet no two children are alike. But the episodes in baby's history: his arrival, his ailments, his first tooth, his first articulate word, his weaning, his toddling—all these are as landmarks in the annals of the nursery. Little illnesses are more important than General Elections, and the shortening of the long clothes as momentous as a change of Ministry. No one of all her subjects felt this more keenly than the Queen herself. She had to think of Cabinets, but her first interest was in the cradle. And the cradle was seldom empty.

The Queen, like her mother before her, suckled her own children, obeying the instincts of nature at a time when wet-nurses were all the fashion. And after having

done her duty by them in their earliest days, she brought them up sensibly as an intelligent mother should. Nothing was done without the father's counsel; the training and education of each of the children were the first concern of the two who were jointly responsible for their existence. All the story-books of the reign tell how firmly she maintained the authority of her governesses, how remorselessly the mutinous Princes were punished, and how resolutely discipline was enforced in the Royal nursery. These stories from Windsor may have been fabulous. But as a child I remember hearing them repeated with admiration and pride, while the fact that the Prince of Wales was made to do his lessons and to be respectful and obedient to his governess was often referred to as a reminder to recalcitrant youngsters who were not princes that no rank or station in life could exempt youth from the burden of study and the fetters of discipline.

When the Good Conduct medal was given by the Queen to Wellington College, the regulations the Prince Consort set forth were ever before their minds as the governing principles of life. The Queen wrote:—

"It is not be-  
of any boy to  
submission to su-  
good fellowship  
dependence and  
the strong, kind-  
tion to the weak,  
give offences to-  
to conciliate the  
others, and above  
tion to duty and  
fulness."

"One of  
ciples observed  
cation of the  
was this: that  
received the  
body and mind  
the high posi-  
eventually have  
should in no  
contact with  
Court life. The  
scarcely known

ladies-in-waiting, as they only now and then made their appearance for a moment after dinner at dessert, or accompanied their parents out driving. The care of them was exclusively entrusted to persons who possessed the Queen's and Prince Consort's entire confidence, and with whom they could at all times communicate direct. The Royal parents kept themselves thoroughly informed of the minutest details of what was being done for their children in the way of training and instruction. After the first years of childhood were passed, the Royal children were placed under the care of English, French, and German governesses, who again were under a lady superintendent, and accompanied the children in their walks and watched over them during their games. To the lessons on foreign languages, music and drawing were soon added. Little theatrical pieces were performed by the Royal children on festive anniversaries in the family—partly, too, with a view of gaining facility in foreign languages."—"Princess Alice," pp. 6, 7.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES WITH PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.  
(After an engraving by W. Holl, 1864.)

drawn up by  
sort set forth  
were ever be-  
minds as the  
principles of  
wrote:—

yond the power  
exhibit cheerful  
periors, unselfish  
with equals, in-  
self-respect with  
ness and protec-  
a readiness to for-  
wards himself and  
differences of  
all, fearless devo-  
unflinching truth-

the main prin-  
in the edu-  
Royal children  
though they  
best training of  
to fit them for  
tion they would  
to fill, they  
wise come in  
the actual  
children were  
to the Queen's



The care taken by the Queen in the education of her children was exemplary. Baron Stockmar, who seems to have been consulted by the young couple on every occasion, furnished them with very sensible memoranda upon the training of youth—especially of such youth as might hereafter be set on a throne. The good Baron pointed out with uncompromising fidelity that the example of George the Third was not one to be followed. "George the Third either did not properly understand his duties as a parent or he neglected them." The result was that the conduct of his sons weakened the respect and influence of Royalty, and caused themselves to be execrated for their iniquities, all the responsibilities for which Stockmar somewhat unfairly laid at the door of their parents. Alas! not all the care of the Prince Consort himself in applying the maxims of the sage Stockmar was able to secure that devotion to strict morality on the part of all his children which he rightly regarded as the most essential bulwark of the throne.

From Sir Theodore Martin's invaluable book, out of which some day a whole



THE QUEEN WITH HER GRANDCHILDREN IN OSBORNE GARDENS, 1890.

(*Photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.*)

series of text-books relating to all manner of subjects may be hewn, we learn all about the spirit in which the Queen and her husband set about the education of their children. "The greatest maxim of all is," wrote the young mother of only one-and-twenty summers, "that the children should be brought up as simply and in as domestic a way as possible; that (not interfering with their lessons) they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things." The religious training of children, says the Queen, is best given day by day at its mother's knees; and she deplored her hard case that her occupations prevented her being with the Princess Royal "when she says her prayers." The following memorandum as to the religious teaching which was to be given to her firstborn embodies a conception of religion which, if adopted generally, would obviate most of the fierce disputes which rage between denominationalists and their opponents:—

"I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that the thoughts of death and an

after life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding view, and that she should be made to know *as yet* no difference of creed, and not think that she can only pray on her knees, or that those who do not kneel are less fervent and devout in their prayers."

Lady Lyttelton, who had been lady-in-waiting, was appointed governess when the eldest was only two years old. She retained the post for eight years, and when she surrendered her office it was with tears. "I had to stop on the staircase and have my cry out before I could go up again." Lady Lyttelton enjoyed their implicit confidence, which she well deserved.

The education of the Prince of Wales naturally commanded their utmost attention. When he was at the age of seven handed over to the care of a tutor, Mr. Henry Birch, afterwards Vicar of Prestwich—a young, good-looking, amiable man, who was a



MORNING SERVICE AT OSBORNE HOUSE.

tutor at Eton, and who took the highest honours at Cambridge—the Prince Consort wrote:—

"It is an important step, and God's blessing be upon it, for upon the good education of princes, and especially of those who are destined to govern, the welfare of the world in these days very greatly depends."

"On the choice of principles on which the Prince of Wales shall be educated," wrote Stockmar, "will in all probability depend whether the future Sovereign of England shall reign in harmony with, or in opposition to, the prevailing opinions of his people." He therefore advised, and his advice was followed, that the youth should be brought up to be prepared for political and religious change. The old order was changing, giving place unto the new, and the Prince must learn to change with the times. He was emphatically not to be taught that to resist change is to serve at once the cause of God and of his country. In religion the judicious Baron advised as

strongly against inculcating Anglican principles, or, indeed, any principles based upon the supernatural portions of Christianity. He was to take heed of the influence on the minds of educated men of the discoveries of science, and to regard the occupation of the public mind by the supernatural dogmas of religion as an obstacle to the appreciation and practical adoption of the real revelations of the Divine will for human instruction and guidance. These were to be found in the discoveries of science and the sound inductions of philosophy. The Prince also was to be carefully trained to be neither a demagogue nor a moral enthusiast. Possibly the Queen has had occasion sometimes to regret that they followed too closely the counsels of their Mentor. A little more moral enthusiasm would have certainly not been an undesirable ingredient in the Prince's education, nor would it have been amiss if he had imbibed a little more distrust of the weakness of that human nature in which the old Baron had such optimist notions.

Bishop Wilberforce and Sir James Clark both were consulted on the subject, and the Prince's education was planned according to their united wisdom, with the aim and object of building up a "noble and princely character in intelligent sympathy with the best movements of the age." The Queen and her sister were of one mind on most things, notably in the all-important matter of the upbringing of their children. During the Crimean War, the Queen's sister wrote to her:—

"My dearest Victoria,—I can quite understand your wishing to have a son in the navy just now, because I feel so proud of having one there, notwithstanding all the dangers he may be exposed to. What is life worth if you cannot spend and exert the strength God has given you for a good cause, or on behalf of mankind? It is this conviction which I have always endeavoured to instil in the hearts of my children, because it is the ever-vibrating nerve in my own soul which keeps me alive."

It is impossible to follow *seriatim* what the Queen did with her children. The education of all was conducted on the same general principles. They were brought up healthy, natural children, speaking three languages, familiar with the idea of duty, and accustomed to hear religion and politics discussed in a broadly liberal spirit. The Prince of Wales and his brother were trained to work with their hands. Close to Swiss Cottage, Osborne, there still stands a small fortress, complete in all its details, which the young princes had to build with their own hands. They had to do everything themselves, even down to making the bricks and laying them; for in the Royal Family education was recognised as incomplete if it did not include manual as well as mental training.

The letters from Princess Alice, which have been published, are a convincing demonstration of the exceeding warmth of affection which existed between mother and daughter. The Queen seems to have had the gift of attaching all her children to her all their lives long—a rare gift, and one which was combined in her case with some considerable measure of awe. The principle of respecting your parents, of honouring those to whom you owe your being, although somewhat relaxed nowadays, has never been lost sight of in the Royal household. "Honour thy father and thy mother" was a commandment enforced steadily on prince and princess alike, and there is probably no mother in all the land who has guarded more jealously the parental authority than the Queen. Perhaps this has been more perceptible since the Prince Consort's death, when the Queen, being the sole surviving parent, has wielded the authority of both, inheriting as it were the paternal authority of her husband, and superadding to the parental power the ascendancy of the Sovereign.

But with all her authority as parent and as Sovereign nothing can exceed the tenderness, the effusive affection with which she has always treated her children. The pages from her diary describing her emotions on the marriage of her firstborn are a charmingly natural expression of the feelings of every other mother in the land under similar circumstances. What can be more simple, artless, and universal than this?—

that otherwise would have broken her life. Another moral of her example to all the widows and bereaved women in the world is that nothing is so suicidal as to bury yourself because you have buried him who was to you the light of life.

Here is another supreme instance of the immense superiority of the new ideas of woman's work and woman's sphere that have nowhere found such conspicuous, such triumphant exemplification as in the life of the widowed Queen. If she had been a mere housewife, a mere wife, a mere mother, the blow that snapped the Prince Consort's life might well have broken her heart. But, while housewife, wife, and mother *par excellence*, she was more than merely the ancillary of a man, the bearer of his children, the keeper of his house. She was a politician, a public-spirited stateswoman, with endless interests in the world other than those that centre round the domestic hearth. The Zenana ideal of woman's life, which centres everything absolutely in the man, had, as its natural and legitimate sequel, Sutte for the widow. When her man had died there was no longer any use for the woman in the world. But as the Queen has shown, a woman, if she has but opportunity, may begin a new and more brilliantly useful life after her husband's death—may, indeed, take his tomb as a starting-point for a career in which she may realise in her own life and in her own way the ideals and aspirations that would otherwise have lain buried in his grave.

To the old school, which regarded a woman chiefly as a bearer of children, a widow woman of forty-three had no part left to play in the world. But the Queen has shown that, after a woman is forty-three and a widow, it is possible for her to become the mother of innumerable good deeds, and of noble policies begotten in her heart and brain by the example and memory of the dead. The fruit of the womb of the body is a harvest not to be held in disrespect, but it is all garnered by five-and-forty; and if that is all, the last third of a woman's life is indeed an affair of the sere and yellow leaf. The new spirit, by opening up to women all the wide possibilities of usefulness in public work, has added a new lease to their hold on life, and has rendered possible such a glorious aftermath as that which has crowned the golden widowhood of Queen Victoria.



THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.



Victoria R.  
1837-1901

## VI.—AFTER SIXTY YEARS.

**T**HE reign of the Queen has brought about so many changes that, if we were to do as the Popes do, Her Majesty's name would meet us at every turn. Nothing impresses the visitor to the Eternal City more disagreeably than the Sovereign Pontiffs' endeavour to keep themselves in evidence before the world by engraving their names upon every building they erected, or even upon every building they repaired. When 'Arry, out on a holiday, digs out his initials on the back of a rustic seat or cuts his name upon the lead of a cathedral tower, he follows the Papal example. For never a Pope yet built a church or mended a palace but forthwith, in large Roman letters, his name and his exploit must be inscribed on the most conspicuous place on the walls.

To such a length these self-advertising unlearned might easily nificent ruin of the Colosseum or other of the plastered it up to keep placed his name on the of all reference to the would be as indeflagrantly offensive, if name of Victoria to done in her reign, ignored preceded the Victorian for the reign the credit come into prominence. For in this land of old itself broadens slowly precedent, there is no traced to germs or roots turies. "Other men have entered into their ously true of nations and need to grudge to recognize who sowed the seed the wealth of the harvest



MARBLE BUST OF PRINCESS VICTORIA AT WINDSOR.

(Executed by W. Behnes for King George IV. in 1828.)

as a record of his achievement this has been carried by Vicars of Christ that the imagine that the museum owed its origin to Popes, who, having it from falling, has walls to the exclusion original builder. It sible, although not so we were to affix the everything that has been ing the generations that era, and monopolising of everything that has in the last sixty years. renown, where freedom down from precedent to thing which cannot be far back in distant cen have laboured, and we labours" is conspicuous of reigns. Nor do we rise the merits of those when we are chronicling of our reaping.

The Victorian era has been notable, indeed, chiefly for the development to their full fruition of things that were begun before the Queen came to the throne. The British Empire in India, in Australia, and South Africa was founded by her predecessors. The dominion of the sea was won at Trafalgar. The peace of Europe was established at Waterloo. The manufacturing supremacy of England was the envy of the world when George the Third was King. Even the most distinctive and notable characteristic of the Victorian era had its beginnings before the reign. The first public railway worked by locomotive—that between Stockton and Darlington—was opened in 1825, a dozen years before Her Majesty's accession. The steamship, like the locomotive, appeared before the Victorian era, and the telegraph just succeeded in



PRINCESS VICTORIA, AGE 8.  
(After a painting by Antony Stewart.)

anticipating the beginning of the reign. In politics the three great dominating tendencies of the reign had all manifested themselves before 1837. The Emancipation of the Catholics and the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts had definitely settled the drift of legislation. The modern State, it was then decided, must be colour-blind to sect—as some day it will be colour-blind as to sex. The Reform Act of 1832, although it only emancipated the ten-pounders in boroughs, cast the die in favour of democracy. The subsequent Reform Bills, which were debated for half a century and more, were but the corollaries of the first Reform Act. And the third great feature of the reign, the establishing of representative local governing bodies, was as clearly indi-

cated by the Municipal Corporations Act of William the Fourth, which was the direct progenitor of all the measures that followed from those established by the School Boards and County Councils down to the Parish Councils Act of the other day. Even national education had its first feeble beginning before the present reign. The crusade against slavery was practically triumphant. So we might go on to any extent, if, puffed up by the great fanfaronade of the Great Jubilee, we were to forget the fathers who begat us, and in the joy over our own harvest home we were to ignore those who did the ploughing and the sowing long ago. Having, however, thus paid our tribute to the mighty men of old and those into whose labours we have entered, we are free to dwell in complacent satisfaction over the triumphs of the Sixty Years.

#### I.—IF RIP VAN WINKLE —?

Two ingenious novelists have recently resorted to the realms of phantasy for the purpose of bringing into clear relief the contrast between things as they are with things as they ought to be and with things as they may be. Mr. H. G. Wells, the novelist, in whom, more than any other, dwells the rare gift of psychic genius, has described in his book "The Wonderful Visit," how a wandering angel, venturing too near this planet, was shot at and winged. Being thus compelled perforce to abide for a period upon the earth, the opportunity was afforded of imparting to our angelic visitant a good deal of information as to this world and its affairs in a fashion that lends itself easily to delicate irony. Not less ingenious was the expedient of Mr. Lathrop, who, in one of our illustrated magazines, in order to give free play to his scientific imagination, makes his hero consent to have his animation suspended for three hundred years, in order that at the end of the time he might live again and see the wonders that are done under the sun. Neither of these latter-day expedients, however, excel in simplicity and effectiveness the familiar legend of the Seven Sleepers, or its more modern variant, the story of Rip van Winkle. And therefore, with a courteous acknowledgment to the genius of Washington Irving, I will make bold to transplant old Rip van Winkle from the Catskill Mountains to the Thames Valley, put him to sleep on the day of the Queen's Accession, and wake him up, conscious only of having had one night's slumber, in this year of grace 1897, being the sixtieth of the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty.

It was late on the day of the Accession that Rip van Winkle had returned home to his comfortable villa at Wimbledon. Born in the first year of the century, he was then in his thirty-seventh year ; a prosperous citizen, who had his country house on the edge of Wimbledon Common, not far from that of his friend and neighbour Wilberforce, the enemy of slavery and the progenitor of bishops. He was very tired, and no sooner had he divested himself of his tightly buttoned knee-breeches, unwound the handkerchief from his neck, and put on his night-shirt, then he fell sound asleep. When the next day was well advanced he still slept. His son, after in vain trying to rouse him, sent for the doctor, who bled him and used every imaginable means of waking him up, but all in vain. Night followed day, and day succeeded night, but this strange slumber continued. From being the cause of alarm in the family it became the talk of the town, the object of universal interest in the faculty, and of conversation in the wider world. At last, after many days, as Rip continued to sleep placidly, undisturbed by all the devices of the doctors, it was resolved to have him watched, so that this extraordinary case of cataleptic trance might be duly held under scientific observation. After a year or two, however, the sleeping man of Wimbledon ceased to be a topic of conversation. The doctors grew weary of keeping observation upon a subject that seemed just as likely to go on sleeping for another hundred years, and so at last nobody cared or thought any more about poor Rip van Winkle except his son and heir. Letters of administration, however, enabled him to possess himself of his father's estate. He married, and in course of time died. His son succeeded to Winkle Lodge in due course, and took over the task, which his father before him had religiously discharged, of seeing that the sleeper of 1837 was left undisturbed in a chamber ventilated in summer and warmed in winter, and every day, summer and winter, religiously swept and dusted. In his turn he handed it over to his own son, Rip the Fourth, who now, at the age of twenty, was standing in the breakfast-room, waiting for the paper, when the postman strode rapidly over the gravel, thrust a dozen letters and papers into the box, and giving the bell a violent jerk, turned on his heel and was out of sight in a moment.

"Confound the fellow!" said Rip Quartus, "he rings as if he would wake the dead."

Hardly had he uttered the words before the bell of the Sleeper's chamber began to ring. In another moment the face of the housemaid was thrust, pale and horrified, into the room. "Please, sir," she gasped, "he's awake and he's up! It did give me such a turn ; I nearly fainted."

"He? Who do you mean?"

"The Sleeper, sir."

Rip's blood ran cold. With a bound he was up the stairs and burst into the Sleeper's room.

The Sleeper, no longer asleep but moving about the room, turned impatiently. "Oh, it's you, my boy, is it? Where have they put my clothes? I remember leaving them by the bedside last night ; but where have they gone to now?"

For a moment the young Rip was too astounded to speak. His great-grandfather at last succeeded in opening a wardrobe, and discovered the old suit he had doffed just sixty years before. "Oh, here they are," he said with an air of relief. "I'll be down presently."

As the young man returned to the breakfast-room, he speedily collected his somewhat dazed senses. His grandfather was awake at last—of that there could be no doubt. They had often talked of this possibility, but not for many years, and the shock of the surprise was almost as great as if it had been a veritable resurrection. But the fact was unmistakable. His great-grandfather had not aged in the least, and it





PRINCESS VICTORIA, AGE 4.

(After a painting by Denning.)

was evident that he believed he had only slept a single night. For him, therefore, it was June 21st, 1837; and he had evidently taken his great-grandson for his son. They were singularly alike, and he was just about the age of his grandfather at the time Rip van Winkle had the seizure.

There was little time for reflection, however, for already Rip's foot was on the stairs, and then the door opened and Rip, arrayed in the smallclothes and vest and neck-cloth of sixty years ago, walked briskly into the room.

"Dear me," said he, "what changes they've been making in the night! And you, Rip—you look as if you'd been changed at nurse. What is the matter?"

It took young Rip a long time to break the news of the sixty years' sleep to his great-grandfather. But he did it at last, and although the blow was a heavy one, Rip soon rallied. For a day or two he remained in his room, but then an ungovernable spirit of curiosity possessed him. "So it's 1897, is it?" he said; "1897, and I am as young as I was sixty years ago! I wonder if things have changed much since I went to sleep?"

So next morning at breakfast he asked his son to take him to town. "You still drive the old chariot, I hope," he said. "The greys made quick time down last night.—Oh," he said somewhat confusedly, "I forgot."

Before Rip Junior could reply, the postman passed the window. "Oh, the post," said the young man. "I wonder if there are any letters from——"

"Here," said old Rip, "I have change, let me pay the postage. Hullo!" he added in surprise, "the fellow's off. Does he not want his money?"

"There's nothing to pay on any of them," said young Rip, hurriedly glancing over the score of letters he lifted out of the box.

"Nothing to pay? God bless my life!" said old Rip. "Are all your friends Members of Parliament?"

Rip Junior laughed. "Hardly!" he said. "What makes you ask that?"

"Why," said he, "when I last took in the letters, they cost me 6½d. each all round. Some from Edinburgh cost about 1s. Only Members could frank their letters."

"Father," said young Rip—for they had arranged to drop the great-grandfather—"we have the penny post now. All these letters came for a penny each, the papers and the post-cards for a halfpenny."

"But that must be blank ruination for the Post Office," said Rip. "Why, every one will be writing letters!"

Young Rip laughed. "Yes, I think they do. The Post Office delivers nearly ten million letters, cards, and papers every day. But, instead of being ruined, they made a profit last year of nearly four millions."

Old Rip was silent for a while. Young Rip read his letters. Presently he looked up and said, "Jack's coming home to-night from Edinburgh."

"From Edinburgh!" said old Rip. "When did he start?"

"I don't know exactly. Let's see. If he gets here to-night he'll probably leave about ten o'clock this morning."

"Nonsense, boy! What are you talking about? Your brother can't fly, and the fastest stage coach that ever carried the mails could not bring him here in much less than two days. It's four hundred miles, remember."

"Father," said young Rip, "you don't understand. There are no stage coaches now-a-days, and the run from Edinburgh to London is just eight and a-half hours. But here are the papers. Which do you want?"

"The *Times*," said old Rip, after a pause. It was handed him. "Good heavens, it's as big as a family Bible! Why, it cost a crown, I'll be bound!"

"Threepence—see," said young Rip. "But the rest are only a penny, and they are very nearly as large."

"But I don't understand how they can do it! It seems as if you get far more of everything than we used to do, and for less than half the money. Why, the paper alone must cost more! Even the duty——"

"Duty!—duty on paper! Oh, Gladstone knocked that off ages ago! But we have halfpenny newspapers now-a-days. Look at the *Mail*—eight pages, and all for a halfpenny."

"But the stamp duty itself is a penny," objected old Rip.

"There is no stamp duty either," said the young man. "Papers pay like anything! I heard the other day there is £150,000,000 capital invested in our newspapers alone. Just look at the advertisements!"

Rip examined the advertisement sheet of the *Times* closely. "Why," he said, "it must be a little gold mine for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. There must be at least a thousand advertisements in that paper, and at 3s. 6d. each—why, the *Times* alone must pay £50,000 a year to the Treasury."

"What nonsense, father! There is no advertisement duty either. But do get on with your breakfast."

Rip began to butter his toast. "Fine white bread," he said. "I wonder how the corn duty stands now?"

"There is no duty on corn," said the young man.

"What," said Rip, "no duty on corn, no paper duty, no advertisement duty,



PRINCESS VICTORIA, AGE 6.  
(Painted by William Fowler in 1824.)



THE DUKE OF KENT.

*(After a painting by Sir W. Beechey.)*

next to no postage ! Then I suppose you'll tell me there's no revenue and no expenditure ? ”

“On the contrary,” said the young man, “we raise over a hundred solid millions every year.”

“What ! ” cried Rip, “it was not half that when—when I went to sleep. One hundred millions—it is a miracle ! How is it done ? And where does the money come from to——”

“My dear father,” said the young man, “I will explain as best I can ; but do finish your breakfast, and we will talk over things as we go up to town. I have to be at the office at nine.”

“Bless my soul, but you will have to drive like Jehu ; it is past eight already.”

“There's the hansom. Come along ! ”

“The hansom ! ” said Rip. “You're not going to drive to London in that pill-box on shafts ? ”

“Oh dear, no !—only to the station. In you go ! We've no time to spare,” and before old Rip knew what he was doing they were rolling down the hill to the station.

“Here we are ! ” said the young man, as they drew up at the station just as the train steamed in. “Right you are ; never mind your ticket ! ” and before old Rip knew where he was they were snugly seated in a first-class carriage and steaming out of the station.

Rip was too dazed to speak. The noise, the rush, the roar of the train stunned him. He had followed his descendant almost automatically as he would have done with equal readiness if he had bidden him enter the car of a balloon or take his seat on the tail of a comet.

He sat crumpled up, wilted, frightened, silent, and limp, holding on to the seat with both hands. His great-grandson, quite unintentionally, roused him from his amazement by creating an even greater sensation. He struck a match ! As the light blazed up Rip sprang to his feet, forgetting even the miracle of the steam-engine in the sudden apparition of fire. “Rip, Rip ! ” he cried, “are you a magician ? Take care, take care ! Where did that fire come from ? ”

“What fire ? ” said the young man in some alarm, dropping the match as he did so on the floor. “I see no fire. What do you mean ? ”

But old Rip had picked up the still-smoking match. “Here,” he said—“it was here, at that end ; but it is out now. Where did it come from ? ”

“Oh, that's all ! ” said the young man. “That's a vesta, a lucifer match. See,” and he struck another, and then blew it out.

“But where is the tinder-box, or the flint, or the steel ? ” said old Rip. “I really don't understand.”

“Father,” said young Rip, “you must really pull yourself together. You will be asking for Noah's ark next. I never saw a tinder-box in my life.”

The older man began examining the match-box. “What a convenience ! ” he said. “We had nothing like it in my time. But what's that ? ” he cried, clutching the window strap.

An outgoing train was sweeping past with the usual rush and roar, which made the explanation inaudible.

“Are you not afraid ? ” he said. “The houses fly past ! Why the ‘Highflier’

mail coach was nothing to this!" Then he was silent for a time, hardly knowing whether he dare speak.

The train drew up at Vauxhall. "Pay here," said Rip junior. "Season!" he said for himself, and paid a shilling for old Rip.

"Monstrous cheap," said the Awakened Sleeper. "Why, if I had paid a guinea a mile I could not have gone the pace."

"Penny a mile third class," said the young man. "All the same pace—run sixty miles an hour sometimes."

"But they can only run on rails," said old Rip.

"Naturally; but we lay rails everywhere."

"But if there are hills?"

"Tunnel them! We've twenty thousand miles of railway in this country."

"Twenty thousand miles!" said Rip. "Why, it would cost the National Debt to make them."

"More than the National Debt," said young Rip. "A cool thousand millions, if it cost a penny. But what matters that so long as it pays?"

Old Rip was silent a moment. Then he said: "And these wires? What are they for? Like a gridiron in the sky."

"Telegraph wires," said the young man carelessly. "Those over there are for the telephone."

"I don't understand," said old Rip. "What is a telegraph, and what is a telephone?"

But they had now reached Waterloo Station, and, in the rush for a 'bus, the question remained unanswered. They climbed up on to the top of a Liverpool Street 'bus.

"We shall have the Electric Railway soon," said the young man. "That will be better even than the Tram or the Underground."

"An Electric Railway?" thought old Rip, "and Tram and Underground? What can these be?" But he forbore to ask any questions.

"What a crowd!" he said. "London is no smaller than it was. How has the population kept up?"

"I just think it has," said the young man. "What was the population when you were here last?"

"I don't remember exactly. I think in London two millions, in Great Britain eighteen millions."

"Well," said the young man, "there are now nearly five millions in London, and thirty-five millions in Great Britain."

"It is impossible!" said Rip emphatically. "You would be eating each other if it were. Double in sixty years! Nonsense, these islands could not feed so many."

"No more they do," said the other. "We are fed from abroad."

"But if there was war?" said Rip, fearfully, "we should starve."

"We have been at peace for nearly fifty years, and if we were at war we could still be fed from our own Colonies."



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA, AGED 15.

"Halloa! what's that?" said Rip, nearly starting from his seat and clutching his great-grandson's arm in alarm.

"What's that?" said the other gruffly, looking in the direction. "That! why that's nothing. Only a bicycle. See, there are dozens coming along!"

"A bicycle?" said Rip. "And there are ladies on them, too! Sitting astride a cartwheel just like men. Do they never fall off?"

"Sometimes, if they wear skirts," said the young man, for he was engaged to a rational dresser, and it was a maxim with him that skirt cycling meant suicide.

Old Rip gazed after the cycling procession in silence. Then he turned to his companion: "Going over London Bridge, I suppose?"

"No—over Blackfriars. Here we are!"

But old Rip had no eyes for the bridge, which was new to him. His attention



THE BANK IN 1837.

was riveted on the great sweeping line of the Embankment beyond, crowded with palaces, and culminating in the towers of Westminster. The trees were in full foliage, the summer sun was glinting on the waves of the tide, now almost at the full. A fairer scene or one more full of suggestions of splendid vitality and Imperial pride he had never seen.

"It is all new to me," he said, rubbing his eyes. "There is St. Paul's dome—that I know—and the Monument, and there is London Bridge and Waterloo, which was quite new in my time; but all the rest—it is a dream to me. Oh!" said he, gasping with dread, "what was that?"

A long shrill booming compound of a whistle and a shriek seemed to burst under his feet. His companion laughed, and pointed to the long black hull of an ocean steamer, her funnel laid flat for passing the bridge, forging westward. "It's only one of the Londonderry steamers from Sunderland with coals for the Vauxhall Gas Works."

Rip shook his head. He did not understand. The multitude of new impressions was beginning to confuse him. As they neared the City the crowd increased. Motor cars sped silently along, cyclists fearlessly wandered in and out of the mazes, and then, just when the confusion seemed inextricable, there was a sudden cry, and a couple of fire-engines driven at full gallop charged down the street. The way was open by magic, and before Rip had quite appreciated what had happened they were out of sight.

"Are we near our destination?" said Rip. "I cannot stand much more. The rush—the whirl! Everything is a wheel; my head goes round and round."

Young Rip helped his ancestor down, and they were soon quietly seated in the sanctum of a City office.



THE BANK IN 1897.

"The old place was pulled down thirty years ago to make room for a railway station," said the young man. "Hello, who's there?" he cried, as the telephone bell began to ring with insistent strident clamour. Old Rip started. "Don't be afraid; it's only the telephone!"

And the conversation went on over the wire. At its close old Rip said: "Who was that you were talking to?"

"My senior clerk is at Paris just now on business. He always rings me up first thing."

"At Paris!" said old Rip. "But you heard his voice quite plainly."

"Of course I did; it comes along the wire. Don't you understand?"

"No, I don't, and you won't gammon me, young man. Paris is hundreds of miles

away, and I heard you answer him at once. Thank heaven ! there are some natural laws which nobody can alter ! ”

A loud knock at the door interrupted the conversation. A telegraph boy delivered a message. Young Rip read it. “ That’s good,” he said. “ Our ship has arrived at Melbourne last night ; only sixty days out.”

“ Where is Melbourne ? ” said Rip.

“ In Australia,” said the other.

“ Why, that’s at the other end of the world,” said Rip.

“ Yes,” said the other, “ and plaguey dear it is to telegraph there ; it costs 4s. 10d. a word.”

But it is impossible to go on describing the ever-increasing bewilderment of the Awakened Sleeper. The full force of what he heard did not impress him, for he only half heard what was said, and only understood it a quarter. The terms, the ideas, were so strangely unfamiliar. “ It is a new world I have awakened in,” he kept on saying. “ Everything is new. I feel as much a stranger as if I had descended upon another planet.” He missed the stage coaches, and marvelled where all the drivers, grooms and stablemen had found employment. But most of all he marvelled how it was possible to feed the millions of London.

“ The whole population of England in Queen Elizabeth’s time crowded into a stone-paved maze that does not grow a cabbage, and yet they don’t seem hungry ! Where does the food come from ? ”

“ From everywhere,” said young Rip, “ except London. Of the bread which you ate at breakfast, one-third came from India, the other third from Canada. The bacon was cured in the United States. The butter was made in a Danish butter factory. The eggs came from France, the coffee from the new plantations in Nyassaland, the tea from Ceylon, the sugar from German beet factories.”

“ But what of the landed interest ? ”

Young Rip shrugged his shoulders. “ In distress, as usual. But the rateable value keeps up, and our Splendid Paupers have abated none of their splendour, despite their pauperism.”

“ I do not understand it,” said Rip, mournfully. “ It is a paradox—a contradiction in terms. You make everything cheap, and yet you are richer. You buy everything abroad, yet your people live and thrive. You abolish taxes, and the treasury is fuller than ever. You feed yourselves from India and Australia ! Why, in my time it cost a shilling a ton per mile to carry goods from Edinburgh to Glasgow.”

It was not for some days that he could be persuaded to venture out into the streets. The hubbub confused him. When he made his first journey on the Underground, he had a sick headache for a week. “ It is like the entrance to Hell,” he said. He was immensely impressed by the Tower Bridge, and a visit to the Docks, he said, showed him the storehouse of the world. The great ocean liners filled him with awe-struck admiration. “ To think of it ! ” he said. “ Why, in my time, they proved it was mathematically impossible for a steamer to cross the Atlantic, and now these great steel-sided floating streets carry one thousand passengers from the Old World to the New in a working week. Nine million tons of steamers always churning the waves with their screws, and still there are as many sailing ships. Prodigious ! Prodigious ! ”

It was long before he could understand what was meant by electric telegraphy. But when he grasped the idea of utilising the lightning as his errand boy, his admiration knew no bounds. “ It is not merely a new world,” he said, “ it is a new heaven as well as a new earth. Imagine the triumph of emptying the thundercloud of its lightning, and of commanding it to do one’s bidding.”

*One day he went alone to the West-end. When he returned he was very pensive.*

"I went," he said, "to seek the old cowsheds where I used to buy milk, in the fields of Belgravia. The fields are gone ; in place of cows there are square miles of palaces. When I left London, it was a squalid conglomeration of brick-built houses, something like Deptford. Now in every quarter it is transformed. The whole City is beginning to live up to the level of the Embankment—that splendid drive which unites the Abbey with St. Paul's."

"It is not easy," said Rip one day to a friend with whom he had dined, and who was asking him whether he did not find the old days better than the present—"it is not easy adequately to express the extreme imbecility of your question. No—don't be offended," he added. "Only those who have slept away sixty years can realise the immensity of the improvement. I was always a sanguine man. But in my wildest dreams I never imagined that within a single reign we should see such progress."

"Progress," sneered his friend, "towards a plutocracy protected by police."

Rip, whose mind was so full of new impressions, simply bubbled over with talk when any one drew the cork by a question or an observation. He caught eagerly at his host's word. "Progress," said Rip, "of which the most marvellous symptom is the taxing of the Plutocrat to pay for the police of the people. Police? there is a whole world of significance in the word. The old constables who, in their long white overcoats, went their rounds crying the hour and the weather: what were they to these helmetted guardians of the health, the morals, the safety and the comfort of the People? If I wanted one proof more than another of the beneficent transformation wrought since I slept it would be in the Evolution of the Police. They are the Secular Clergy of a Democratic age. They are the truncheoned Knights of Patrol, who are maintained at the cost of the State for the defence of the poor. The Policeman, whether helmetted on his beat in this great city, or in a red jacket keeping the Queen's peace among the hundreds of millions in India; whether acting as inspector of mines and factories; whether enforcing attendance of children at school or preventing the adulteration of food and drink—the Policeman is the typical figure of the good Queen's Reign. History will not say of her she annexed Burmah and conquered the Punjaub, or even that she colonised Australia and carried the red line of British Empire to the north of the Zambesi. Neither will the great triumph of the reign be the thousand millions spent on railways, the linking of continents by the cable, the uniting of seas by the severing of isthmuses. The supreme tribute which History will render to the reign is that to the Victorian era the world owes the Evolution of the Policeman as Tribune of the People, Protector of the Poor, the sworn Knight-Defender of the Law, which is the security for the liberties of all, and especially of those who are poor and helpless and have no other champion."

"Humph," said his host, "I never saw so much in the police. Don't you think you exaggerate?"

"No, my friend," answered Rip; "the transformation of the policeman from a mere thief-taker into a peripatetic embodiment of justice and mercy, and helpful protector of the weak against the strong, of the poor against the rich, of the peaceful husbandman against the Arab slave-raiders or the robbers of the hills, is an achievement worthy to rank side by side with the creations of the Knight Templars or the foundation of the great Religious Orders of the Middle Ages. Some day we shall see women also on the beat, and the evolution of the Force will be complete."

But enthusiastic as old Rip was about the Policemen, he was even more enthusiastic about the change that had taken place in sixty years in the relation of the State to Children. He would spend days in the Board Schools and in the Police Courts. He could hardly be dragged away from Dr. Barnardo's, and as for the Child's Refuge in Harpur Street, he went there morning, noon, and night, and when young Rip grumbled



at his devotion to the children, the old gentleman replied, "My boy, it is nothing to you who have grown up in the midst of it, but to me it is the greatest of revolutions, the greatest and the most beneficent. The Child and the Mother while I was sleeping have been climbing back in the world to the place they used to hold in the old paintings in the churches."

The young man, prosaic and practical, shook his head. "You are too mystical for me, father," he said. "I sometimes think your long sleep has made a dreamer of you. What is all this you say about the Child and the Mother?"

Old Rip's eyes had a far-away look as he replied, "The Madonna and the Infant Jesus—have you never seen them on altar-pieces and in church windows, where all men in olden times bowed down before them and worshipped? It was very beautiful



THE OLD RIVER BANK.

and poetical, and perhaps—who knows?—it was the worship long ago that brought about the great work of to-day."

"What great work?" said the young man. "There are so many in our days."

"There is only one worth speaking of," said Rip; "it is the re-enthronement of the Mother and Child, the Divine Images a million times re-incarnated all around. Is it not written, 'A little child shall lead them'? And the regard shown for little children is the best gauge of the civilisation of the State. When I fell asleep the child was as dirt beneath the feet of brute strength or greedy wealth. They could be worked to death in factories or in mines before they were eight years of age. England, passionate for the liberty of black men abroad, allowed her own infants to be ground to death by an accursed system of slavery at home. No one cared for them, no one educated

them. No one shielded them from torture or avenged them when they were done to death. Now all is changed. They are emancipated from labour until they are twelve, they are protected by stringent regulation and constant inspection ; then schools stand like palaces in the midst of dingy streets, playgrounds are provided, a whole literature has been created for them, and behind all the machinery of the law stands the Avenging Angel of tortured childhood—that good man, Benjamin Waugh, whose acquaintance I have been proud to make, for he is one of those men whose existence in the world makes one's life sweeter and purer. And Education ! Ten millions a year for the teaching of the children is a tolerable testimony to the sovereignty of the child, the worship of the Child Christ.

“And as with the child so with its Mother, Woman, as the sixty years has arrived.



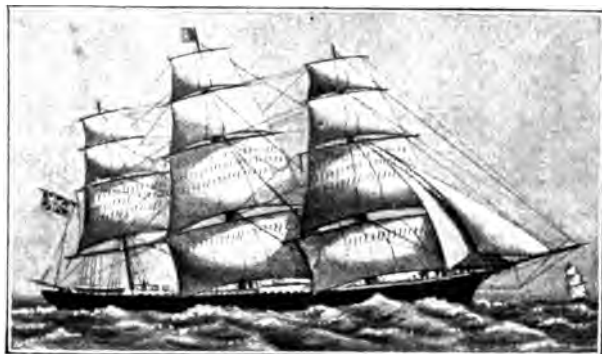
THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.

She is no longer a mere appendage to man. She is an entity who counts—Madonna the Mother of God. Without losing an iota of her feminine charm, she has acquired a superior stature, and has added to the fascination of the woman the strength and reason of the man. The Queen's example of sixty years has not been thrown away. As she purified her Court by the mere magic of her presence, so her female subjects, entering into every department of life, have exercised the same gracious influence. Already enfranchised municipally, and welcomed to sit as equals with men on every administrative board, the justice of their claim to full citizenship has been affirmed by the House of Commons, whose portals early in next century will open to receive their representatives. In the playing-field and the park, on the cycle and the street, on the platform, in business, in hospital and at the university, I now see Woman and Man.

where formerly I saw Man alone. It marks the achievement in two generations of greater advance than had been previously made in a millennium."

There was no getting round old Rip van Winkle's enthusiasm. Every day that he went out he discovered some new cause for delight that he had lived to see a state of things so much better than that in which he was born.

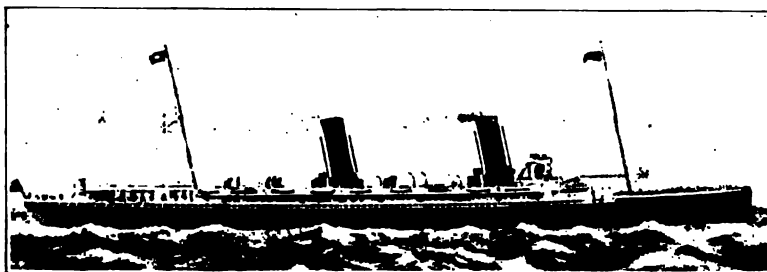
"I tell you what it is," he said one day, after an excursion to Regent's Park, "what the Zoological Gardens is to the old Exeter Change, where the wild beasts were kept when I went to sleep, is what England to-day is to England of 1836. The lions used



THE CLIPPER OF 1837.

to be kept upstairs on the first floor of a house in the Strand, the ground floor being full of shops. Now, why the lions and the tigers are lodged in a splendid park. I have been there all day, and was never more pleased with anything in my life. For the change from Exeter Change to the Zoo is typical of the change that has come over the whole land. It is not the same place at all, especially for the working-man.

"When I went to sleep England was seething with revolutionary discontent. The working-man had neither liberty nor privilege. He was often out of work. His wages were only half what they are to-day, while everything he used was made



THE MAIL PACKET OF 1897.

artificially dear. He had no vote in the State, no stake in the country. If he combined to defend his slender rights he was prosecuted under the combination laws. If he took the air in St. James's Park in his working clothes, he was prosecuted as a trespasser. The streets, the poor man's only drawing-room, were foul with garbage and feculent with sewage. The water he drank was fed from the drainings of churchyards. He had no books, no newspapers, no libraries, no baths, no parks, no clubs. When driven by misery into crime he was transported or hanged. When broken down by ill-health or disease he was thrust into the workhouse. There were

no schools for his children, no Saturday half-holiday for himself. Whereas to-day——”

And Rip drew a long breath. “To-day,” he said; “well, to-day——”

Then he paused. The flood of ideas came too fast for speech.

“To-day,” he said, “the poor man gets for his penny what the rich man could not buy for a shilling sixty years ago. Another strange thing is, that while each penny goes twice as far, he has twice as many pennies. And he has all London—and such a London, a city of glory and of splendour to what it used to be—as his own backyard, with its museums, its libraries, its art galleries as free as air. There are baths and washhouses in every district, and schools at almost every door. He is free of the parks as if they were his own demesne. He has his clubs, his trade unions, his benefit societies. To-day the vote is the sceptre of the people, and he votes for everything. He has far more constant work and much higher wages, with cheap bread, cheap sugar, and cheap tea. A far better education than the middle class could buy for love or money is provided free by the State. He has shortened hours of labour, bank holidays, and half day on Saturday. The hospitals provide him with free medicine, the workhouses with free shelter in distress. The streets are swept and cleaned, clean water is laid to every house, and the magnificent drainage system carries off all the sewage. All that is new since I fell asleep. He has a better house to live in, a cleaner street to walk in, and a pleasanter park to play in. A halfpenny post-card will carry his message from Land’s End to John o’ Groats, a halfpenny paper will bring the news of the world to the door, and a workman’s ticket will carry him to and from his work at less than a halfpenny a mile. For a penny he can buy the best books in the language, and without even a penny the reading-room and free library afford him access to all the books and papers of the day. Why, the whole world has become a kind of free university and museum for the common people. For sixpence the lightning will carry his message anywhere in the United Kingdom in the twinkling of an eye, and for another sixpence the sun will take his portrait in a flash of light. None of these things were possible sixty years ago.”

“The poor are still with us all the same,” said young Rip. “I see we have 800,000 paupers on the roll, and vice and crime continue. Why, last year there were no fewer than 13,000 persons committed for trial in England and Wales alone, and I was reading only the other day that there are nearly 5,000 convicts in our prisons.”

“How many did you say,” asked Rip, “50,000?”

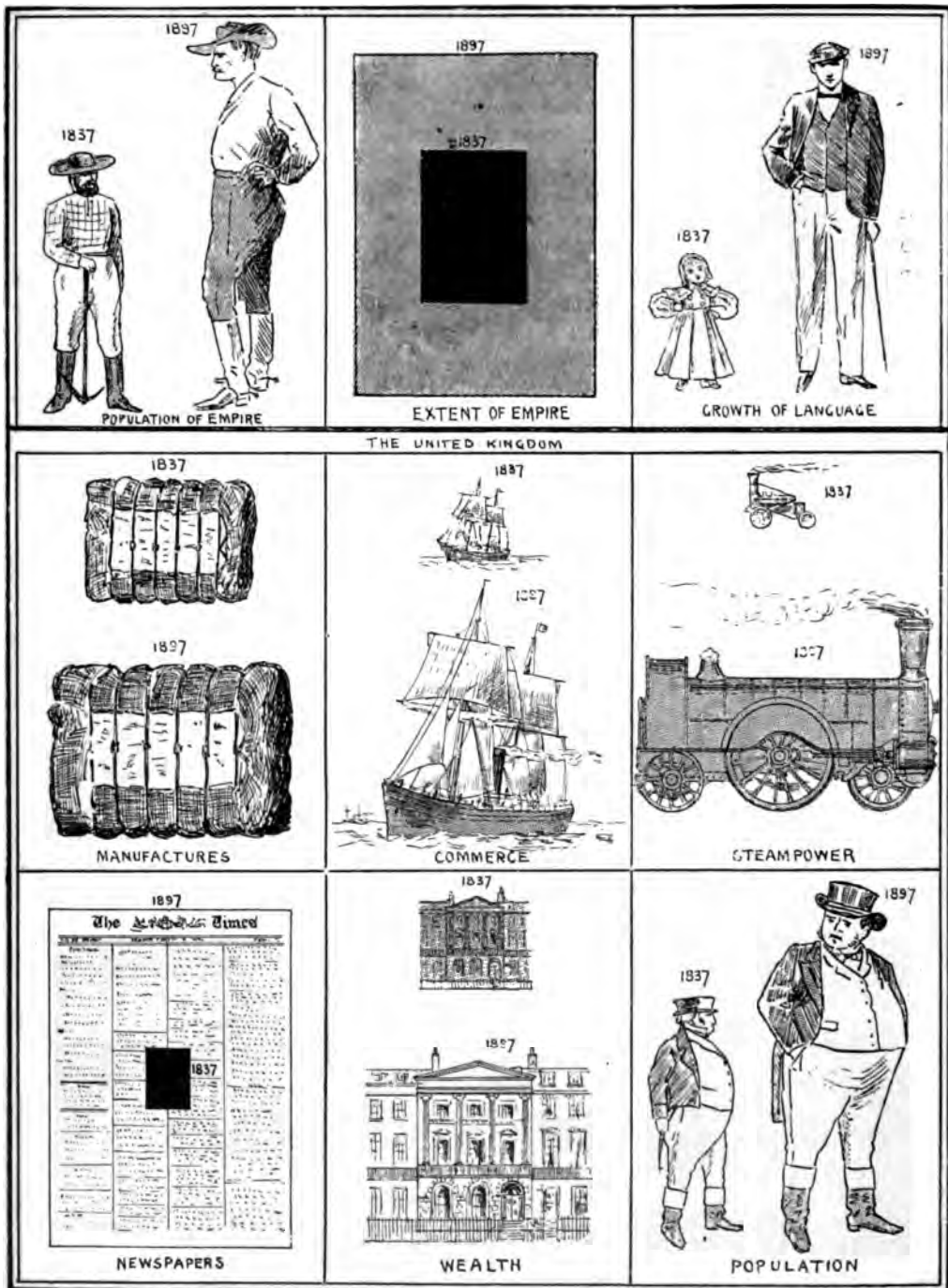
“Good heaven! no!—5,000.”

“It was 50,000 in my time, with only half the population. One in 360 was the figure then, and only one in 7,000 to-day. And the committals! One in 780 was our average then; now it is about one in 2,500. And your paupers! You talk of 800,000. Why, in my time there were over a million. The average has risen from one in 16 to one in 36. And your workhouses! Why, they are making them too comfortable; ’pon my word, with a little more liberty and they will be veritable almshouses, almshouses for the indigent poor.”

But now I must dismiss Rip van Winkle, and attempt to form a sober, prosaic estimate of the leading features of the Victorian reign.

## II.—THE PEOPLE ENTERING INTO ITS INHERITANCE.

The one supreme characteristic of the Victorian reign has been the progress which it has made towards admitting all the people, rich and poor, male and female, noble and plebeian, Anglican and Nonconformist, Catholic and Jew, to a full and equal share in all that is going at home or abroad. The people have, at last, been admitted



THE BRITISH EMPIRE: A COMPARISON BETWEEN 1837 AND 1897.

to enter into their inheritance. And a spacious inheritance it is, and one that has expanded every day since the reign began.

That which at the beginning of the reign was the rare privilege and possession of a few has now been conferred upon the many, and that in no mean measure; but like the loaves and fishes it has multiplied even when in the act of distribution. This is true in many ways, some of which are but seldom realised. Take, for instance, the familiar boast that we are "heirs of all the ages." Contrast the meaning of that hackneyed phrase in 1837 and in 1897. What did all the ages mean to the ordinary man in the street when the Queen came to the throne? They meant a period of 5,840 years, of which 4,004 spanned the interval between the Creation and the coming of Christ. What do they mean to-day? What marvellous shifting of the perspective, what immeasurable receding of distances, as æons and æons unfurl behind us in the infinity of past time, and we realise that at the 4004 B.C. date with which our grand fathers begun the chronology of the world, the world was millions of years old, and that man had already behind him scores, perhaps hundreds, of thousands of years of history! We have awakened to a sense of the antiquity of our lineage, and we are beginning to discern somewhat of the massy foundations upon which long æons since was based the evolutionary process, of which the man of to-day represents the most advanced but by no means the complete result. The Elizabethan age owed much of its stimulus and inspiration to the discovery of another world across the Atlantic. But what were all the discoveries of Columbus, or the conquests of Pizarro and Cortez compared with the rapid unfolding of the marvellous records of the eternity of past time with which we have been familiarised by the researches of the biologist, the reading of the book of geology, and the patient digging of the archæologist?

There are some who imagine that the Victorian age has been destructive of the belief in miracles. In reality, it, more than any other since the world began, has brought home to the average man the stupendous miracle of the world. They call it a Materialist age, which has chained the soul of man to inert matter. But almost before the reproach is heard, science proclaims that there is no such thing as inert matter, that every atom is alive, and that our mortal bodies are vast composite conglomerations of living organisms, upon whose pitched battles in our veins depend our health or our disease. To take but one instance. Imagine all that we understand by the word microbe, and then recall the fact that the microbe was practically unknown when the Queen came to the throne. In a very special fashion science has revealed to us a new Heaven and a new Earth, infinitely marvellous, testifying to an understanding so vast that the mind of man cannot by searching find it out. Behind each discovery that advances our knowledge, the infinite unknown indefinitely recedes. We weigh the stars, analyse their composition in the spectroscope, we photograph the moon, and make maps of the canals of Mars. But far more stupendous are the discoveries that have been made not in the infinitely distant abysses of space, but in the infinitesimally small molecules which are all around. Science has sent its Röntgen ray through the darkened veil, and revealed the Invisible, and summoned all men to enjoy it as their inheritance.

But it is not merely the Past and the Invisible Unknown that have become the inheritance of the nation at large. The one great aim and trend of the life of Britain during the reign has been the struggle to level up, to share round, to admit everybody to enjoy all that is going. We have struggled not unsuccessfully to democratise everything, to throw down all the walls of privilege, to burst open all the locked doors of monopoly. It is to the stoutest Conservatives of our time almost inconceivable that rational beings could ever have defended the system which prevailed in Britain sixty years ago. To jealously preserve for the exclusive use of a favoured few the inheritance

which is now thrown open to all seemed to many excellent and worthy people, sixty years ago, the last word of political wisdom. Wherever we might turn, there was the Warning Board of Privilege warning off the common people. Whenever a right was conceded, it was fenced in with limitations that robbed it of its value. While the service of the State was virtually open to all, the right to appointments in the Army, Navy, and Civil Service was practically in the hands of a small and exclusive section of the population. The Universities were open to all, but barriers of tests devised in the interests of a monopolising sect deprived Nonconformists of their share in the Educational Endowments of the nation. The same injustice prevails there to-day, where the prejudice of sex can be invoked in place of the prejudice of sect. The right to be elected was recognised, but it was linked with the demand for a property qualification, deliberately designed to shut poor men out of the work of legislation and administration. The right to vote was reluctantly conceded, but only on condition that the vote should be exercised under conditions which placed the voter at the mercy of his landlord or employer. So it was all round. Trade was crippled by a tariff designed to protect the few at the expense of the many. What with navigation laws, paper duties, taxes on knowledge and taxes on food, the whole national and Imperial machine was run in the interests of a handful to be counted by the thousand while the millions were left out in the cold.

Now the Victorian reign has changed all that. The process is not yet complete, but it has made sufficient progress to enable us to feel that already the people has entered upon its heritage. And not this nation only. To our hospitable shores, to our vast colonies, any man is as free to come, to settle, to buy or to sell as any Englishman of us all. Whereas other nations have fought and still fight for possessions in order that they might monopolise them for their own citizens, the policy of the Victorian reign has been exactly the reverse. Whatever we have we share. There is no preferential tariff in all our dominions. Everywhere under our flag all men trade on equal terms, and settle and found homes without questions asked as to their religion or nationality. It is this circumstance which gives us the second vote of every other nation whenever the question of ownership comes up. Each Power that finds its own claims inadmissible sooner prefers to see the land occupied by Britain than by anyone else. For what Britain holds is held for all the world, whereas France, Germany, or Russia hold their markets for themselves alone. Hence to her is fulfilled the promise, "Give, and it shall be given to you, heaped up, pressed down, running over."

This entering of the people into their heritage has been accompanied by many striking features. The first and the most conspicuous has been that they have entered into the world and possessed it. In the last sixty years there have poured from this teeming womb of nations, *vagina gentium* in a sense and to a degree which the old Roman authors of the phrase could never have understood; there have streamed to the uttermost ends of the world over nine millions who were born in these islands in the Northern Seas. A population twice as great as that even of mighty London, nearly equal to the whole population of Ireland and Scotland, has taken ship from these shores for homes in other lands. More than one-half found shelter under the Stars and Stripes, that other banner of the English-speaking race. But wherever they wandered they carried with them the kindly English speech, the principles of English liberty, the respect of the English for law if so be it be by themselves made and determined. And while this vast overflow of the surplus of the English cradle has been streaming southward and westward night and day, year in and year out, all these long years, the Empire has been strengthening its stakes and strengthening its cords to make room for the new-comers. We have added in this reign to the Empire in India 275,000 *square miles*—a territory larger than Austria; 80,000 *square miles*—a space as vast as

Great Britain—in the rest of Asia ; 200,000 square miles—a region as large as Germany—in South Africa, and in West and East Africa, 1,000,000 square miles—or about half the extent of European Russia. To-day our possessions in North America and in Australasia cover one-ninth of the earth's dry-land. The population of Canada has sprung from one million to nearly six ; of Australia, from 175,000 to four millions and a-half. To-day our flag is Queen of the Seven Seas, and of all that is best and richest of the non-European Continents.

This expansion of England, which has covered the world with our outposts and



CORONATION OF THE QUEEN, TAKEN AT THE MOMENT WHEN THE PEERS ARE LIFTING THEIR CORONETS TO THE SOVEREIGN.

(After a painting by Sir George Hayter.)

our colonies, has been followed of late years by a reflex action. In the early years of the reign the sentiment of race was weak, the pride of Empire was slight. We contemplated with complacency the severance of the delicate bonds that united the colonies to the motherland. From the Franco-German war, which unified Germany and reminded the world as by a thunderpeal of the importance of race-unity, we may date the rising of the tide of that loyalty of Greater Britain which has not even yet attained high-water mark. Hence the Victorian era has witnessed two great movements, one



the complement of the other—the dispersion of the race over the surface of the globe, followed after a time by a sudden revival of the sense of race-unity, the practical realisation of which has been rendered possible by the shrinkage of the world.

The Master-men of the Reign have been, not the politicians and statesmen, the soldiers and sailors, the poets and artists—they have been the engineers, the ship-builders, the electricians, the men who have yoked the thunderbolts of Jupiter to the hammer of Vulcan, and have usurped the authority of Neptune over the waves, at the same time they have outstripped the herald Mercury by the speed of their despatches. The steam-engine, the steam-ship, and the electric wire have, in sixty years, effected a more revolutionary change in the conceptions of distance than all the millenniums that have passed since the Stone Age. When the Queen ascended the throne, the United States, measured by time, were three times farther away than they are to-day. India was forty days distant instead of fourteen, Australia six months instead of six weeks. While this shrinkage has been made a practical reality for all manner of brute substances, a much more rapid and total conquest of space and time has been effected in the exchange of thought and knowledge. The cables have enabled us to beat the sun, to deliver messages in London hours by the clock before they started from India. To-day, all news of importance is practically reported simultaneously all over the whole world. Our steamships bridge every sea, our cables link every continent, and Commerce, that Spider of the Planet, despite the temporary hindrance of protective tariffs, is weaving all the nations of the world into one vast web, and the home and nest and central abode of that Spider is the capital of the Empire of our Queen.

The Age of the Engineer coincided with the era of Free Trade. The more closely the history of the reign is scrutinised, the more vividly will be seen to stand out in immense relief the enormous significance of Free Trade. Down to 1842 there seemed no reason to believe that the Queen's reign would be prosperous. Things were in a bad way. Business was depressed, there were deficits at the Treasury, and the rate of pauperism was nearly four times as high in proportion to population as it is to-day. The prisons were full, the factories were empty, and the condition-of-England question, as Carlyle called it, was serious indeed. But after Free Trade the whole scene changed as by magic. Surpluses replaced deficits, business improved by leaps and bounds. England became the emporium of the world. Our exports and imports rose from £140,000,000 in 1837 to nearly £700,000,000 in the nineties. The Income Tax penny, which when it was first levied only drew £700,000, now yields £2,250,000. Probate was paid on £50,000,000 in 1838; it had mounted up to £164,000,000 in 1894. England has become the creditor of the world.

Closely connected with the Free Trade movement there was the rise, triumph and decay of the Manchester school of *laissez faire*. Cobden in his day did good work, cleared away much rubbish, and secured national recognition for many sound principles. The idea that to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest sums up the whole duty of nations was never preached by Cobden in this naked simplicity of explicit assertion. But it was a deduction which some not unnaturally drew from the excessive zeal which the Manchester men showed in minimising the action of the State. They were in politics what the voluntaries of the Anti-State-Church agitation were in religion. As the Nonconformist minimised the right of the State to interfere in things religious, so the Manchester school protested against State intervention in affairs secular. They were Administrative Nihilists who would fain have reduced the Government to zero, the natural recoil from a system of administration which was clumsy and unjust, and which moreover used the power and influence of the State to increase the wealth and strengthen the position of a privileged minority. From the ultra-negation of the Manchester school, the wheel has come round in full circle, and, as Sir W. Har-

court declared, "We are all Socialists to-day." But it is a modified socialism in which faith in the infallibility of the State is tempered by a knowledge of the fallibility of human nature, and the mischief that may be done with the best intentions when there is neither experience to instruct nor precedent to guide.

Nothing is more notable in the latter half of the Queen's reign than the growing confidence of all classes in the efficiency of local elective bodies. The Liberals created the School Boards, but the County Councils were established by the Conservatives. Both have justified the hopes that were entertained as to their success. Hardly as much can be said as yet for the Parish Councils. But the great and conspicuous successes of local administration have been achieved in the large cities. The example of Manchester, Glasgow, and Birmingham, and the heroic efforts of the London County Council, have given new hope and confidence to reformers throughout the English-speaking world. Another great success of the reign, of which we have little but which probably comes home to more lives than many a much more loudly vaunted achievement, has been the creation of the County Courts. For fifty years these Courts have gradually won their way upwards, until now they have succeeded in establishing such a firm hold on public confidence that the natural instinct of every legislator is to impose every fresh judicial burden upon the County Court Judge.

Wisdom is justified of her children, and the result of the measures of Reform and of Free Trade, carried in face of the vehement opposition of the old Tories who saw in every reform a concession to revolution, has been to confer upon the country a degree of tranquillity and of content to which the world has long been a stranger. The state of things at the beginning of the reign can hardly be imagined to-day. Sir Theodore Martin, writing of the year 1839, says :

"A succession of bad harvests since 1836 had sent up the price of provisions to an alarming extent, while languishing manufactures and a general stagnation of trade had so greatly lowered the scale of wages as to make the pressure of high prices all but intolerable . . . . The attempted rising at Newport in South Wales in 1839 revealed the existence of a widespread organisation for the establishment by fire and sword of their visionary Charter upon the ruins of the Constitution. That the apprehensions on this score were well founded was only too clearly shown by the occurrences at Birmingham in July of the same year, which provoked from the Duke of Wellington in his place in Parliament the remark that 'he had seen as much of war as most men; but he had never seen a town carried by assault subjected to such violence as Birmingham had been during an hour by its own inhabitants.'"

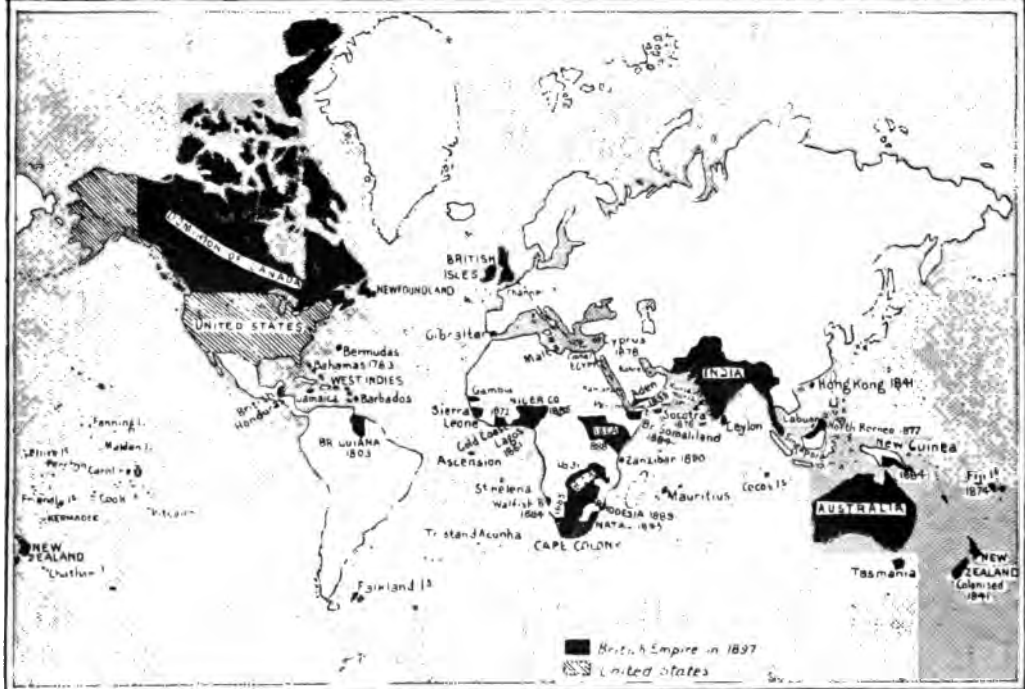
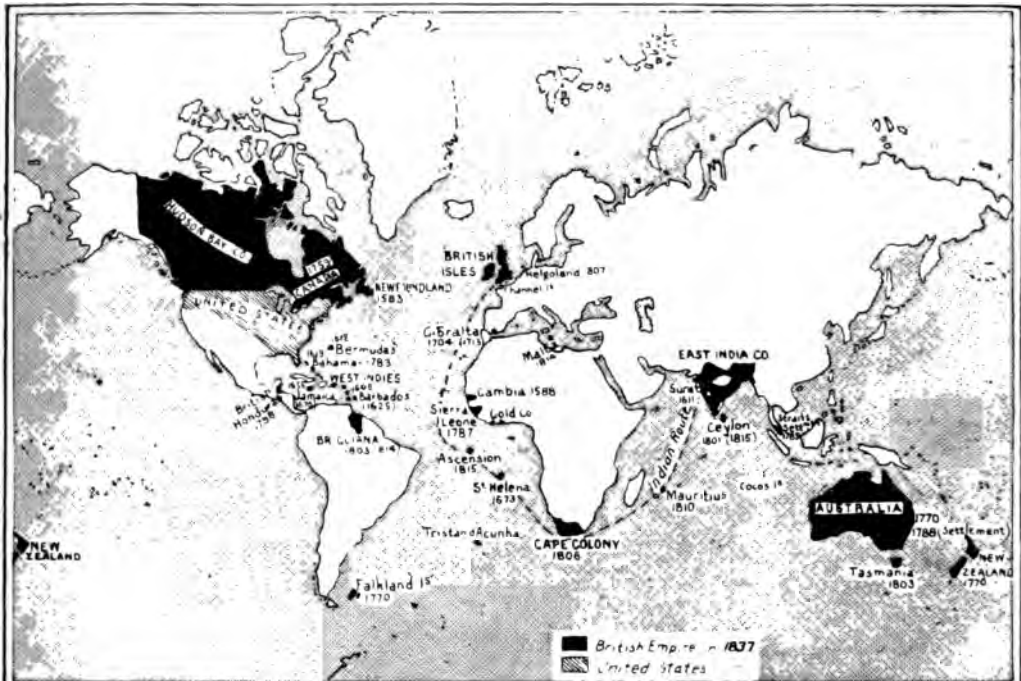
Again, writing in 1842, the same author says :—

"In the course of the year serious insurrections which required to be put down by military force broke out in the iron and coal districts of Staffordshire and South Wales, in the Potteries, in Manchester and elsewhere in Lancashire, while matters assumed an aspect no less serious among the stalwart and more highly-paid workers in the coal and iron mines of Lanark and Renfrew. The military force in the United Kingdom, small at best and reduced to half the strength by the numbers required for the maintenance of peace in Ireland, was taxed to the uttermost. Again, in the same year, after Parliament was prorogued, disturbances of so alarming a character broke out in Lancashire that a Cabinet Council had to be held to decide how to meet the emergency.

"Disorderly mobs traversed the country, forcing their way into mills and manufactories, destroying their machinery, and compelling by threats and intimidation those who were willing to work to cease working and join in these riotous demonstrations. A Proclamation against such proceedings was issued on the 14th August, and the whole troops that could be spared from London, including a regiment of the Guards, were dispatched to Manchester by rail at two hours' notice. There, and also in Burslem and Preston, lives were lost, and many wounded in the collisions between the military and the rioters. The railway communications were threatened. Stockport, Macclesfield, Bolton, and Dudley were kept in terror by bands of excited operatives. 'The evil spirit,' Sir Robert Peel wrote to the Queen, 'has spread into the West Riding of Yorkshire; Huddersfield has been attacked by the mob, and other towns are threatened!'"

What a nightmare it seems to us nowadays to read this old-world story! But how was the change from all these horrors brought about? By simply endeavouring to treat the people with justice, by putting the people themselves in authority and allowing them to answer for order.

The same sound principle bore excellent results in the Colonies. Canada was in



incipient insurrection when the Queen came to the throne. There is no more loyal Colony under the Flag to-day. How was the transformation effected? By conceding to the Colonists the right to govern themselves in their own way. The same truth was demonstrated in Australia. The fact that English-speaking people will obey the laws which they themselves make, will respect rulers whom they themselves have elected, has, as the converse of the proposition, the not less important fact that they will not obey laws in which they have had no hand in making, and that they will rebel against a ruler who is not the man of their choice. A recognition of the fundamental principle that the State is much less likely to come to grief by letting the people run the machine almost anyhow they please, than by thwarting them by its superior wisdom and greater strength, has given us peace at home and enthusiastic loyalty in the great self-governing Colonies over sea.

There is only one black blot on the Queen's reign at home, and one abroad. The black blot abroad was the Crimean War, with its *sequelæ* in the Indian Mutiny, in the Jingo madness of 1878, and the Afghan Wars. But for that fatal virus of Russophobia with which David Urquhart inoculated the nation, the good Queen's reign might have been unstained by any European war. As it is, the Crimean War, where, in Lord Salisbury's belated confession, "we put our money on the wrong horse," was the only European war in which we were engaged. We had a narrow escape—thanks to the Queen—from being embroiled with the Federal States of North America in 1861, and we had an equally narrow escape, from which we again escaped—also thanks to Her Majesty—of being drawn into a war with Germany in 1864.

Again, we came near war with Russia in 1876-8, from which we were saved by Mr. Gladstone, and the late Lord Derby, and Lord Carnarvon. In 1885 we were within an ace of war with Russia, Mr. Gladstone this time being the responsible party; but that also passed by the mercy of Heaven; and so it has come to pass that for sixty years Britain has been saved from participation in European war. Of other wars in China, Burmah, Persia, India, and Africa, West and South, and East and North, we have had full many. But most of them have been mere wars of police, and although the sum of their expenditure both in blood and money has been considerable, they have been—with the exception of the Afghan blunders—followed for the most part by solid and satisfactory results.

The black spot at home is Ireland. There is no need for rhetorical exaggeration here. Everything that has been said about the rest of the Empire needs to be reversed when we come to speak of Ireland. It is the only country which we have obstinately refused to govern according to the only principles on which English-speaking men can be governed, and it is the only country where the population has dwindled, and where a free vote of the inhabitants would, if taken to-morrow, lead to the hauling down of the Union Jack. If the example of England, of Canada, and of Australia illustrate the advantages of allowing people to "run the machine as they darn please," the case of Ireland affords as significant an illustration of the disastrous results of the opposite policy. Nor does it add to our national complacency to know that a Royal Commission has recently reported that during the Queen's reign we have extracted from the Cinderella of the Imperial household nearly £100,000,000 of taxation in excess of the sum with which she could legitimately have been saddled.

Sir Archibald Alison was satirised by Mr. Disraeli as a man who wrote a history in twenty volumes proving that Providence was always on the side of the Tories. I am afraid some of my readers will accuse me of surveying the history of the Queen's reign in order to prove that the laws of the universe operate only to demonstrate Radical principles. But facts speak for themselves; and no one can deny that the

most conspicuous fact of contemporary politics is that the Conservatives are in power with the strongest majority of recent times at their back, and that this is the net outcome of a series of reforms, each of which was declared in turn to deal a fatal blow at the British Constitution, and to throw the door wide open to the forces of Outrage and Revolution. It is, however, in the affairs of the State Church that we find the most astounding justification of Liberal principles and the most crushing confutation of Tory prophecies. One of the most conspicuous features of the legislation of the Victorian era has been the gradual but steady removal of religious disabilities. Tests were abolished in the Universities, Nonconformists were permitted to use the national burial-grounds, Jews were admitted to the House of Commons, Church Rates were abolished, and the Anglican Church in Ireland was disestablished and disendowed. Every one of these measures was successfully resisted for years by the Tories, backed by the majority of the clergy, on the ground that they would fatally injure the Established Church. As long as these reforms were not carried, the Liberation Society grew and prospered, and began to indulge in hopes of its complete success. But no sooner did these Bills become Acts of Parliament than it was discovered their immediate effect was enormously to strengthen the Church and to destroy the very foundation of Liberationist influence. There is no Anti-State Churchman to-day who will not admit that the Establishment is stronger than it was fifty years ago, and that the increased security of the State Church is chiefly due to the success of its assailants, who demolished the irritating and indefensible outworks by which its position was sought to be defended.

This brings us by a natural transition to consider the change that has come over Religion in the reign of the Queen. When she ascended the throne the state of the Established Church was in many districts a scandal and a disgrace. One of my earliest memories is that of hearing a discussion as to whether a neighbouring rector, familiarly known as "Drunken Jack —," was or was not too tipsy properly to perform the Burial Service. In many dioceses the Anglican Church was as the valley of dry bones in the prophet's vision. But in the early years of the reign there came a wind from Oxford, and it breathed upon the dry bones, and so they came together and stood up an exceeding great multitude. The Catholic revival that is associated with the name of Newman did at least this for England. It made Anglicans believe in the Church as something other than an ecclesiastical branch of the Civil Service. Cardinal Manning used to declare to the day of his death that it was absolutely impossible to get the spiritual idea of the Church of God into the head of an English Churchman, so hopelessly Erastianised is the Anglican mind. If he felt that in 1890, it is easy to imagine how much more bitterly the conviction must have been borne in upon the earnest disciples of the Catholic Revival. A genuine spirit of religious enthusiasm lit anew the flame of piety in many a parish, and the excellent good works that followed were too excellent and too good to lose their savour because the good vicar held fantastical notions about Apostolical succession, and believed wondrous things as to the spiritual significance of the bibs and tuckers and other smallclothes of the English incumbent.

In Scotland the same spirit of revived faith in the spirituality of the Church and her divine mission led to the great secession which founded the Free Kirk of Scotland. Nothing converts men like sacrifice, and the spectacle of Chalmers in the North and Newman in the South shaking off the dust of their feet against what they considered a heretical or faithless Church, produced a deeper effect upon the minds of men than all their preaching.

The Free Churches of England and Wales passed through similar experiences. *They were provoked to a spirit of pious emulation by the new spirit born of the Catholic*

revival ; and, as competition is the soul of business, in things religious as well as in things secular, the somewhat leathery conscience of John Bull was assailed from opposite quarters with appeals the like of which he had not listened to since the early days of the great Methodist revival.

The conflicting enthusiasm of Tractarians and Evangelicals, of Old Kirk and Free Kirk, of Anglicans and Dissenters, operated, as might have been expected, on the practical nation to which they were addressed. Despairing of ascertaining which of the excited disputants was right in his view of the sacred mysteries, the man in the street decided that the safest thing for him to do was to try to carry out in some practical fashion the teachings which were common to all the jarring creeds. This tendency



THE QUEEN AS SHE APPEARED ON THE MORNING OF HER ACCESSION, JUNE 20, 1837.

(From a sketch by Miss Costello.)

was powerfully reinforced by the growth in Oxford itself, partly as a reaction against the sacerdotal pretensions of the Tractarians, of a Broad Church party which had Jowett as its hierophant and Stanley as its apostle. Agnosticism also asserted itself, and Secularism, and it was with genuine relief that men and women betook themselves to the helpful works of charity and mercy as a way of escape from the battle of the chasubles, and from the arithmetic of Bishop Colenso. Hence indirectly arose the great philanthropic altruistic movement which is one of the glories of the reign. It was a spirit of practical Christianity, often unconscious of its origin, which inspired most of the humanitarian legislation of the latter years of the reign.

Tractarianism ran to seed in Ritualism. Dean Stanley died and left no successor. But our English soil, ever fertile in new growths of religious enthusiasm, threw up a new

organisation in the Salvation Army, which, as befitted a sect born in the Queen's reign, owed much of its success to the utilisation of the spiritual enthusiasm of women. Mrs. Booth, with her husband's assistance, founded the Salvation Army; and her work is still carried on by the children whom she brought forth, dedicated from the womb to the service of the Salvation Army.

The part played by women in latter-day religious movements recalls another notable feature of the Victorian era. The Queen's reign has been emphatically the period of women.

The charming paper in which Sir Algernon West described the social revolution of the last sixty years brought out nothing more clearly than the enormous improvement that has been wrought in the lot of women. Society is becoming civilised. Some time, perhaps, we may even become as human as the Russians, who always leave the room after dinner with the ladies. I can remember when it was regarded as horribly improper for a lady to ride in a hansom, and as for the top of a 'bus, it was impossible. Occasionally even now we come upon a lady who regards it as savouring of impropriety to lunch with a male friend in a restaurant. But even the most strait-laced prudes now feel it right to do what would have been regarded as the height of indelicacy by even a hoydenish ancestor. The old assumption that no man and woman could be safely left alone together has perished. The railway carriage killed it. The old tradition that no woman can travel about without a chaperone has perished likewise. It was slain by the cycle. The ancient notion that it was not good form for a lady to be interested in politics has vanished. It was exorcised by the Primrose League. The superstition that it was ladylike to be delicate was beaten to death by lawn tennis bats. It is no longer the mark of a blue-stocking to go to Girton. A University girl is becoming as familiar a phenomenon as a University lad. Women can vote and be elected for School Boards, Parish and District Councils, Vestries and Boards of Guardians. They can vote for Town and County Councillors, but they are not yet eligible to take their seat if elected. The justice of their claim to full citizenship has been admitted by a majority of seventy of the present House of Commons, and even those who voted against them admit that they are indispensable at elections. Their title to hold property in their own right, even though married, has been recognised; and although the right to their children is only absolute if they dispense with marriage, even in this respect some improvement has been effected. They are grudgingly admitted into the purlieus of the lucrative professions. To all the worst paid employments the chivalry of man has long made them welcome.

The reign has produced no greater novelist than George Eliot, and no better incarnation of organising ability and Divine tenderness than Florence Nightingale. In Mrs. Barrett Browning it has seen the greatest female singer since Sappho. In political economy it has given us Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Fawcett. In the distinctively creative, or what might be called the virile gift of inspiring enthusiasm, of compelling conviction, it would be difficult to name any two men superior to Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Booth.

Closely connected with the emerging of woman as a factor in the public life of the nation there is an increased solicitude for the promotion of all that tends to favour home life, whether it be in the discouragement of intemperance, the severer punishment of those who destroy child life, and the enforcement of the law against gambling and other forms of vicious dissipation. No one who will take the trouble to stroll down Piccadilly at midnight need be alarmed at the extent to which moral authority has ventured to circumscribe the liberty of immorality; but the repeal of the C. D. Acts and the passage of the Criminal Law Amendment Act both testified, although *in different ways, to the influence of the new factor in public life.* Girls are no

longer to be regarded as fair game for the fowler—at least, before close time is up; and afterwards, even if a woman makes merchandise of her person, it is grudgingly admitted that she is not on that account to be denied the protection of the law, which secures to all alike, whether vicious or virtuous, the liberty of the subject, and their right to defend the sanctity of their own person.

Of the development of Journalism, which is almost as notable a feature of the reign as the creation of the railway system, I have not space to say more than that it is the only instrument by which Democratic Government can be more than a mere make-believe. It is one of the most potent, perhaps the most potent, instrument alike of popular education and of political direction.

As I bring this rapid and most imperfect survey of the reign to a close, it is impossible not to feel a certain elation of spirit mingled with pride of heart and gratitude of soul that we have been permitted to live in such a reign, where such great events were occurring among men. Not at any previous period, not even in the heroic days of the Crusades, or the still nobler period of the Commonwealth, have there been so many good men and women, stout-hearted Englishmen and clear-souled Englishwomen, living and praying and toiling for the common weal. Never at any previous period, not even when England faced coalesced Europe and maintained alone and indomitable the cause of liberty and nationality against Napoleon, have we occupied a prouder position in the world than we do to-day, surrounded as we are by the lusty progeny of our loins, whose nascent Empires already dominate four continents. Nearly half a century of peace has fortunately made no demand upon our fleet, but never since the morrow of Trafalgar has our naval ascendancy been more indubitable.

The one great secular crime, the sin which reproduced in the English race the fatal disunion between the Ten Tribes and the Two of ancient Israel, still divides us politically from our kinsfolk in America. But it is one of the glories of the reign that the grand-daughter of George the Third has been able to do much to bridge the chasm which her grandsire made so broad and deep between the British Monarchy and the American Republic. The one blood feud which we have had in Europe in our day is almost staunched, and Russophobia has lost its virus. Another age-long element of bitterness and hate has been sweetened and mollified: as we no longer hate Russia, neither do we curse the Pope. We have at least made some progress to the recognition of the Unity of all Religions and the Brotherhood of all Peoples.

But while the patriot's heart swells within him as he contemplates the splendour of the reign and the pinnacle of glory upon which the nation stands, it is not with exultation but with deep humility and awe that he contemplates the Future. From those to whom much is given much will be required. The extent of our influence is the measure of our responsibilities. If into our hand is given the Leadership of the World in the paths of Liberty and of Peace, woe be unto us if we turn aside to betray the cause of freedom or yield to the passion of war! If to us more than to any nation is given the overlordship of the coloured races, woe be unto us and to our children if we are puffed up with our Imperial sovereignty and forget to do justice and put down oppression, to judge righteously, and to protect the poor among the people. For He who of old time caused the arrogance of the proud to cease, and laid low the haughtiness of the terrible, still reigneth among the nations of the earth and executeth vengeance among the peoples thereof. In no spirit of vainglory, but rather with confusion of face and a deep consciousness of our own exceeding unworthiness, do we contemplate the world-wide responsibilities of our Empire, the onerous obligations under which we lie to quit ourselves like men in all the good causes of the world. Imagine for a moment what the party of progress in every other country in the world would feel if suddenly Britain fell from her pride of place and shared the fate of the long procession of Empires, of one of



whom it was said of old time, "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming. All they shall speak and say unto thee, 'Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?'"

Not since Lucifer, Son of the Morning, fell from Heaven, would there be such a fall as that of Britain, if, after all these years of grace and glory, we were to be false to our sacred trust and forget the terms of the great pact by which we rule one fourth of the children of men:—

"Except ye pray the Lord  
Single heart and single sword,  
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble tale.  
Keep ye the law; be swift in all obedience;  
Clear the land of Evil; drive the road and bridge the ford;  
Make ye sure to each his own,  
That he reaps where he hath sown;  
By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord."

But the comfortable assurance which led the German Emperor to think that the Destinies had invested too much capital in the Prussians and the Hohenzollerns to be likely to allow them to go under, encourages us to hope that, all unworthy though we be, we should not have been brought to our present position in the very foretop of the world if there had not been a work for us to do, for which we have been the predestined instruments of the purposes of God. If we are humbled by the remembrance of our responsibilities, rather than exalted by the spectacle of our prosperity, we need not fear that in the quaint but expressive phrase of Milton it will ever be as if "God was weary of protecting" us, "nor shall we be seen to have passed through the fire" that we might "perish in the smoke." But rather with high hope and good courage may we confront the future, feeling sure that if we are but faithful to our trust, even the glories of the Victorian reign will be but as the foil and shadow to the exceeding brightness of the times which are to come.

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